

SMASH

10¢

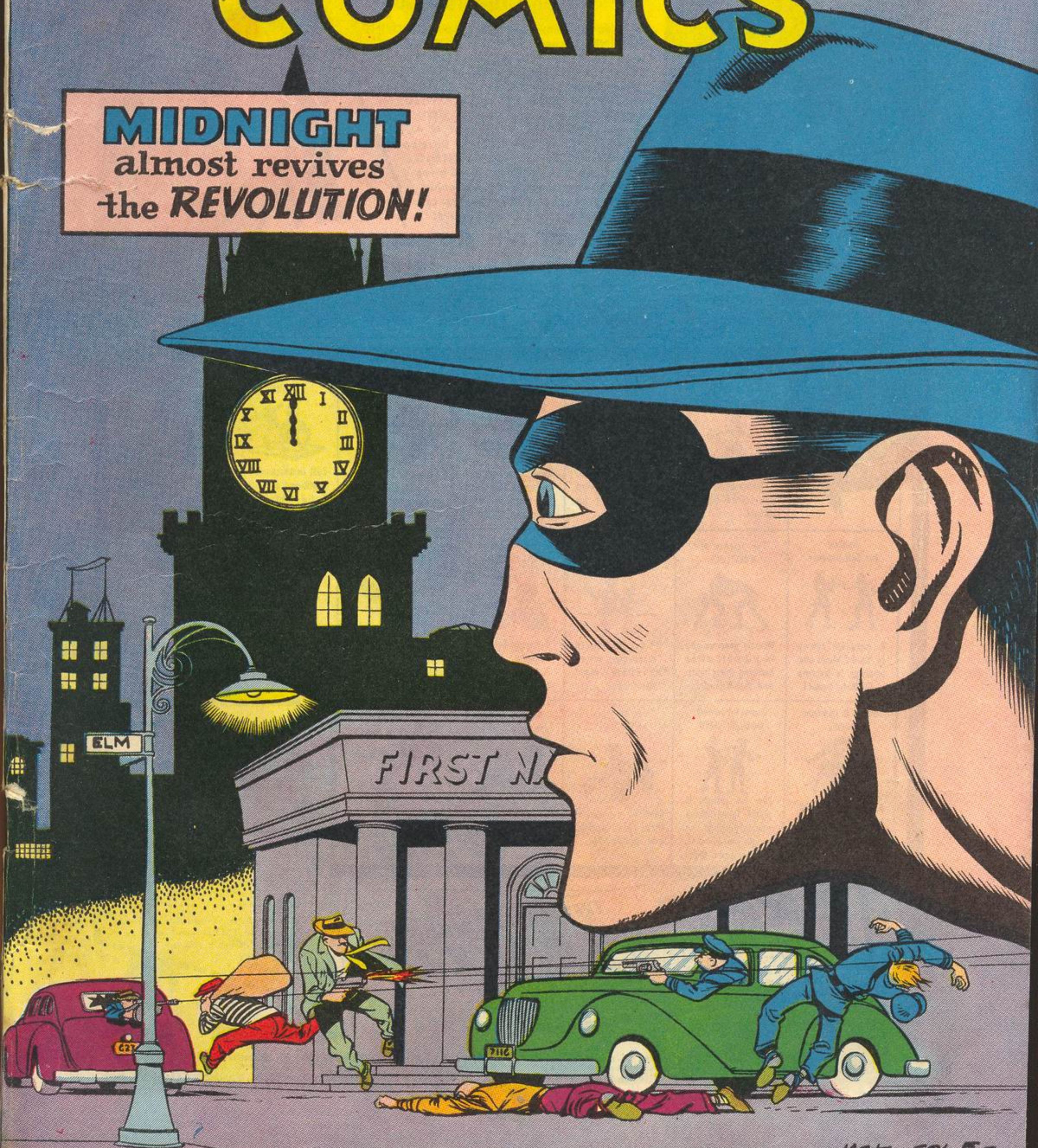
FEBRUARY
No. 75

COMICS

SM
★
2
QUALITY
SERIES

MIDNIGHT

almost revives
the *REVOLUTION!*



-JACK COLE-



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



only \$1.00

full price

Actually 18 'WONDER BOOKS IN ONE! 286 PAGES of Descriptions, Ideas, Secrets, Surprises—HUNDREDS of "How-To-Do-It" ILLUSTRATIONS, DRAWINGS. Never before such an Amazing Book—Never before such a Remarkable Value!

"HEY, FELLERS, MORE FUN than a Barrel of MONKEYS!"

For the first time in ONE-BIG-BOOK, all the Exciting ACTIVITIES—SPORTS—HOBBIES—GAMES—MAGIC—ART—PUZZLES—ACROBATICS—STUNTS—CRAFTSMANSHIP—MONEY-MAKING PLANS, etc.

NO END OF THINGS TO DO AND FUN TO ENJOY!

You can learn a Crack COWBOY ROPING ROUTINE; become a 'Whiz at PING-PONG; learn to DRAW FUNNY CARTOONS; Build Equipment and Furniture for Games, Den & Home; Teach Your Dog INGENIOUS TRICKS; Learn EXPERT SCIENTIFIC Boxing & Wrestling; Defend Yourself with skillful JIU JITSU; develop a MAGIC SHOW THEATRICAL ACT; Learn to "SPOT" AIRPLANES; Develop MIGHTY MUSCLES; Learn VENTRILOQUISM; etc. . . . FUN FOR BOYS gives you a million things to do and enjoy—for indoors and outdoors—winter or summer—alone or with your crowd!



SEND FOR THIS BOOK UNDER MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

Just mail this coupon (or write a letter). If you enclose \$1.00, we pay the postage. If you want book sent C.O.D., it will cost plus 20¢ postage charges. If not satisfied, return book and get your money back at once. You risk nothing, so MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

ALL THIS IN ONE
MARVELOUS BOOK
18
COMPLETE SECTIONS

How To Handle A ROPE Like a Cowboy A Champion teaches you tricks with a Lariat!	Playing Winning PING-PONG Lessons on strokes, position, serve, and every element for perfection!	How to Train YOUR DOG Dogs, their care and training; technique for teaching obedience and tricks.	It's Fun To BUILD THINGS Complete plans and directions for making many useful articles!	Building Model PLANES Full instructions for building a Glider, Solid Model, and Flying Model!	Spotting Planes Learning to spot and recognize enemy and friendly planes.
Boxing for Self-Defense A complete course in tactics, blows and strategy to become a skillful, boxer!	The Science of WRESTLING Wrestle your weight in wildcats after learning these holds and techniques.	How To Be A Ventriloquist It's easy to learn to "throw your voice" with these simple instructions.	The Secrets of CARTOONING 8-Lesson Course on Drawing Cartoons, Art, Caricatures & Lettering!	Money-Making Plans 101 Spare and Full Time money-making plans for every fellow!	Develop Powerful MUSCLES Keeping Strong and Healthy plus exercises for developing strength and power!
Indoor & Outdoor GAMES A selection of party, humorous and athletic games and contests!	Protect Yourself with JIU JITSU Fear no attack, if you'll learn these amazing grips as taught to Marines, Soldiers and G-Men!	Be the Life of the Party! Contains a group of Magic Tricks to amuse and mystify all!	Recommended Stories & Reading A collection of famous stories and literature!	How To Punch a Bag Learn to punch the bag faster than the eye can follow!	

FREE TREMENDOUS SURPRISE GAME KIT

With every order, we will include, without extra charge, a complete assortment kit of 10 new and old Games, Tricks, Puzzles! Can be played by 1, 2, 3, 4 or more players. Just the thing for hours and days of enjoyable fun. It is given FREE with every order for FUN FOR BOYS! But Order Now!

KNICKERBOCKER PUBLISHING CO. DEPT. B
116 Greenwich St. New York 6, N. Y.

KNICKERBOCKER PUB. CO. Dept. B
116 Greenwich St.
New York 6, N. Y.

Rush me a copy of FUN FOR BOYS, and also include the FREE GAME KIT. I am enclosing \$1.00 in full payment. If it isn't as wonderful and thrilling as I expect it to be, I can return book and get my money back at once.

Name _____
Address _____
City & State _____
☐ Check here if you desire book to come C.O.D. and will pay \$1.20 on delivery. Same money back guarantee



MIDNIGHT

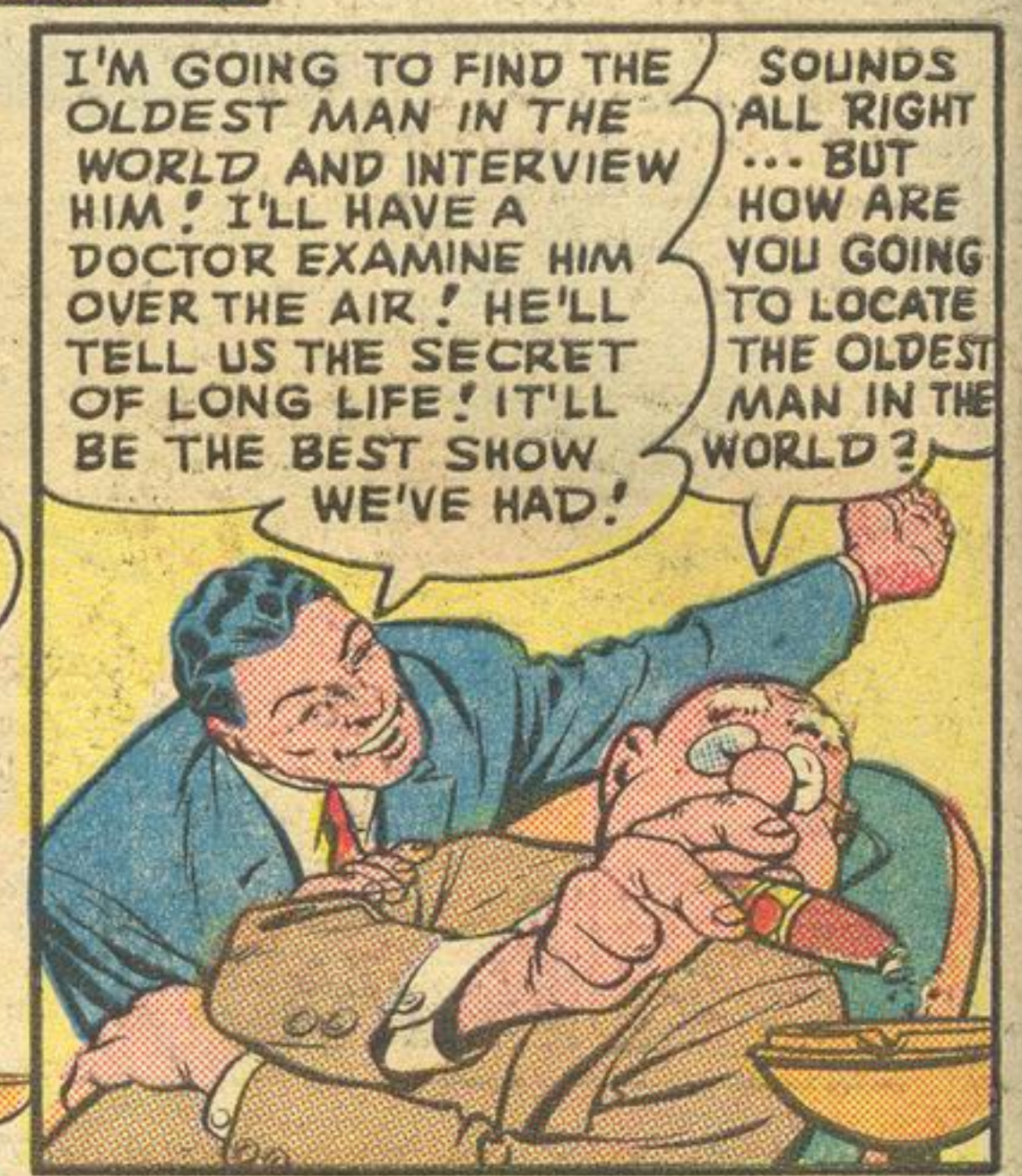
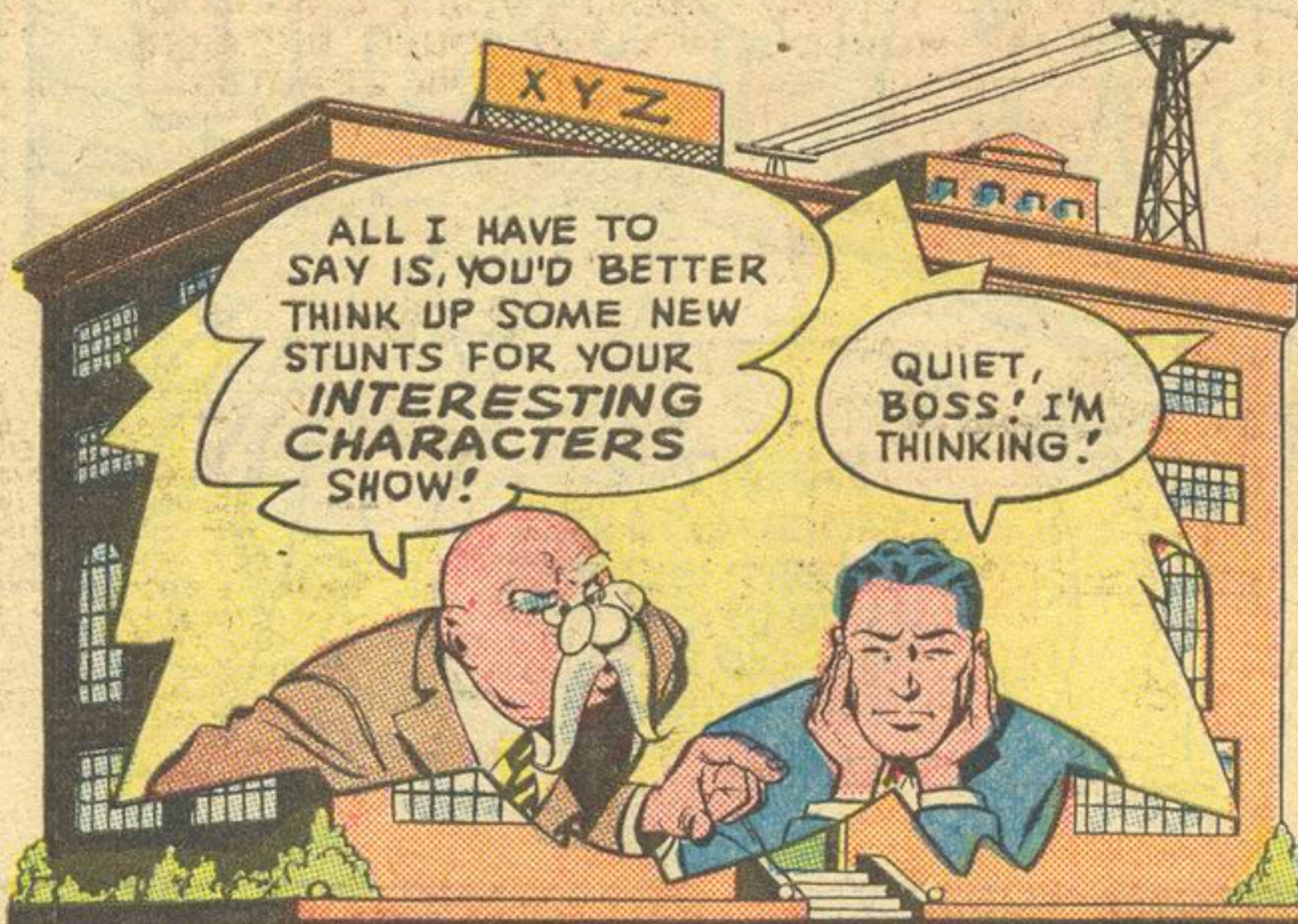
WHAT?
THOSE GOONS
FOUGHT IN THE
REVOLUTION?
HOW DID WE
EVER WIN IT?

BAM!
CRASH!
BOOM!

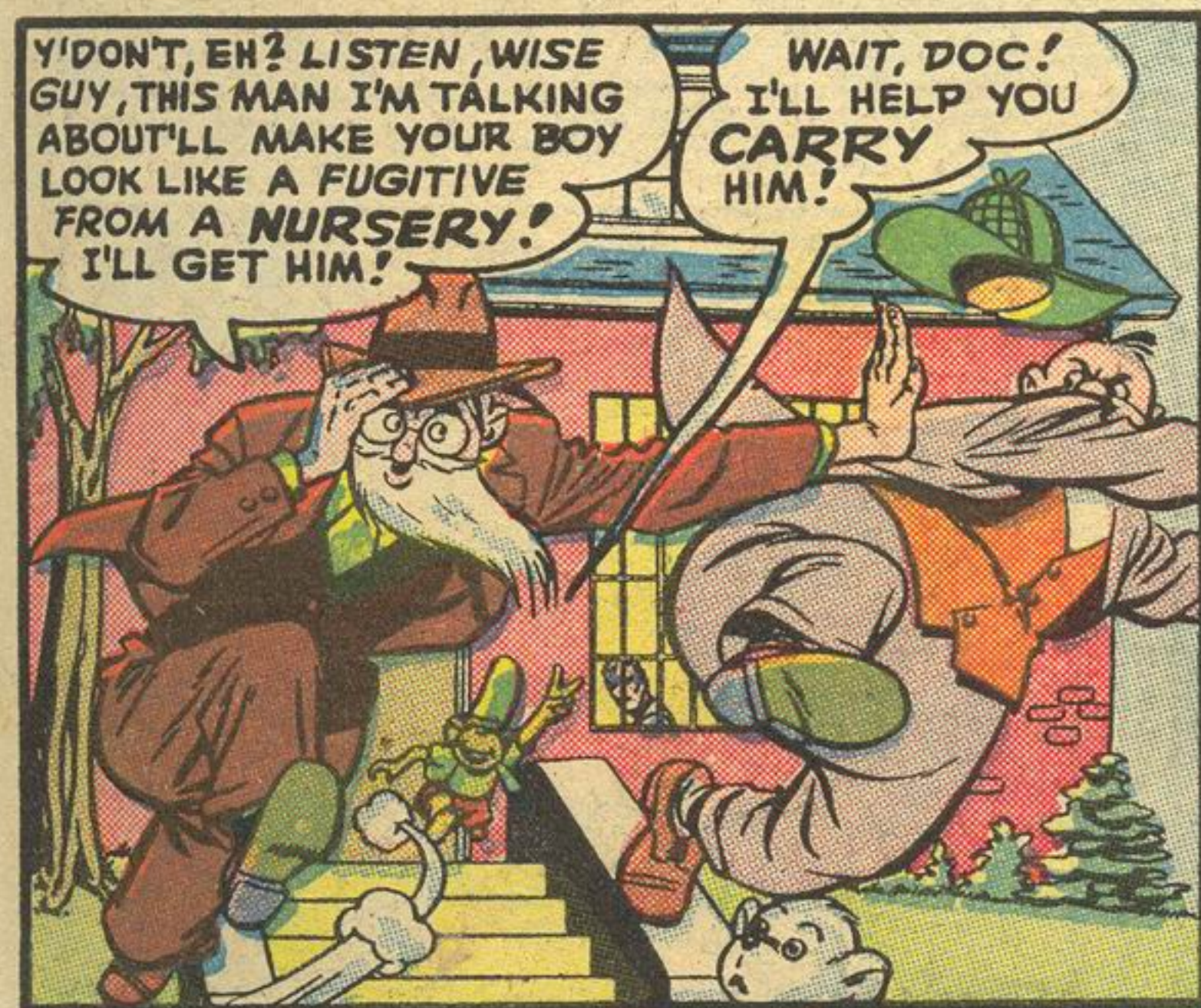
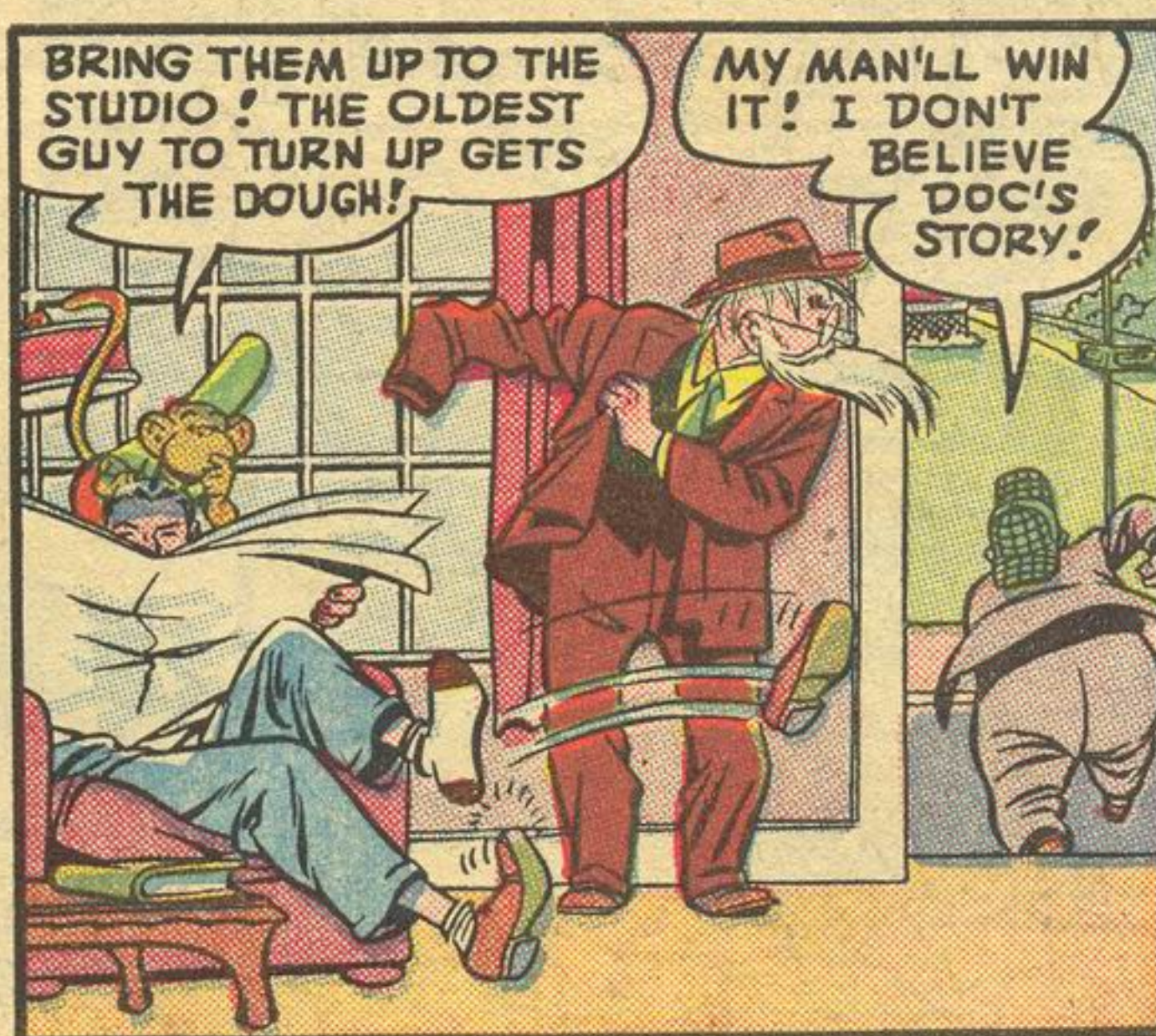
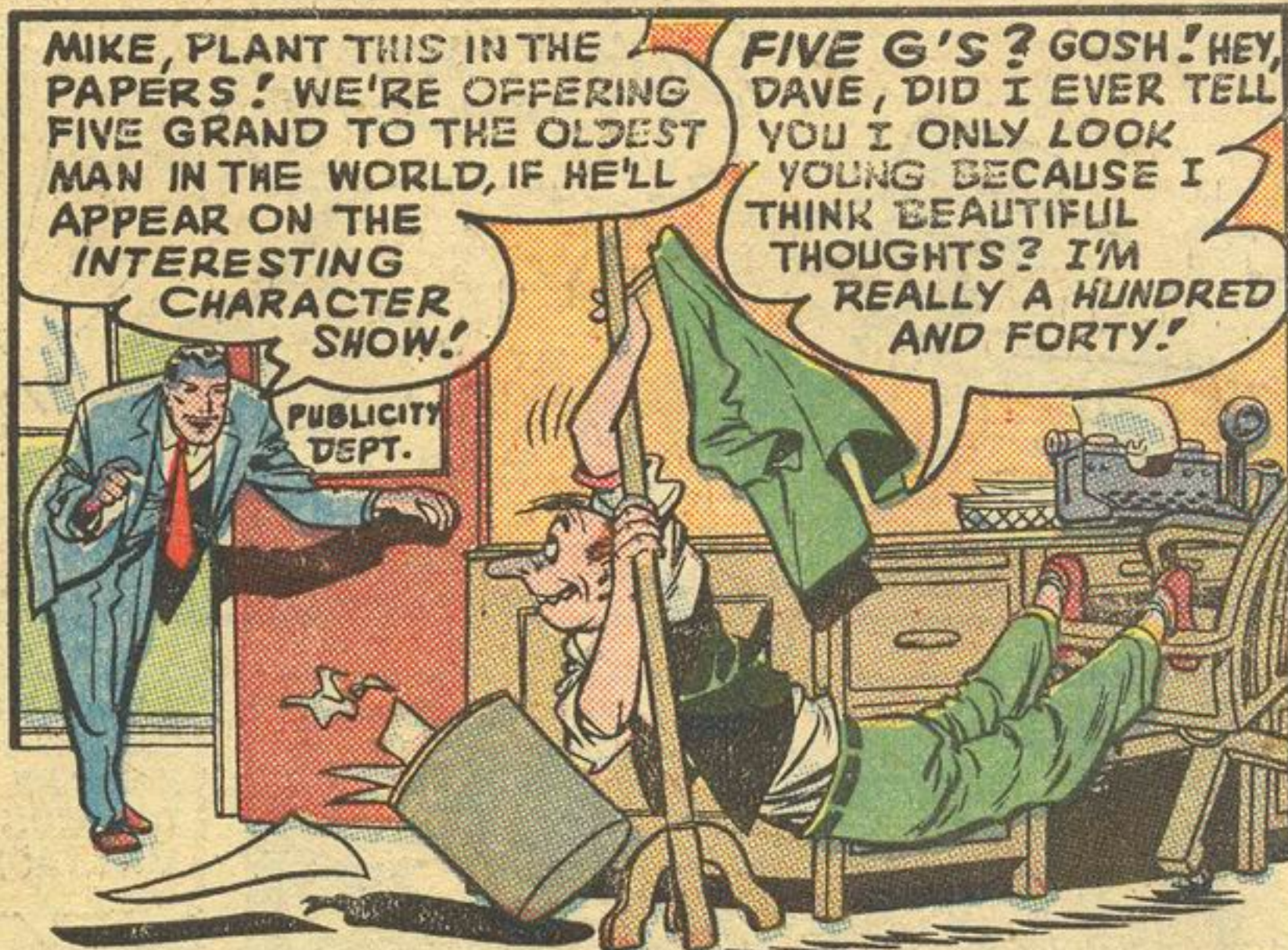
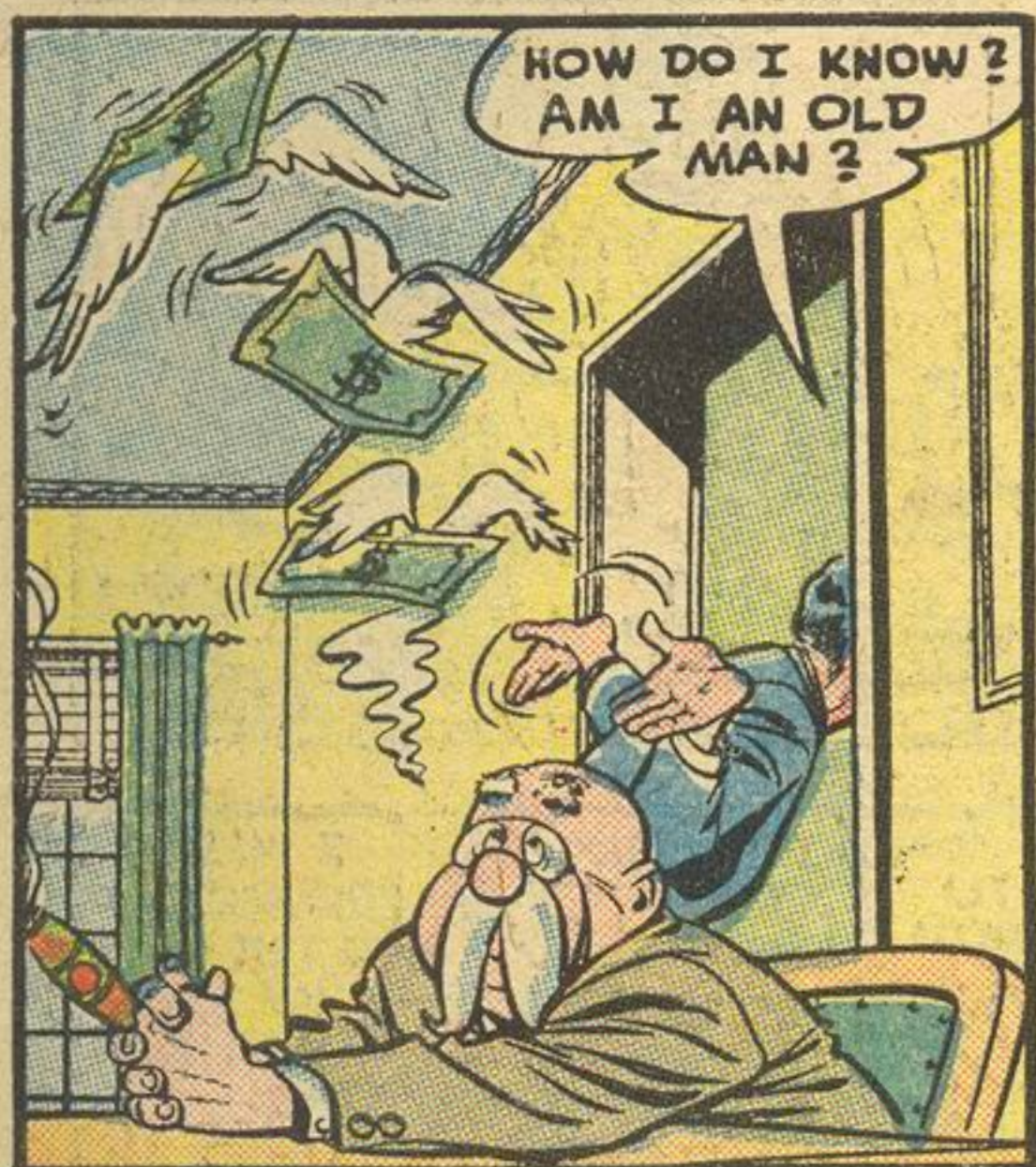
RAT.
TAT.
TAT!

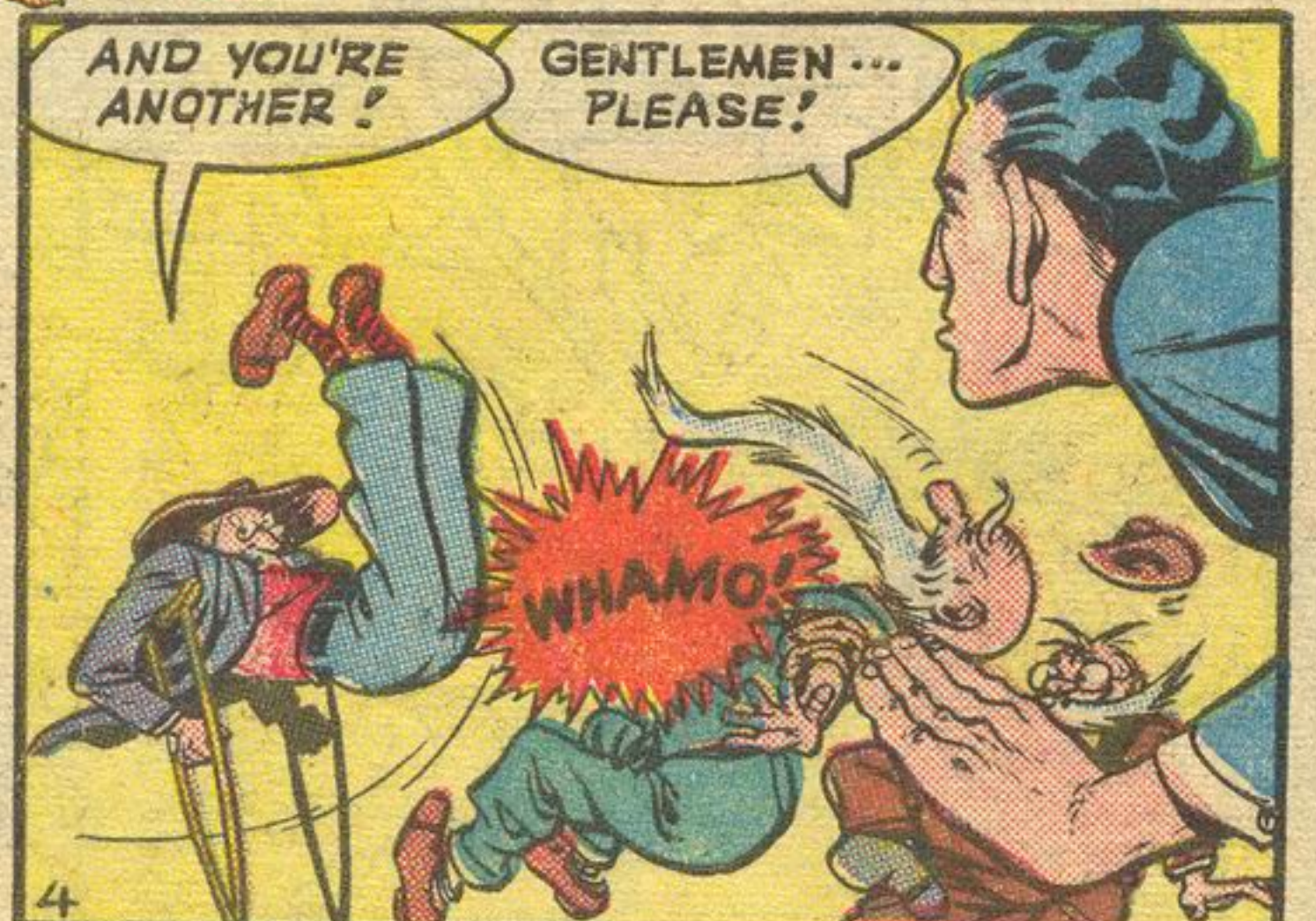
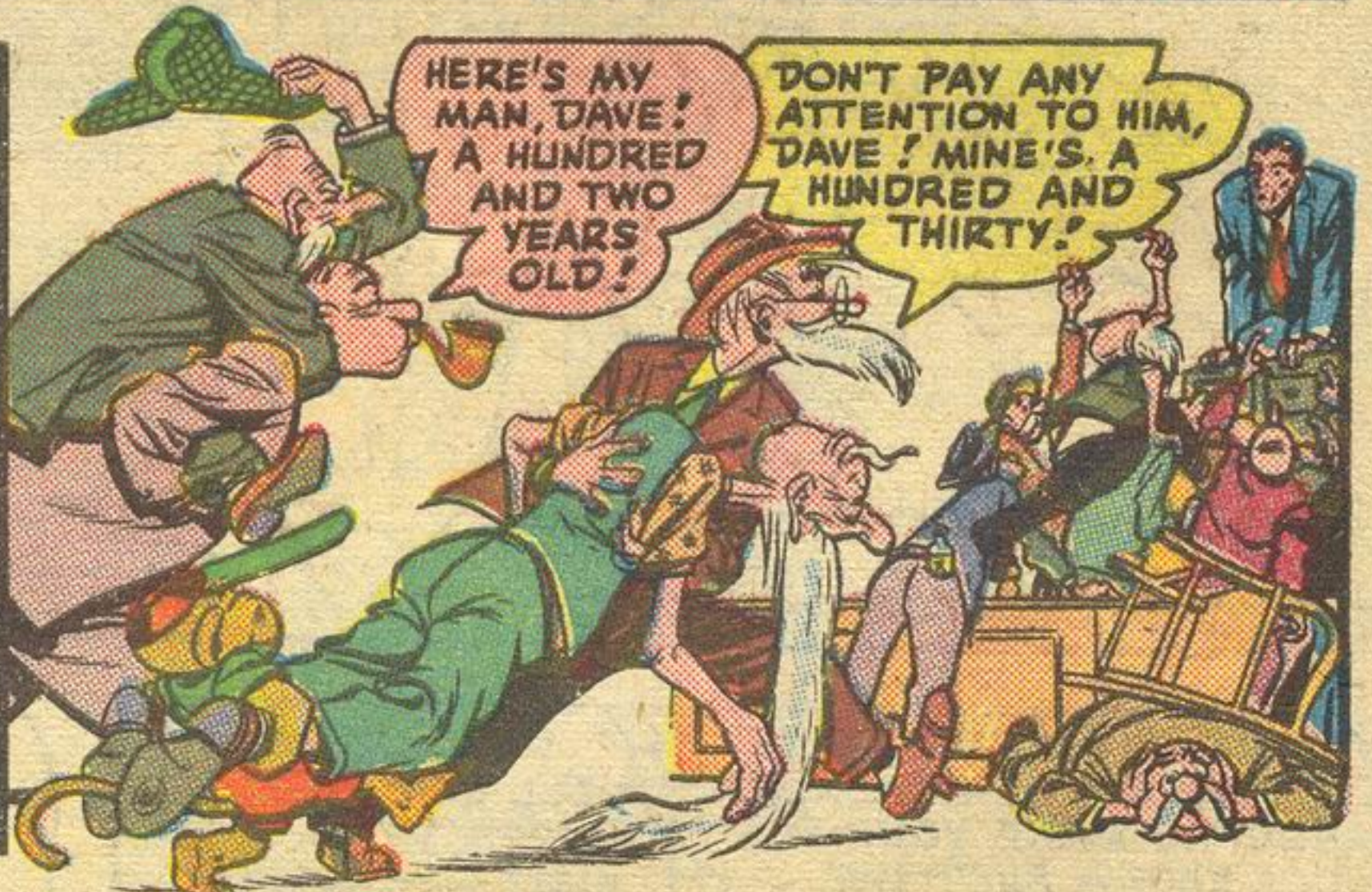


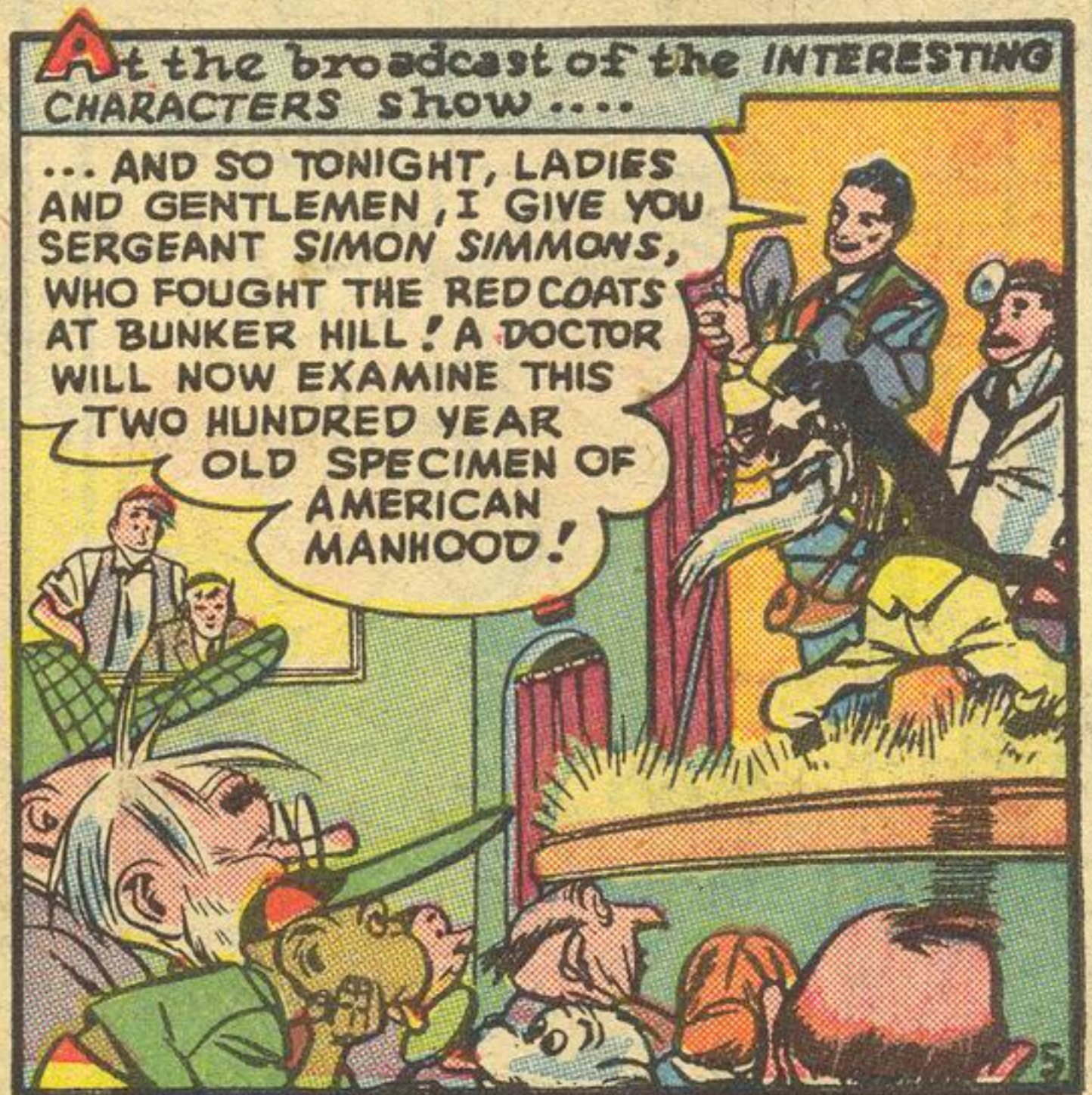
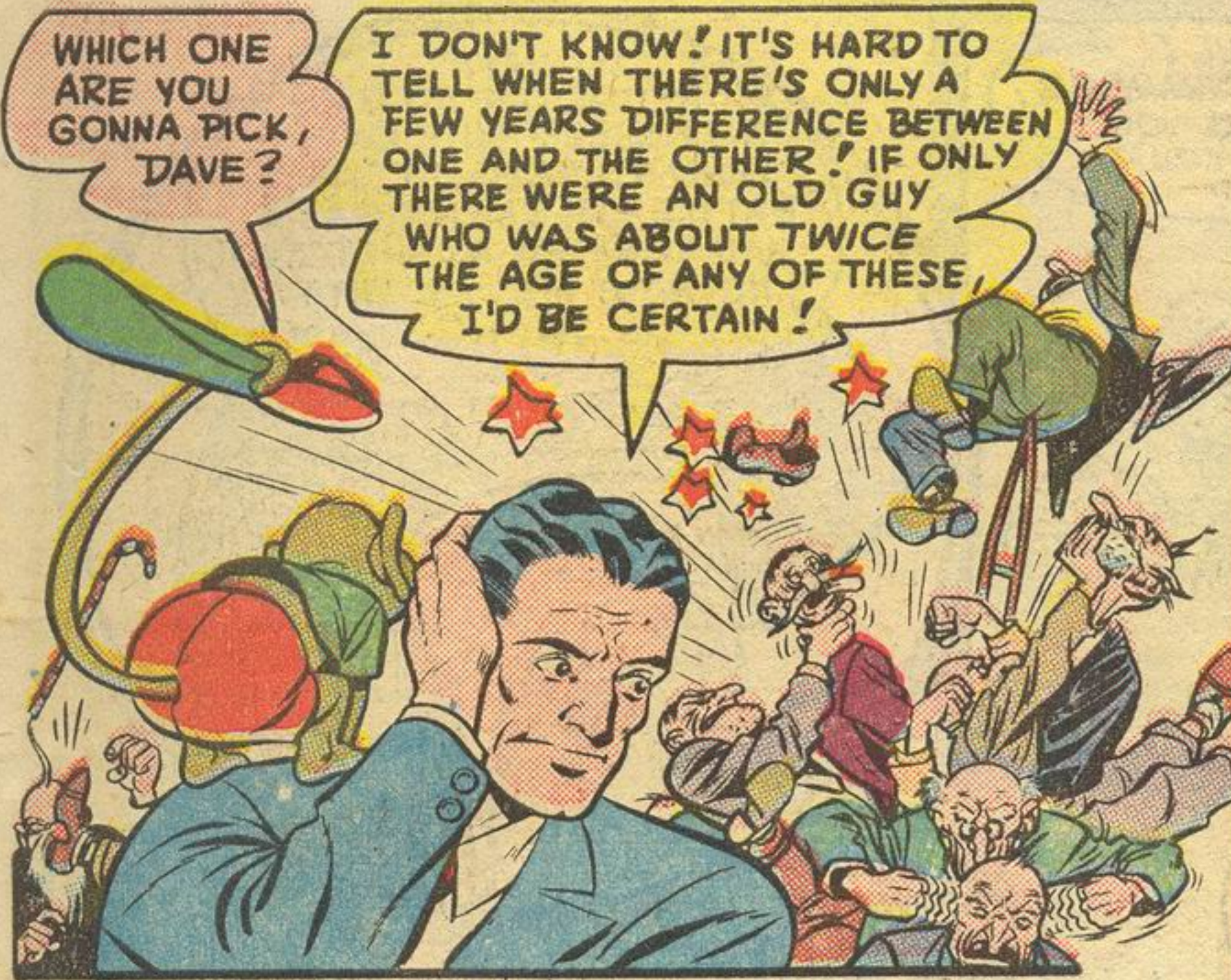
At the broadcasting studio where Dave Clark is an announcer

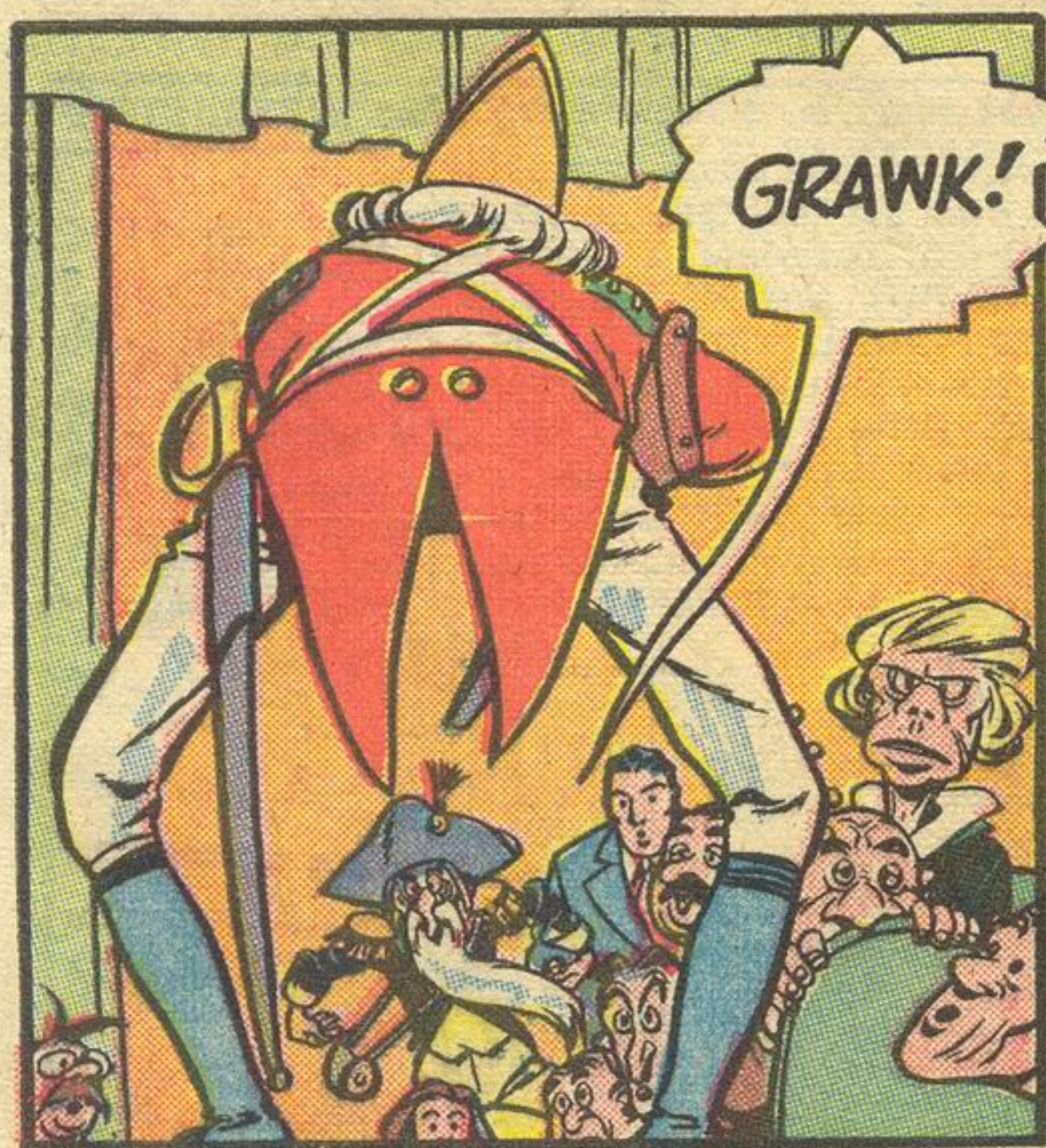
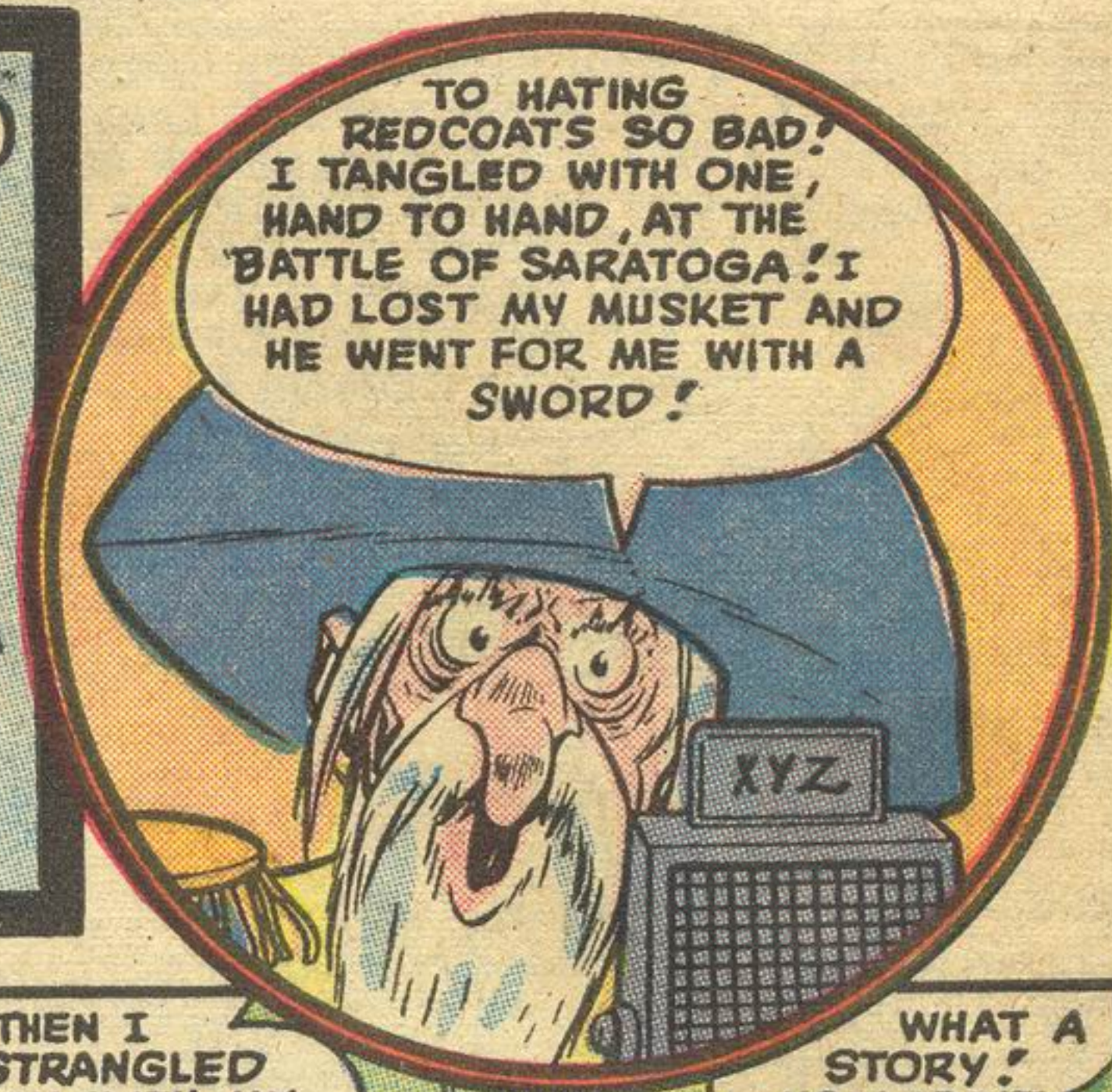


SMASH COMICS

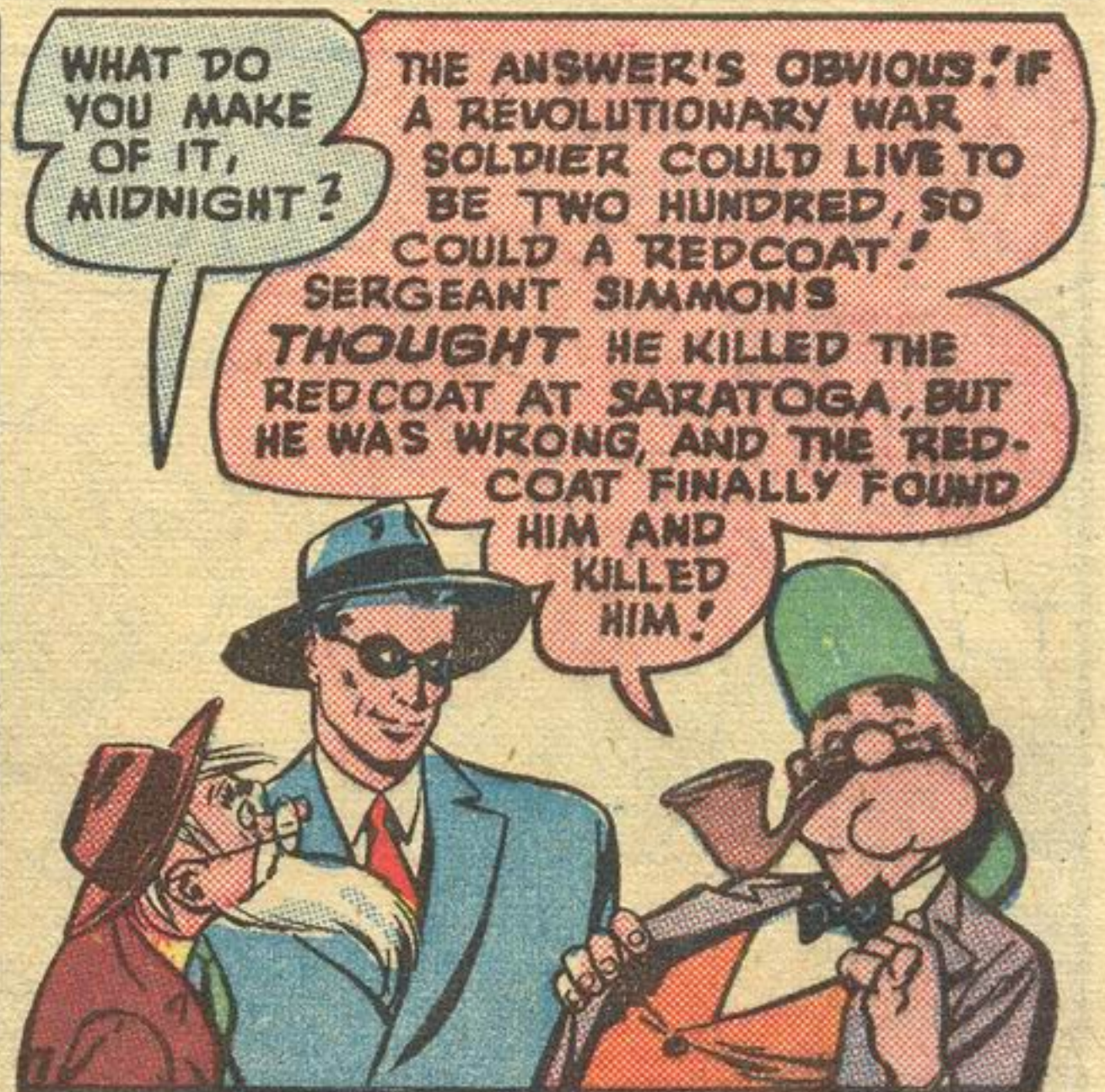




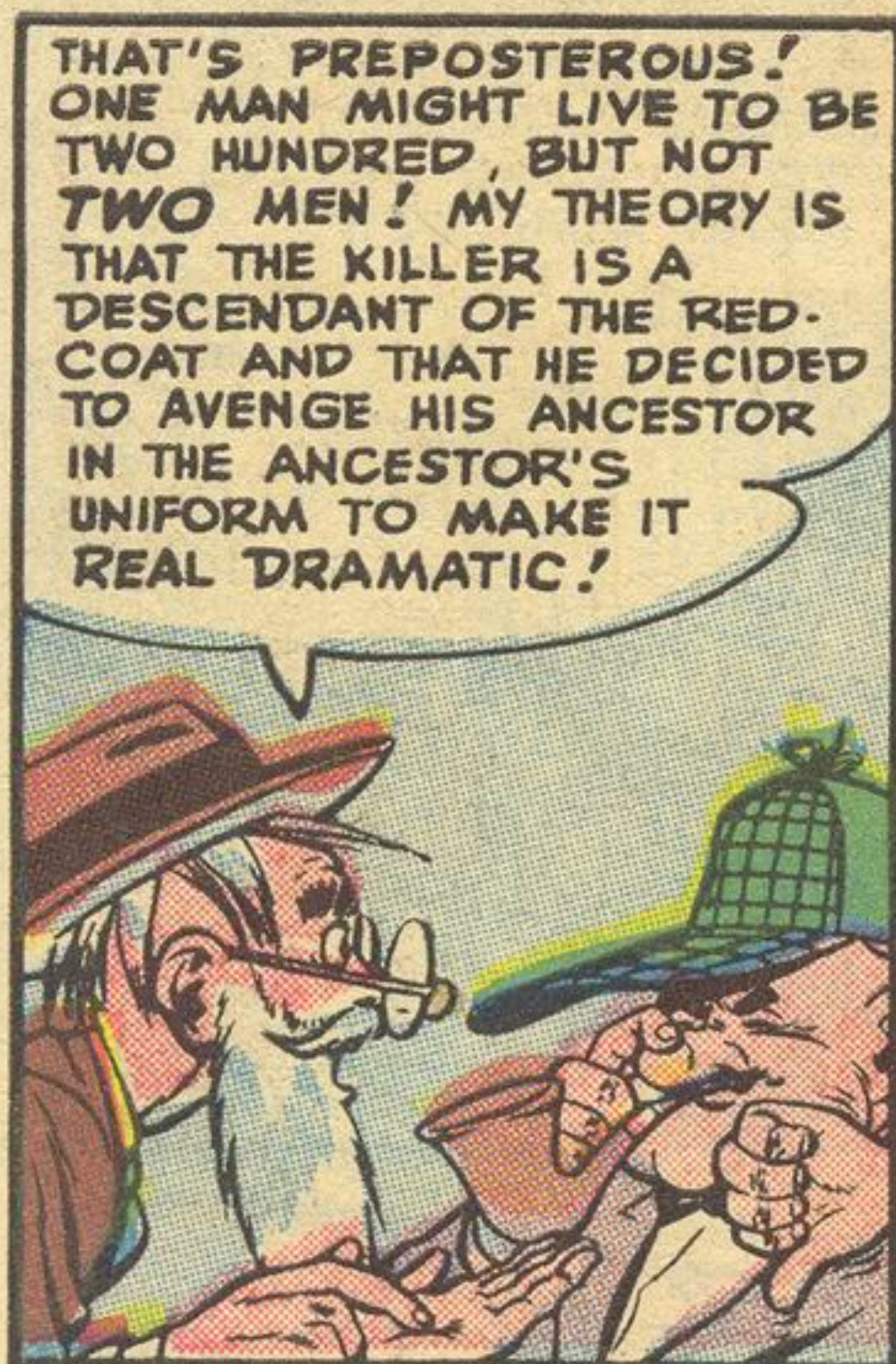




SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS





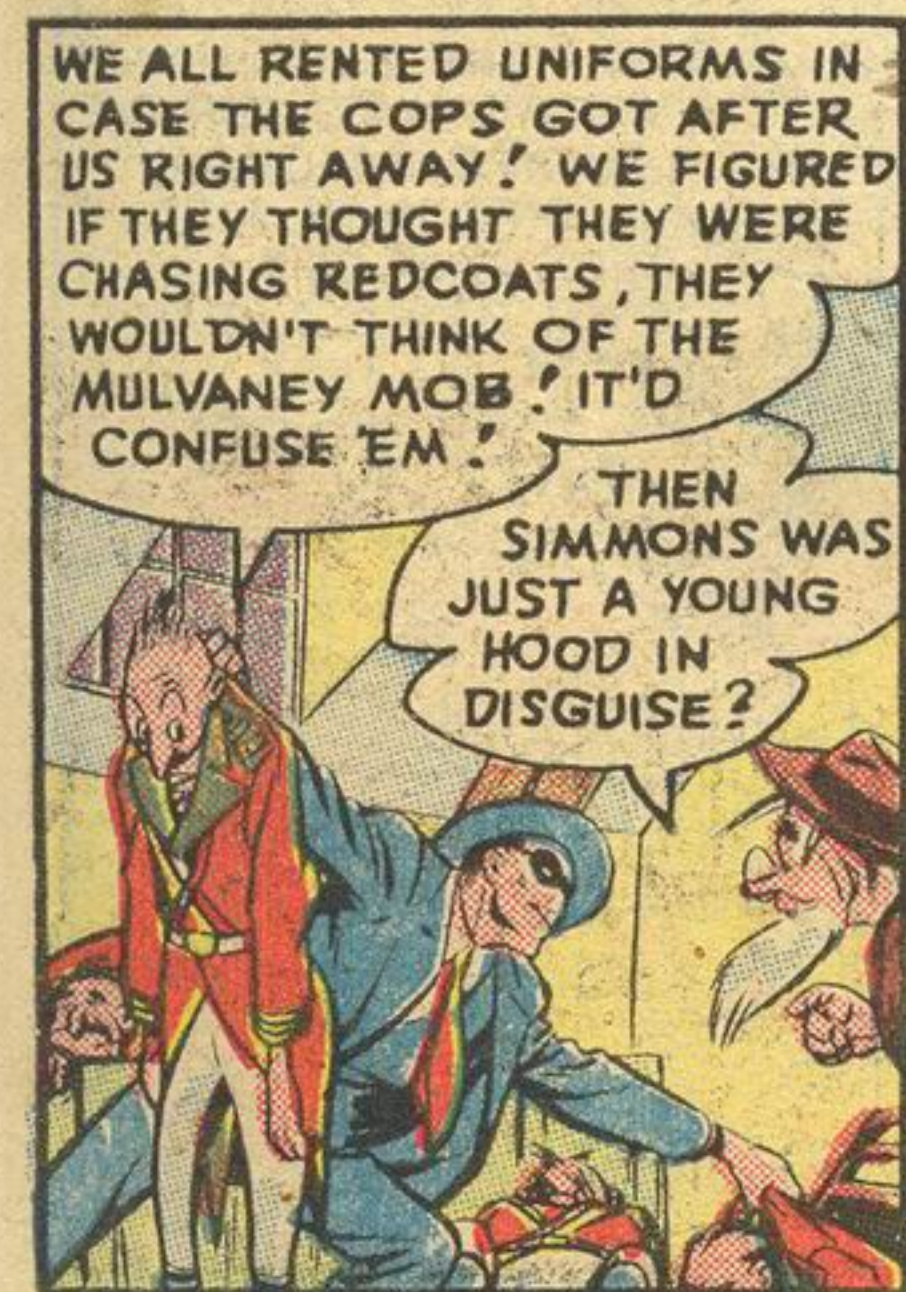
As MIDNIGHT regains consciousness....



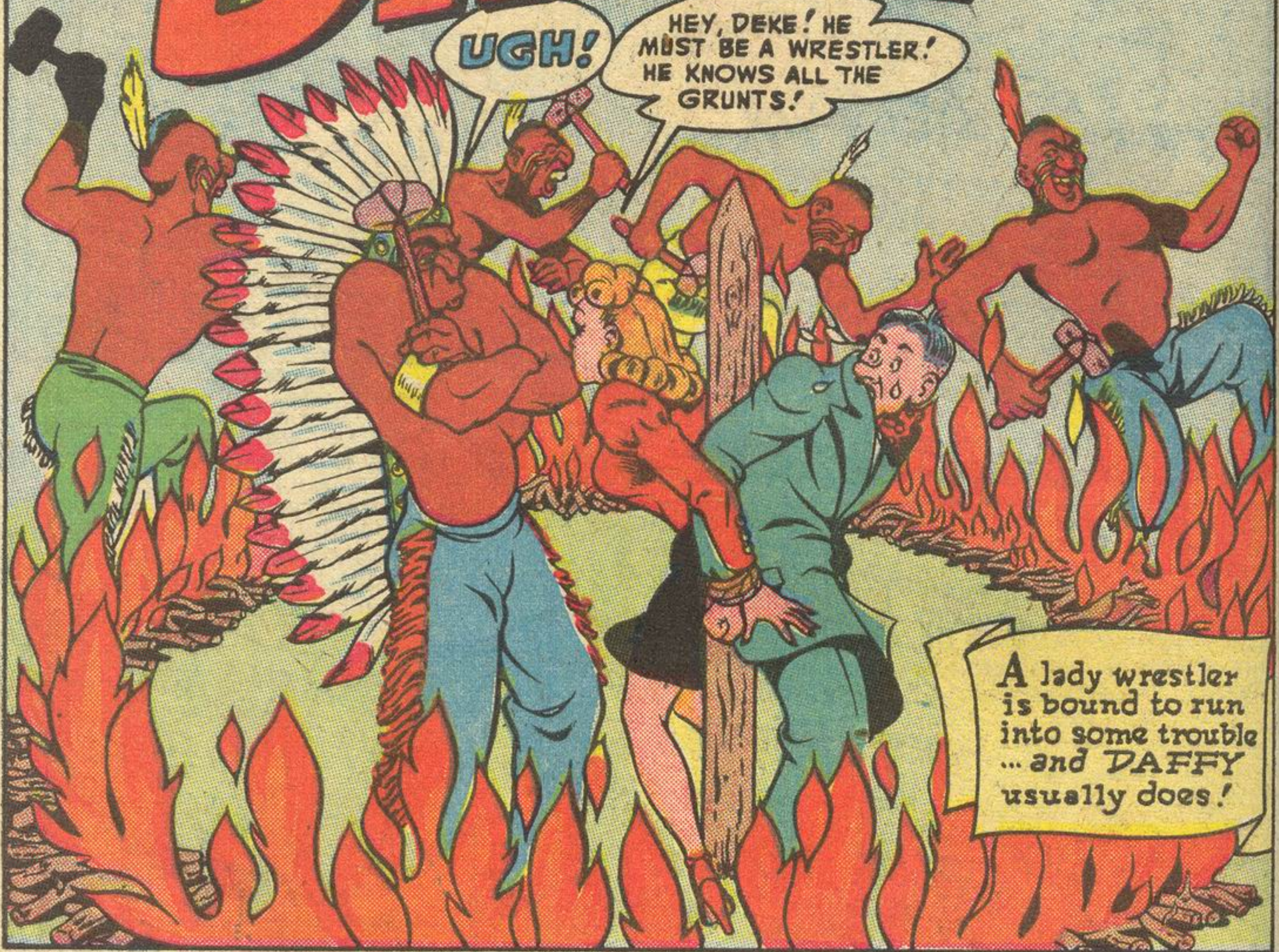
SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS



DAFFY

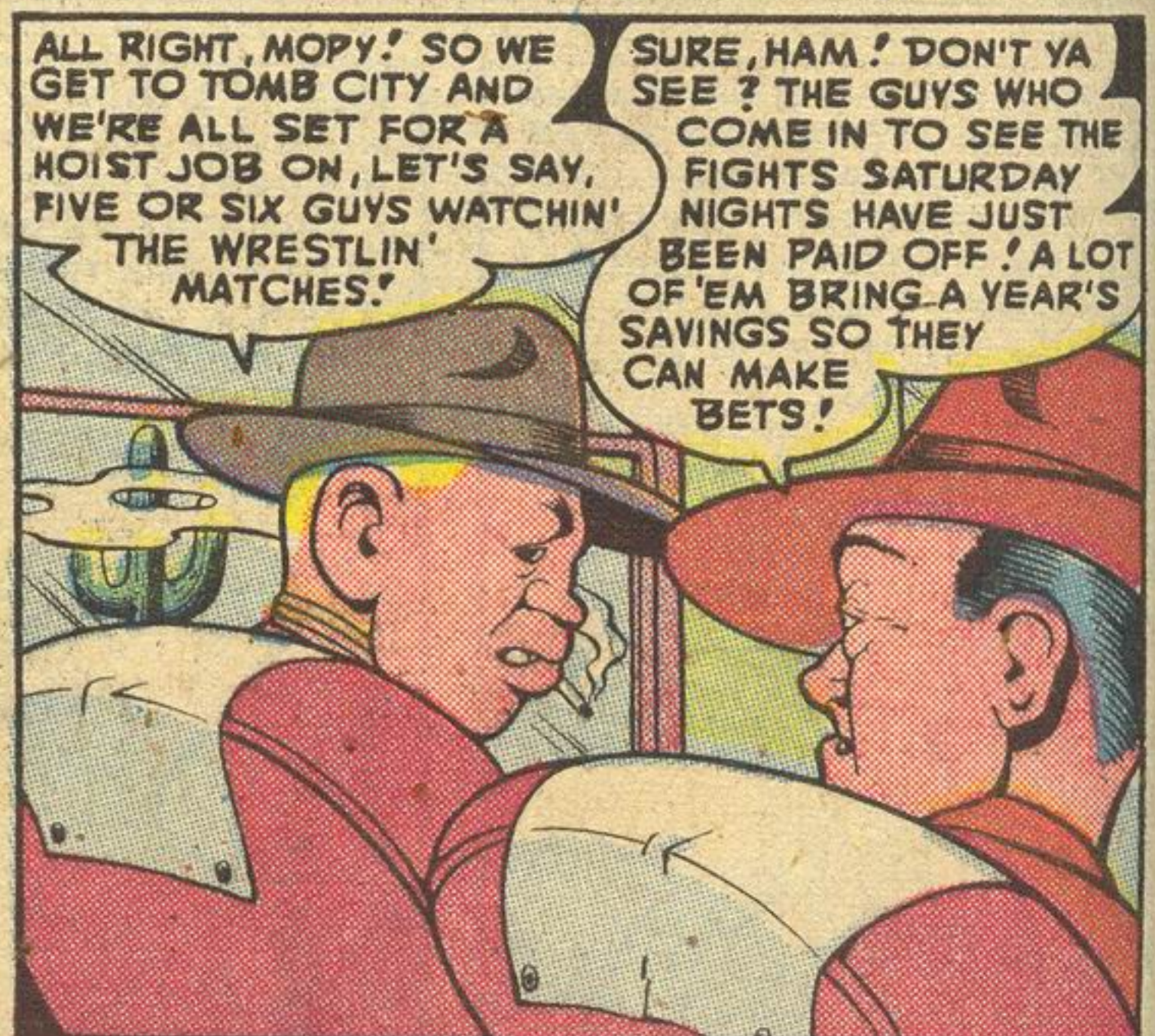


A lady wrestler is bound to run into some trouble ... and **DAFFY** usually does!



ARE WE ALMOST THERE, DEKE? THESE CROSS COUNTRY BUS RIDES SURE GET MONOTONOUS!

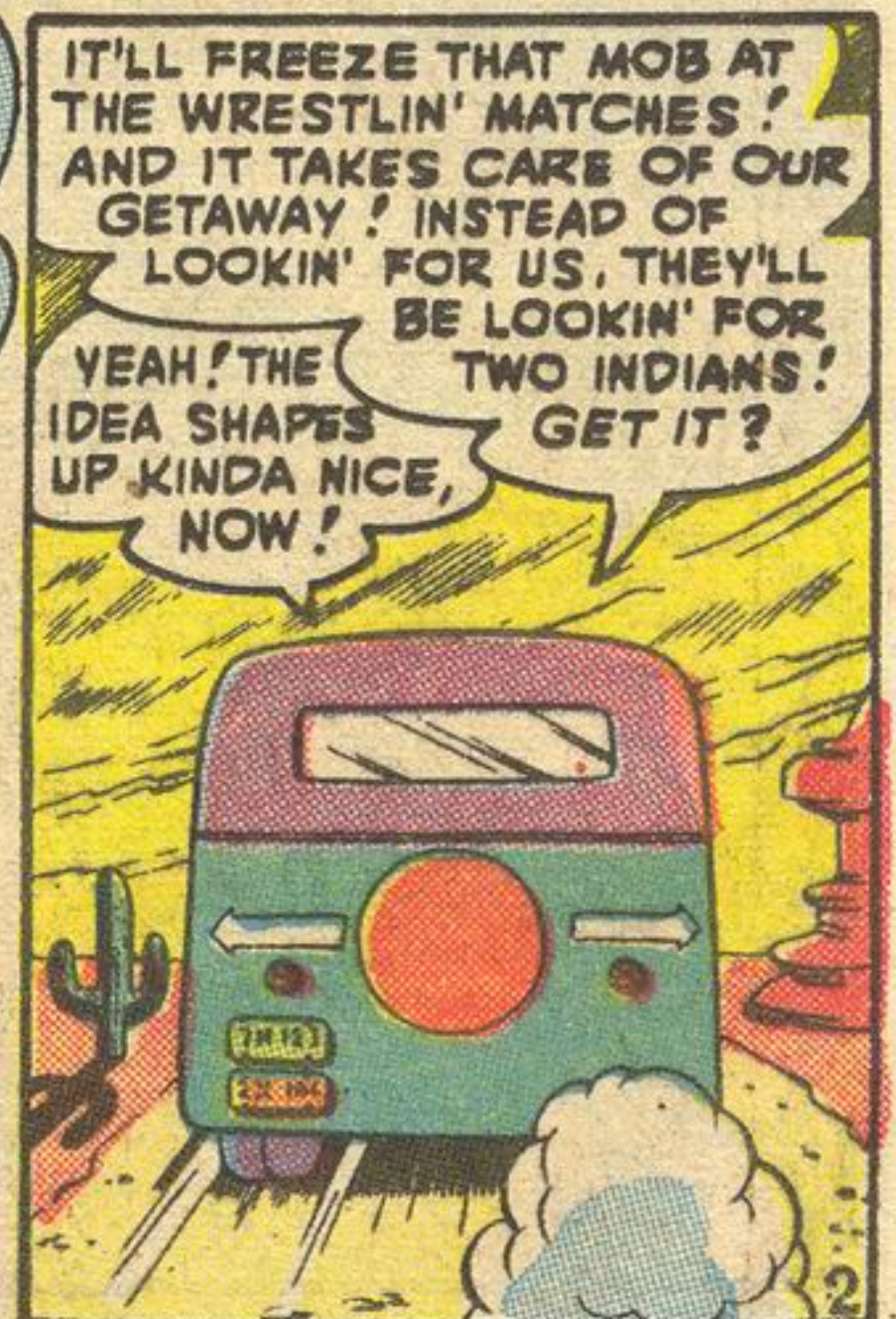
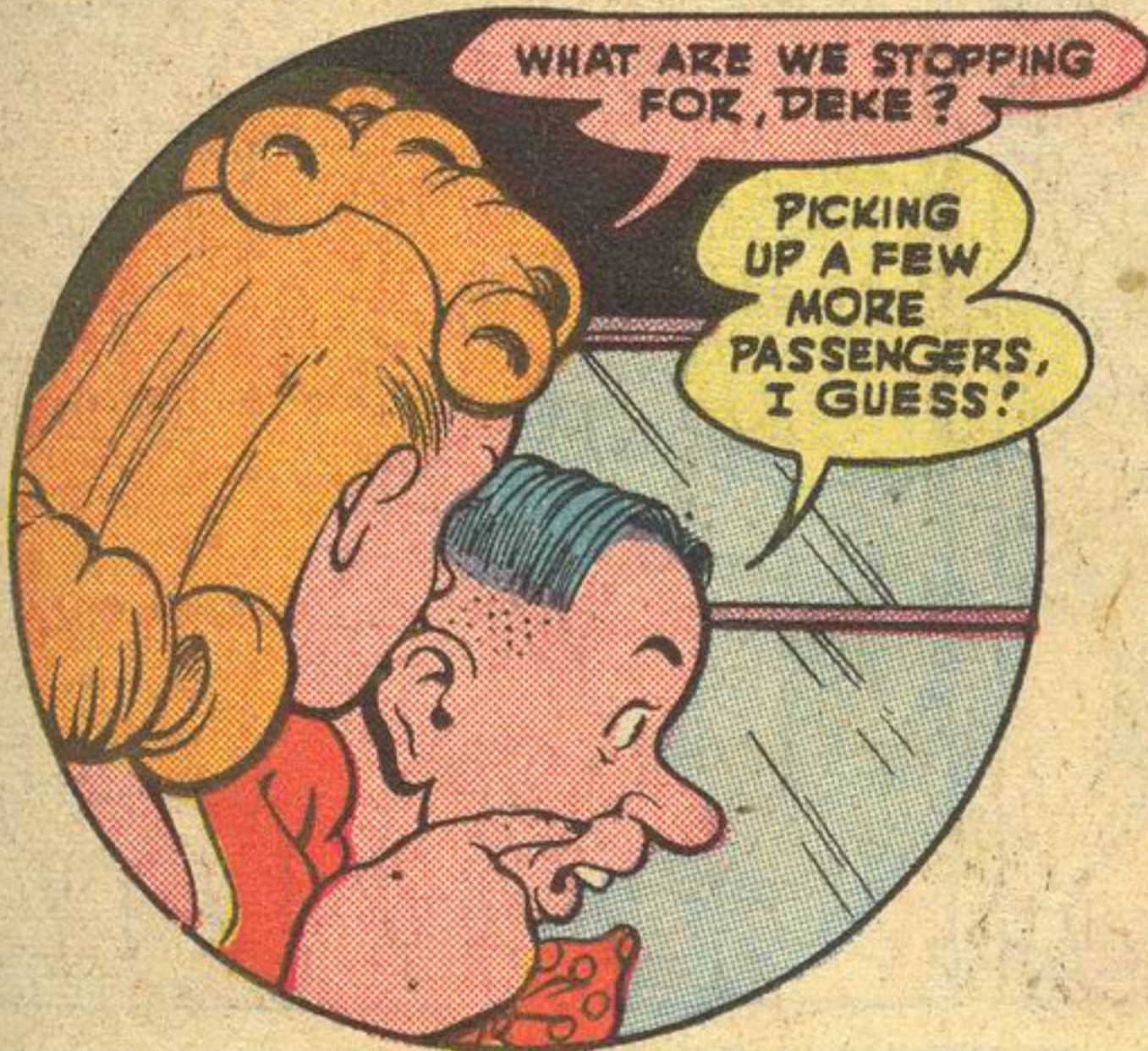
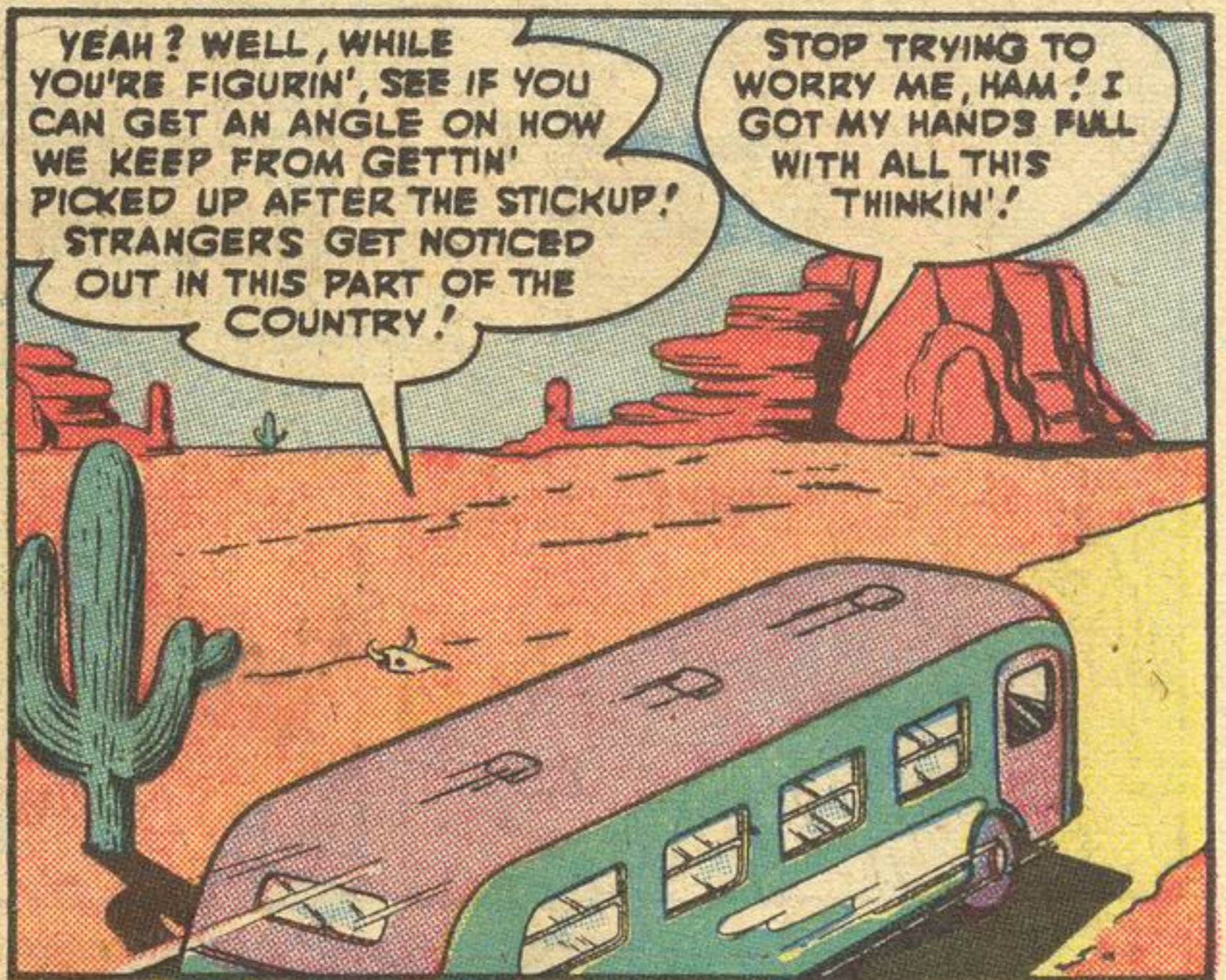
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, DAFFY! AFTER ALL, THIS IS THE FAR WEST AND THERE ARE LONG DISTANCES BETWEEN TOWNS!



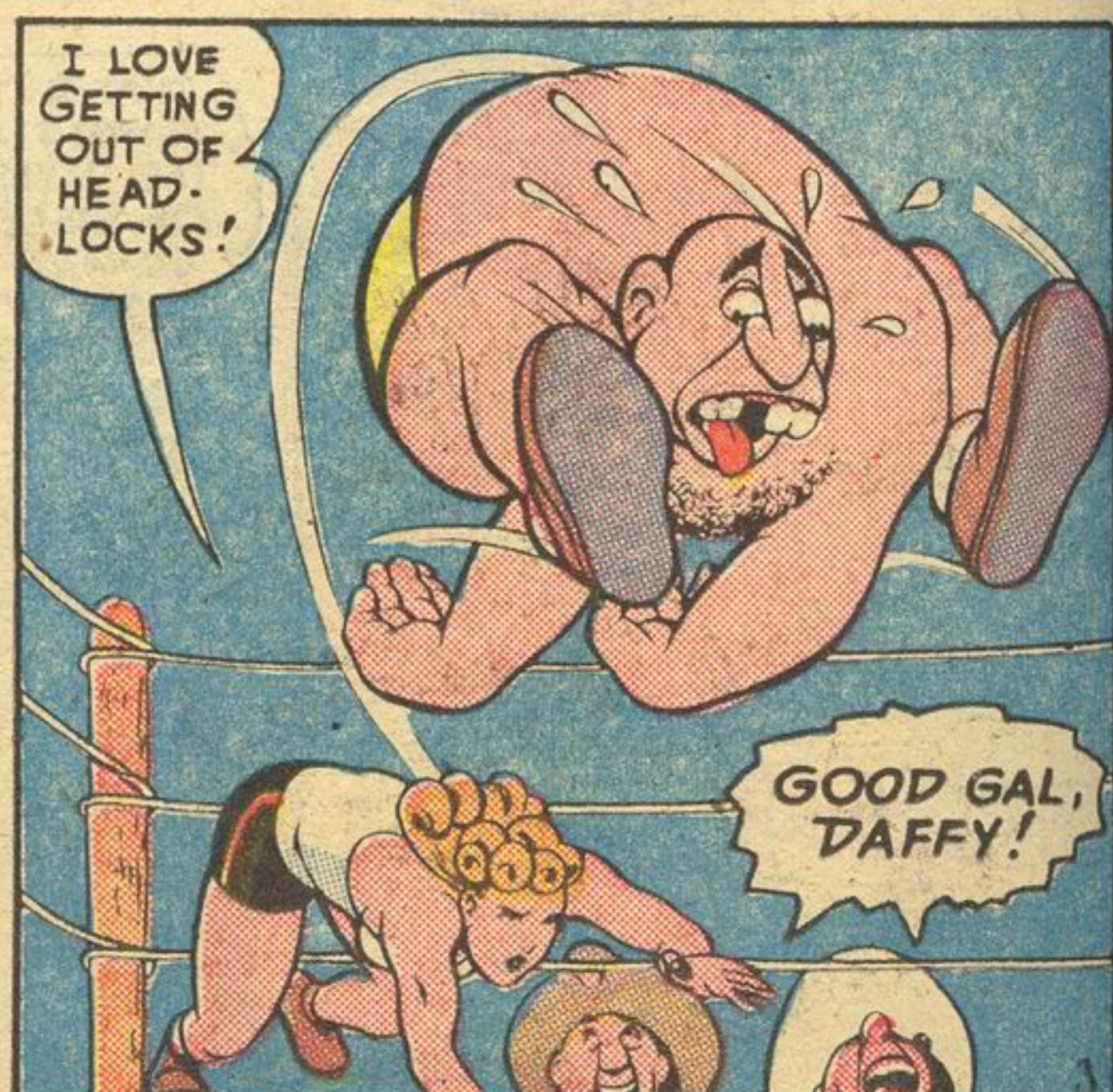
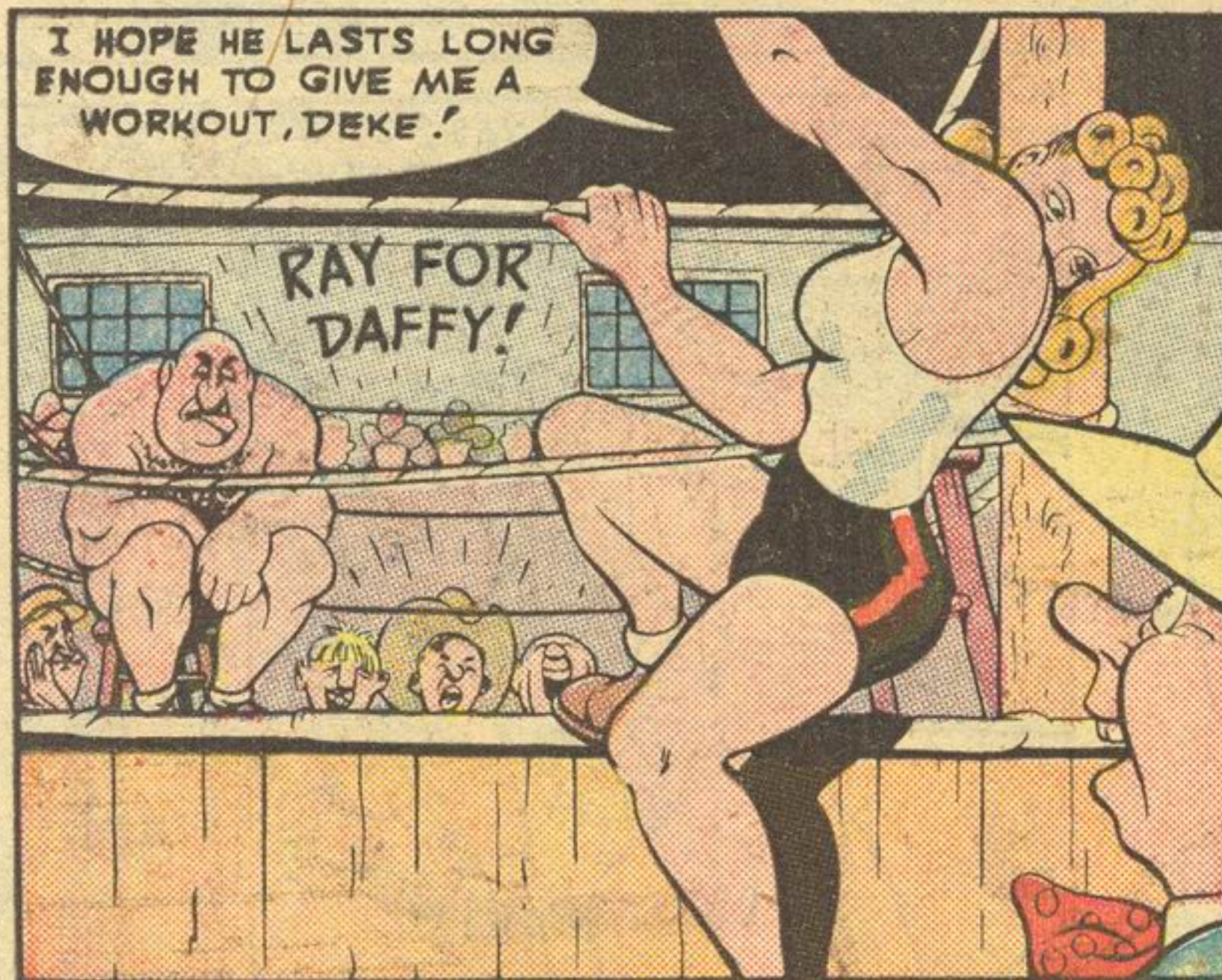
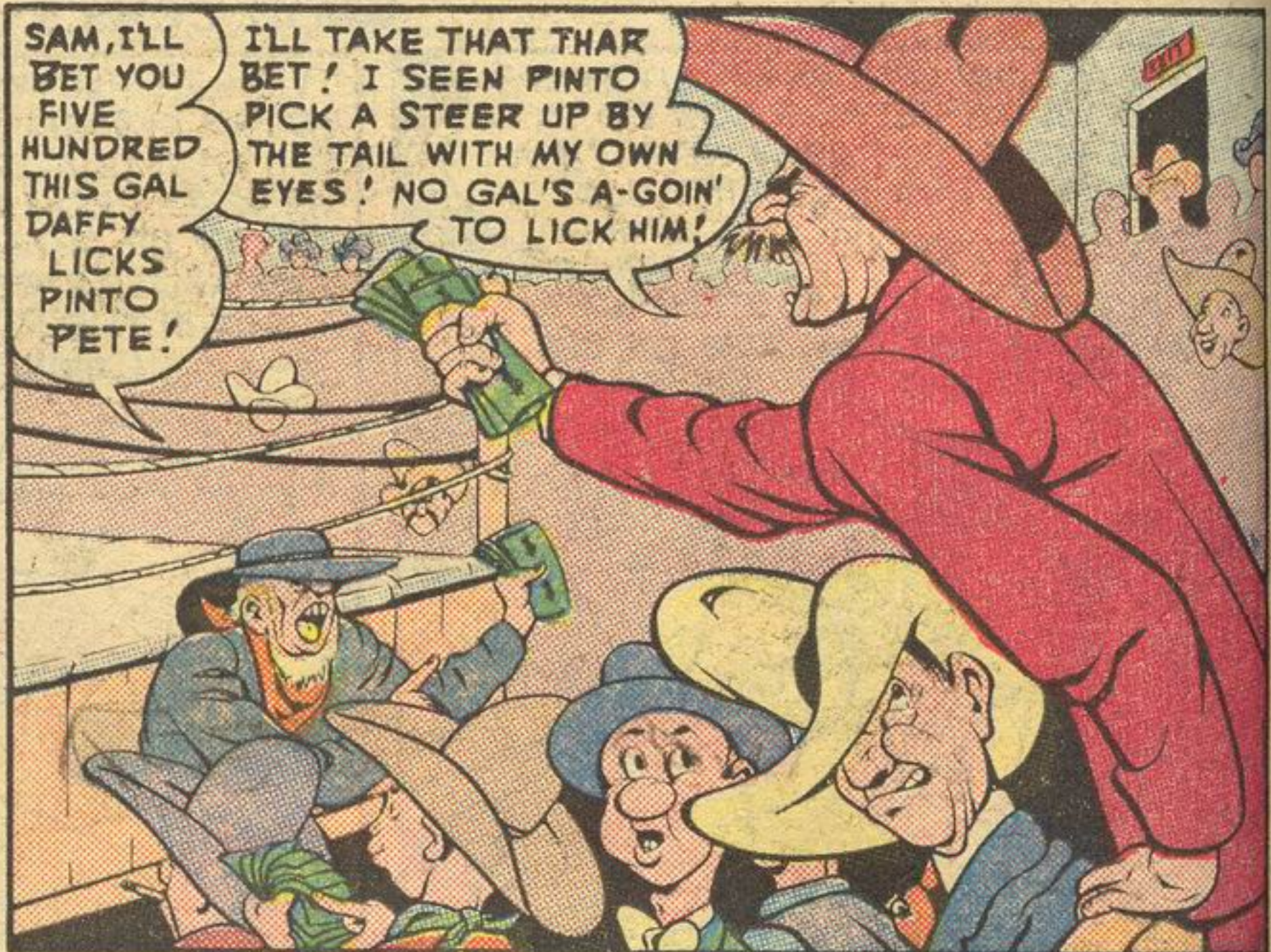
ALL RIGHT, MOPY! SO WE GET TO TOMB CITY AND WE'RE ALL SET FOR A HOIST JOB ON, LET'S SAY, FIVE OR SIX GUYS WATCHIN' THE WRESTLIN' MATCHES!

SURE, HAM! DON'T YA SEE? THE GUYS WHO COME IN TO SEE THE FIGHTS SATURDAY NIGHTS HAVE JUST BEEN PAID OFF! A LOT OF 'EM BRING A YEAR'S SAVINGS SO THEY CAN MAKE BETS!

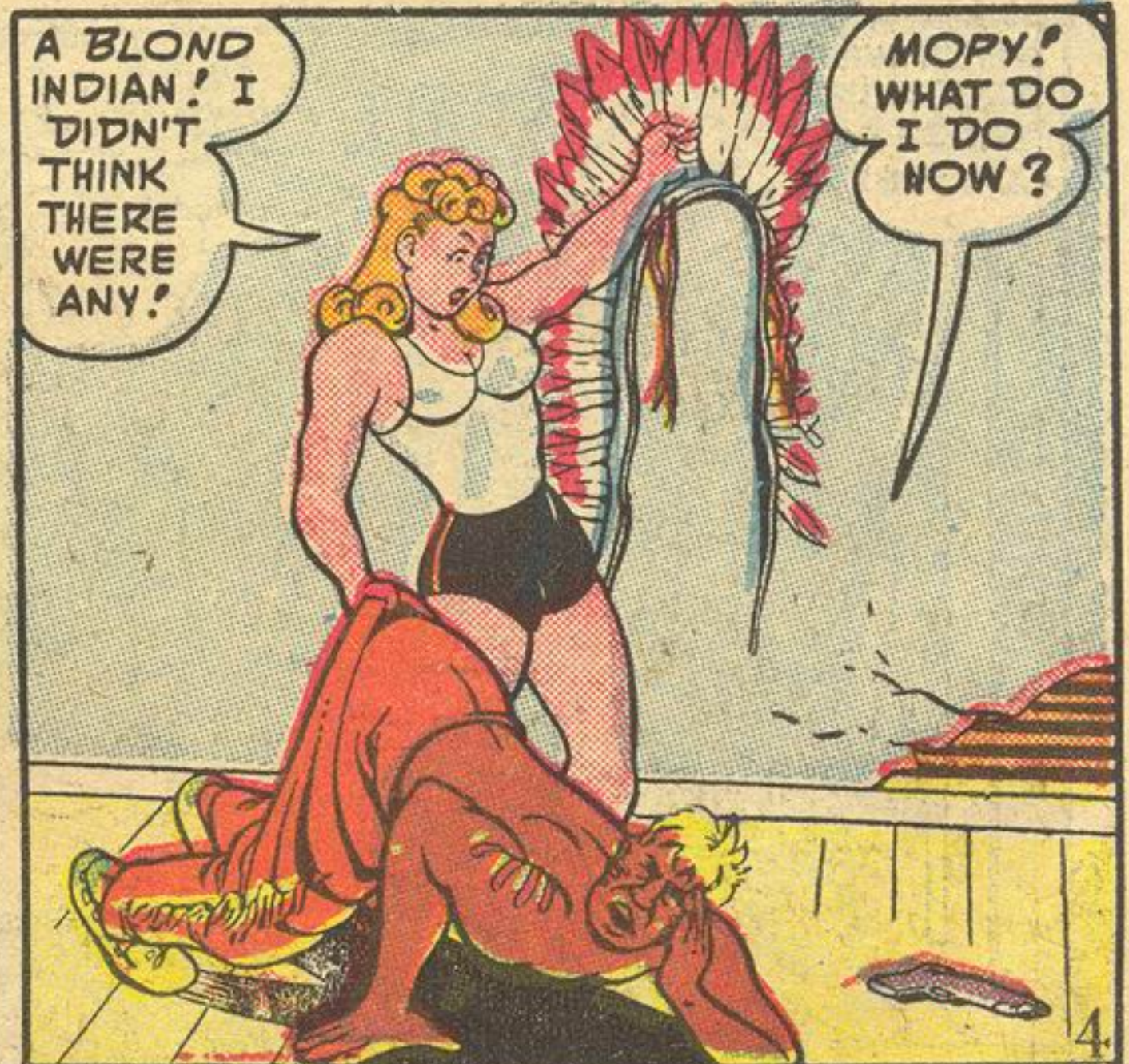
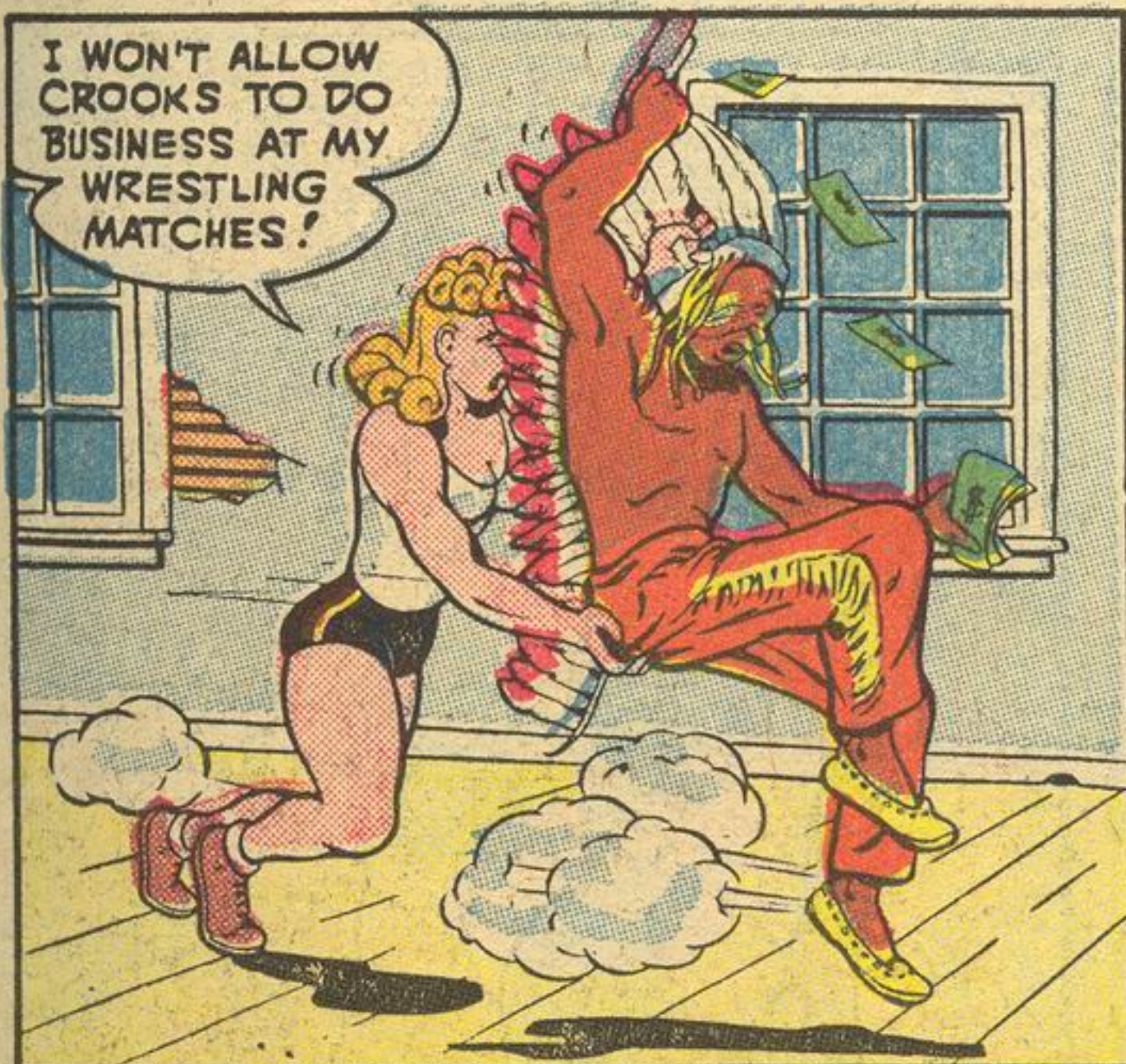
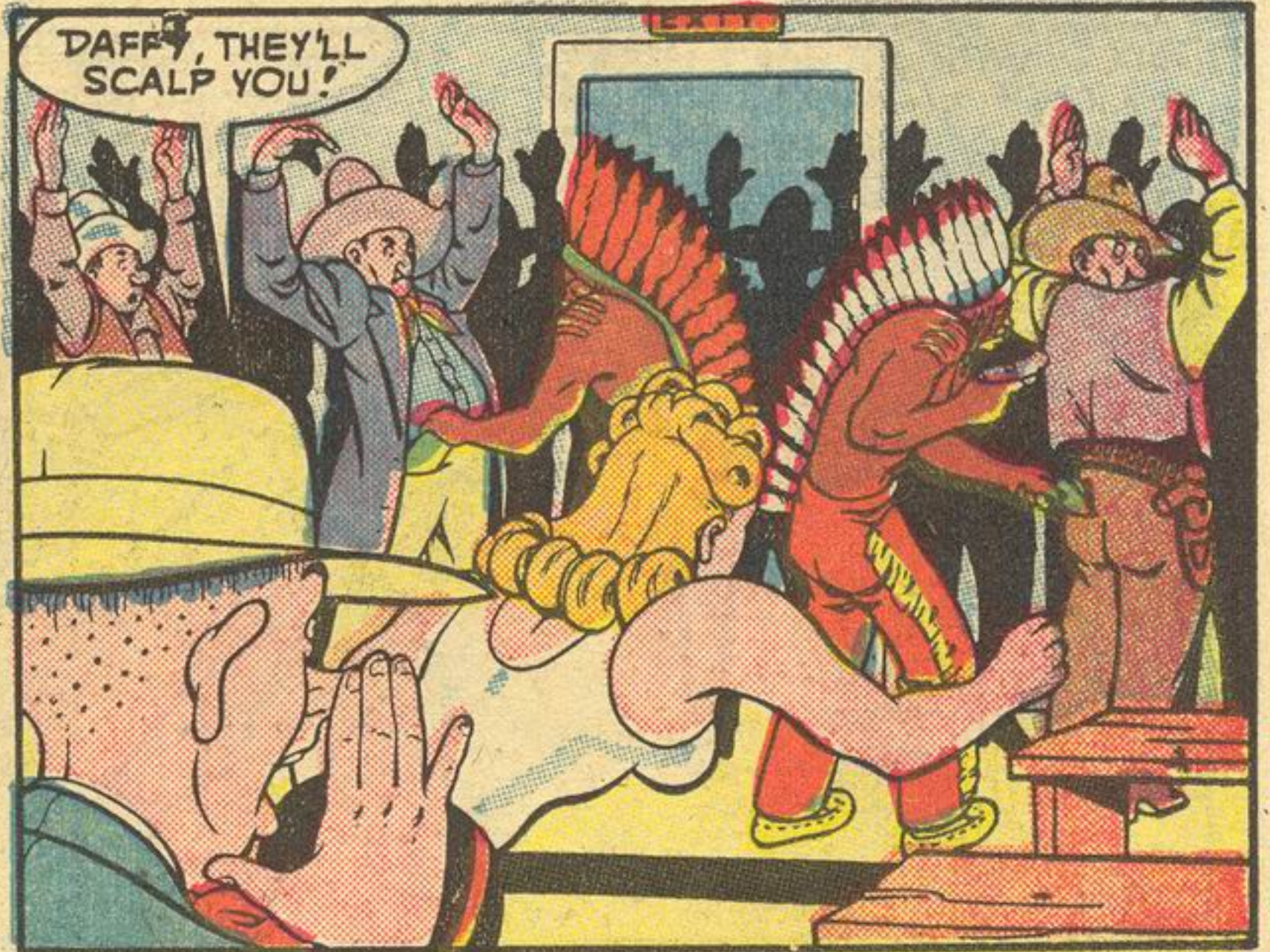
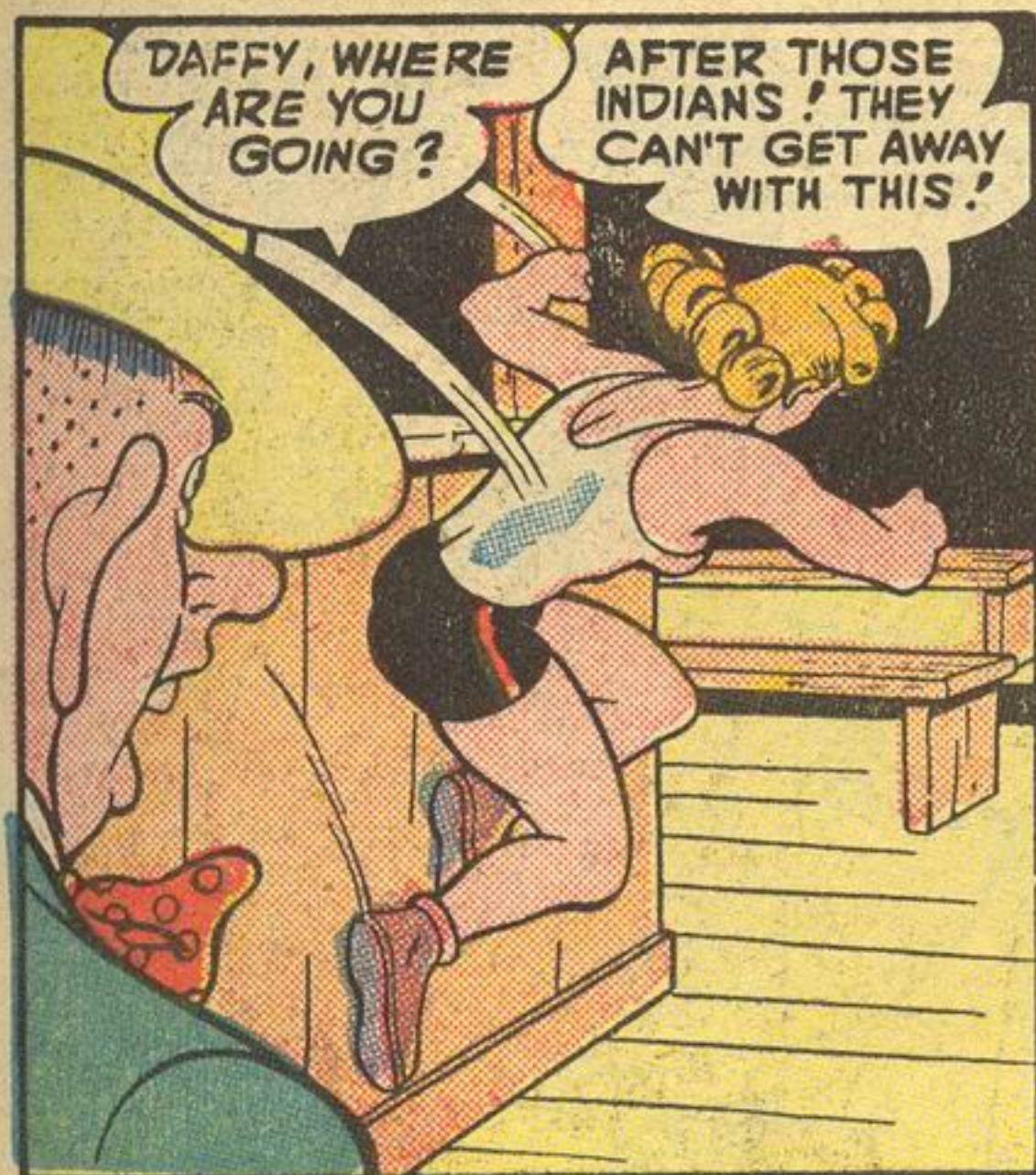
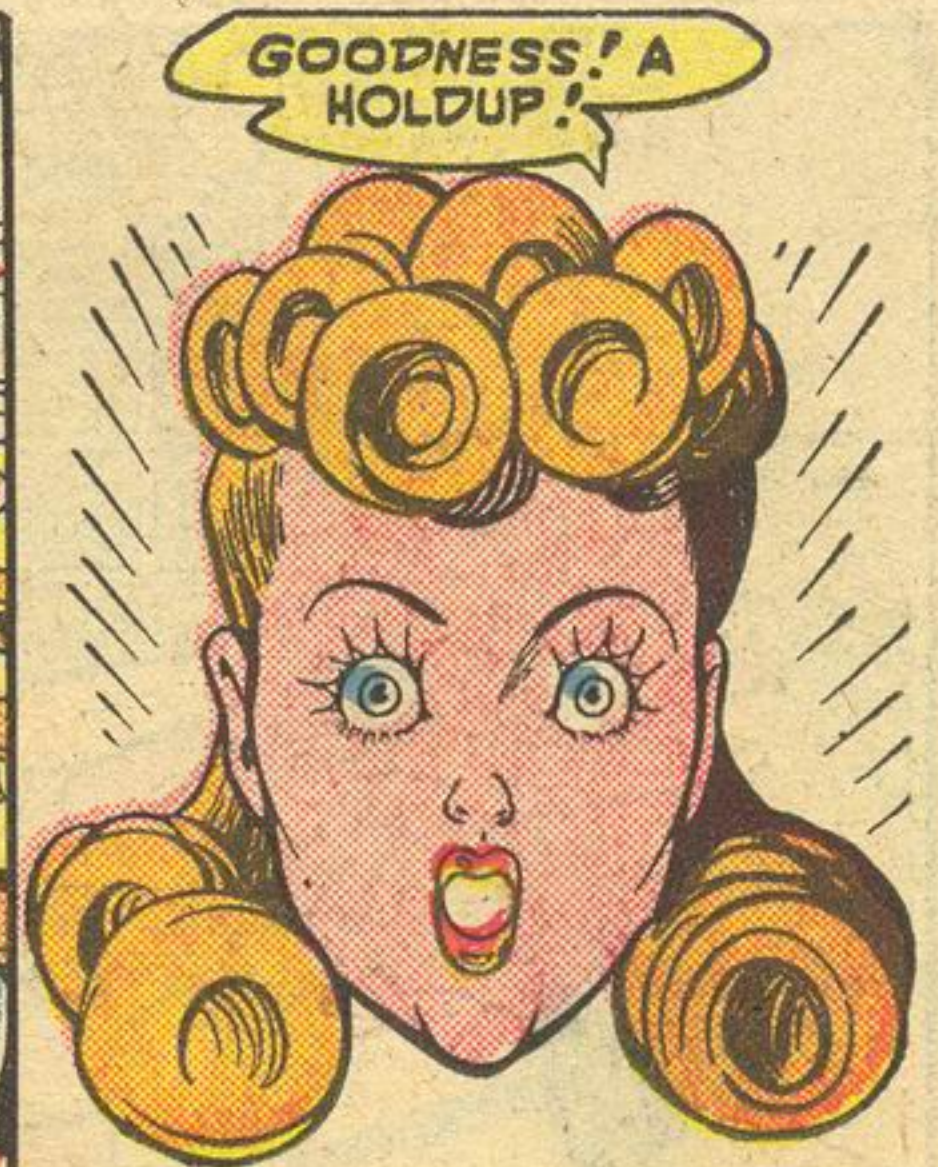
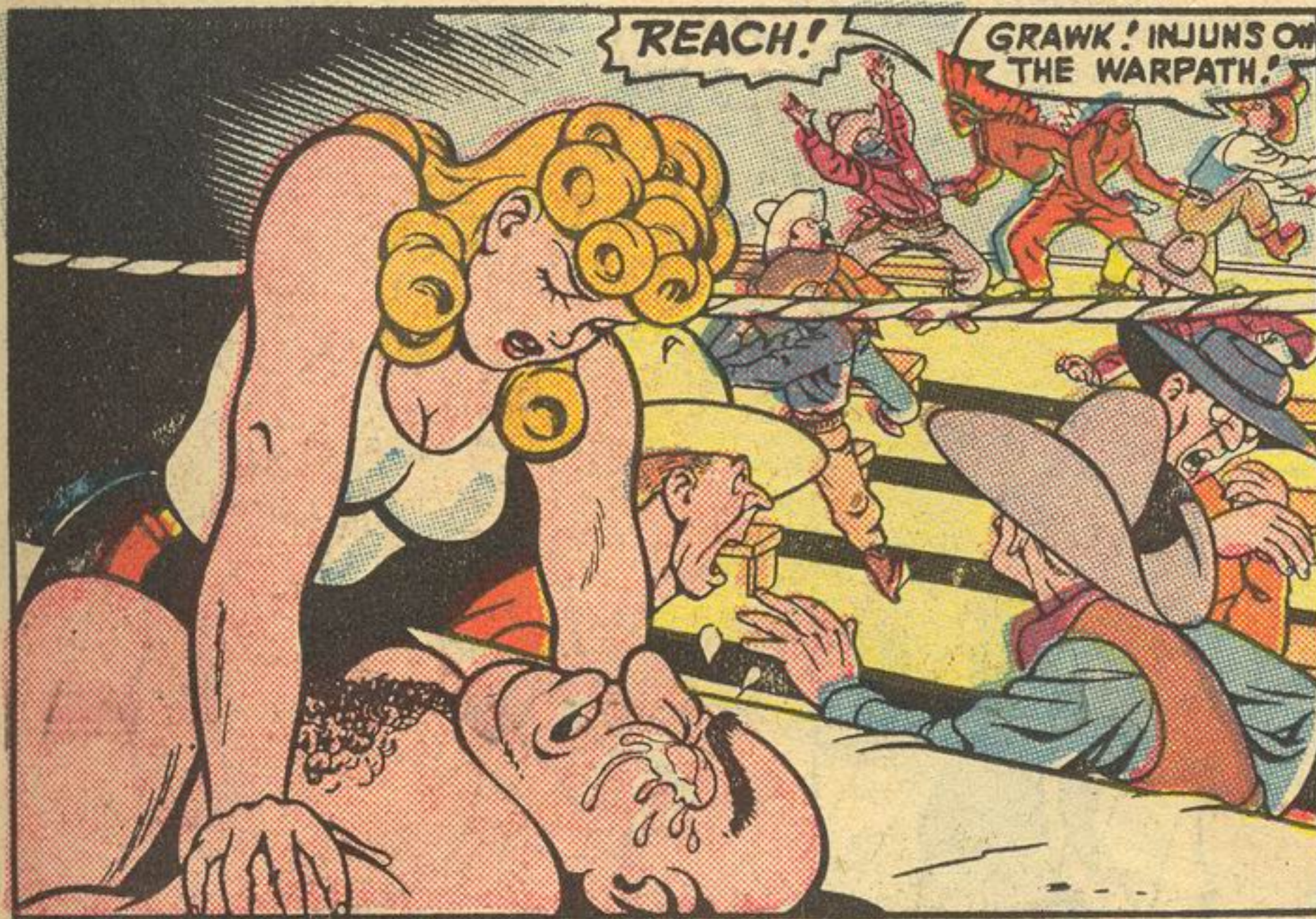
SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS

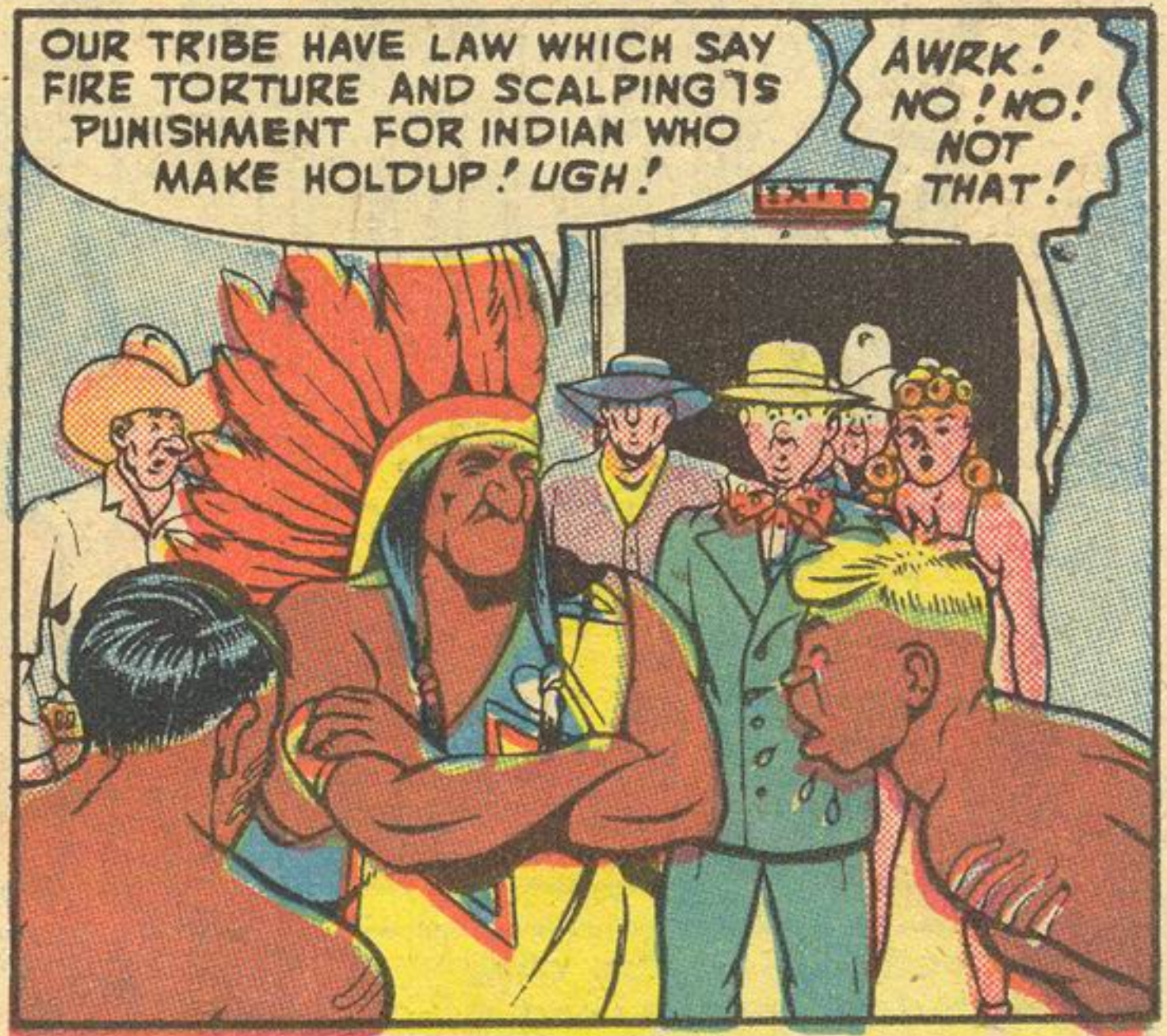
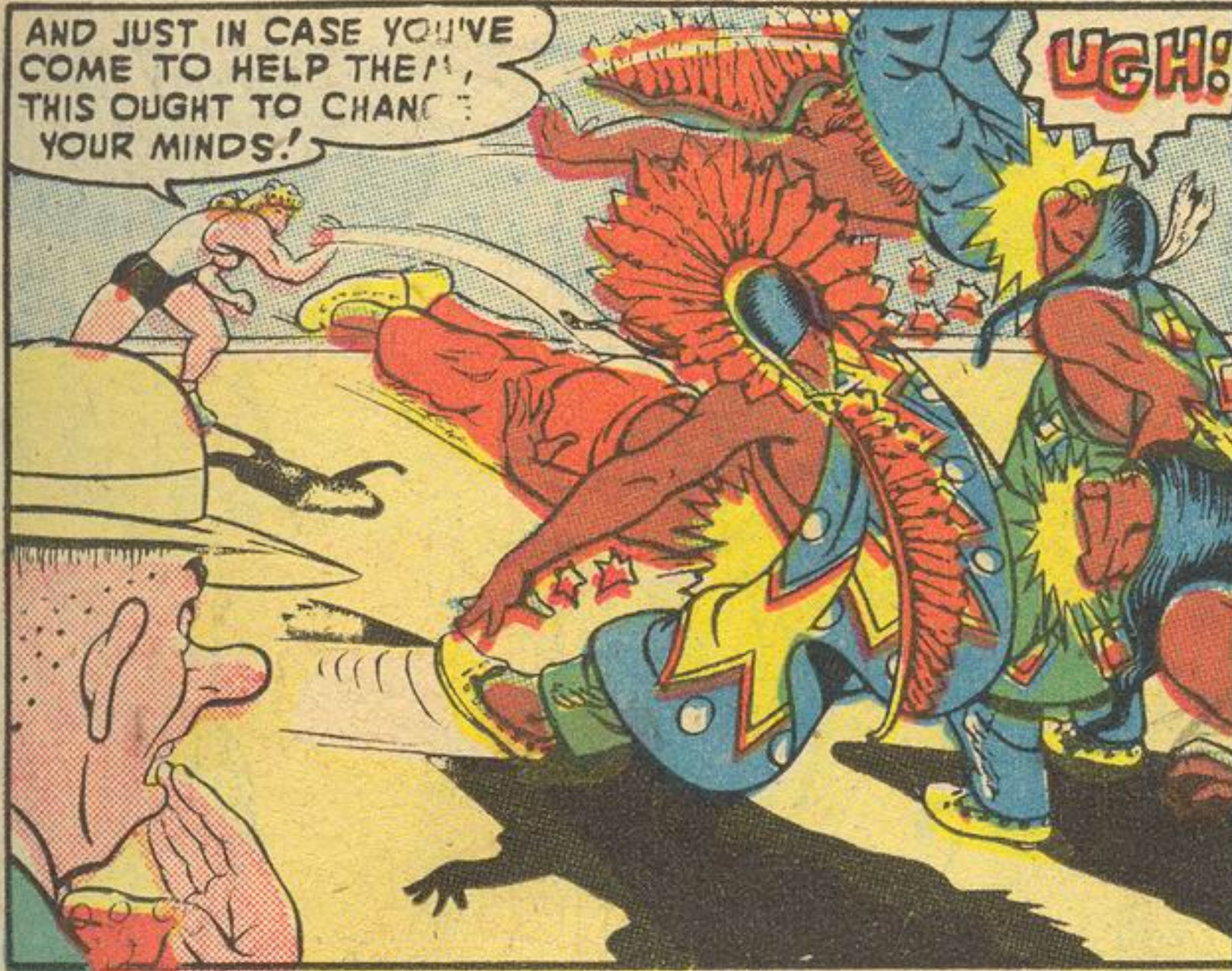


SMASH COMICS

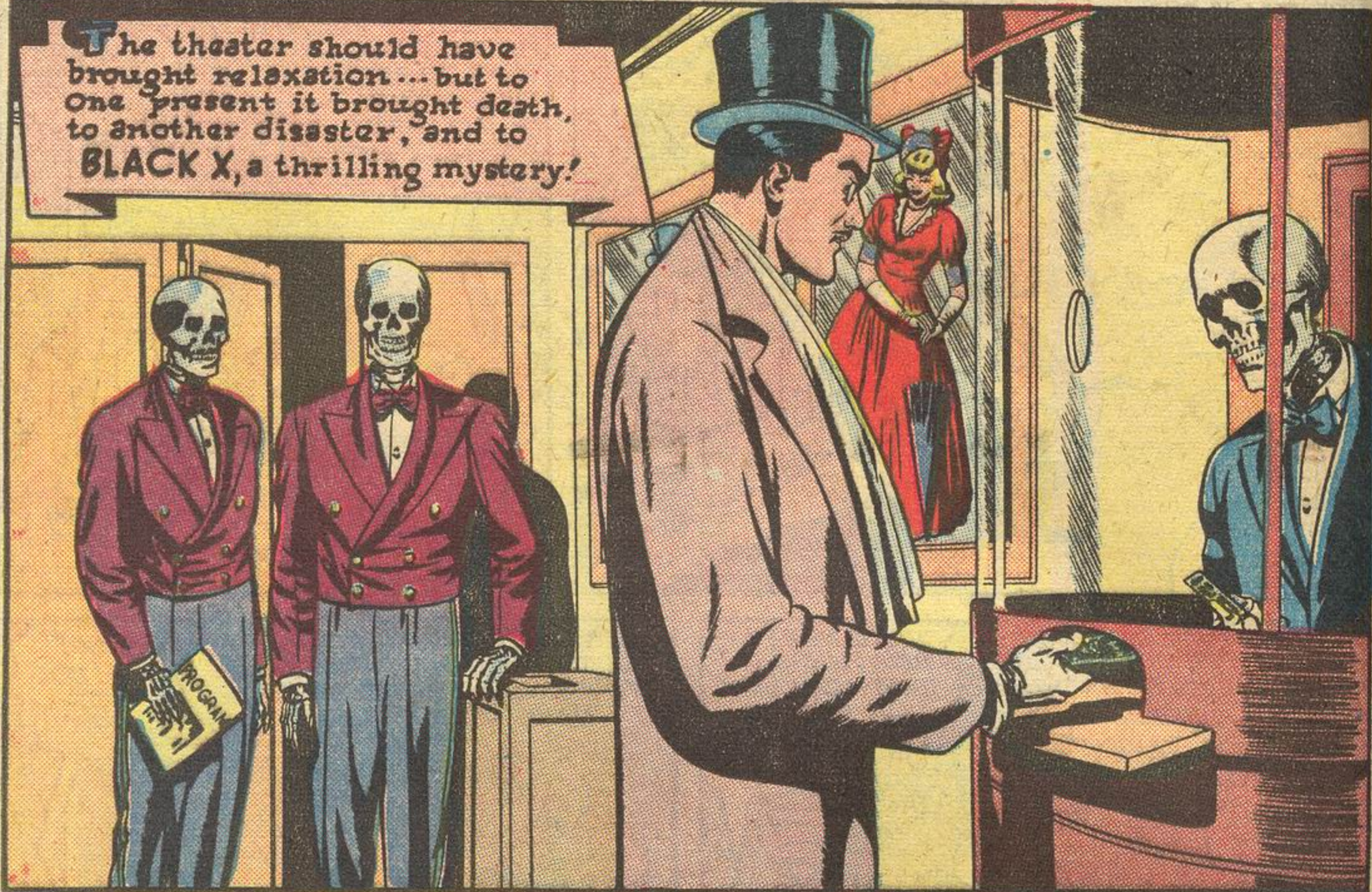




SMASH COMICS



The theater should have brought relaxation... but to one present it brought death, to another disaster, and to **BLACK X**, a thrilling mystery!



BLACK X

The opening night of a heralded masterpiece of the theater, **KILLER'S CHOICE!**

THERE IS MORE BEAUTY IN THE AUDIENCE THAN IN THE PLAY, BATU!

YOUR TASTE IS FAULTLESS, SAHIB! BUT SEE, THE CURTAIN RISES ON THE FINAL ACT!



THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE HIGHPPOINT OF THE PLAY!

NO, LORD THORPTON! YOU DISDAINED MY WARNING... NOW...



TEARS WILL NOT HELP MATTERS ANY, PENELOPE! YOUR SUITOR IS DEAD!

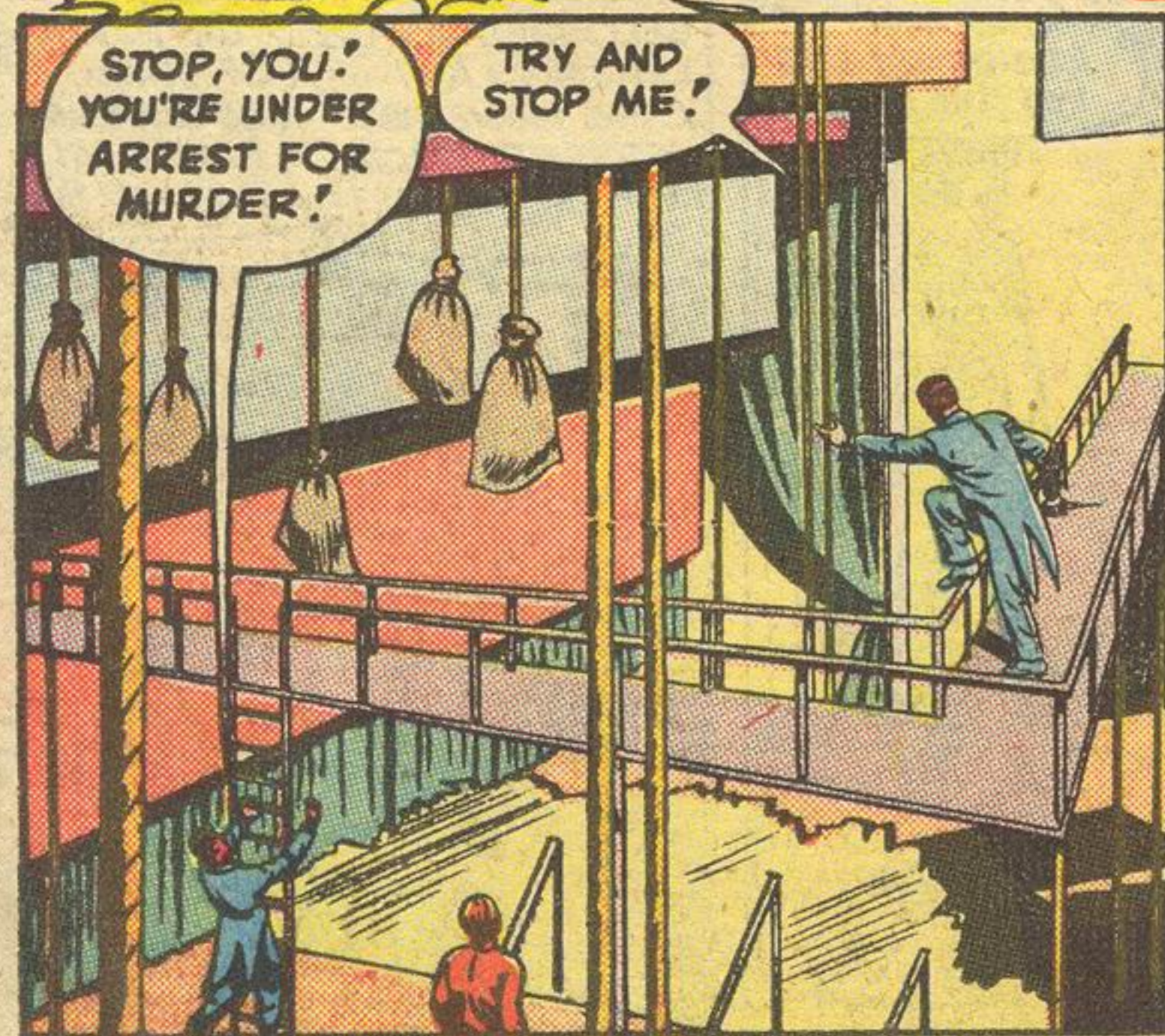
THAT'S JUST IT... HE REALLY **IS!**



SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS





SO YOU KNOW ME? BUT YOU'LL NEVER TELL!



THE POOR FELLOW'S DEAD... AND HIS MURDERER GONE!

THERE ARE NO FINGER-PRINTS ON THIS DAGGER... THE BLOOD FLOWED OVER THE HILT!



I HAD ONLY A GLIMPSE OF THE MAN... OR PERHAPS IT WAS A WOMAN IN MAN'S CLOTHES!

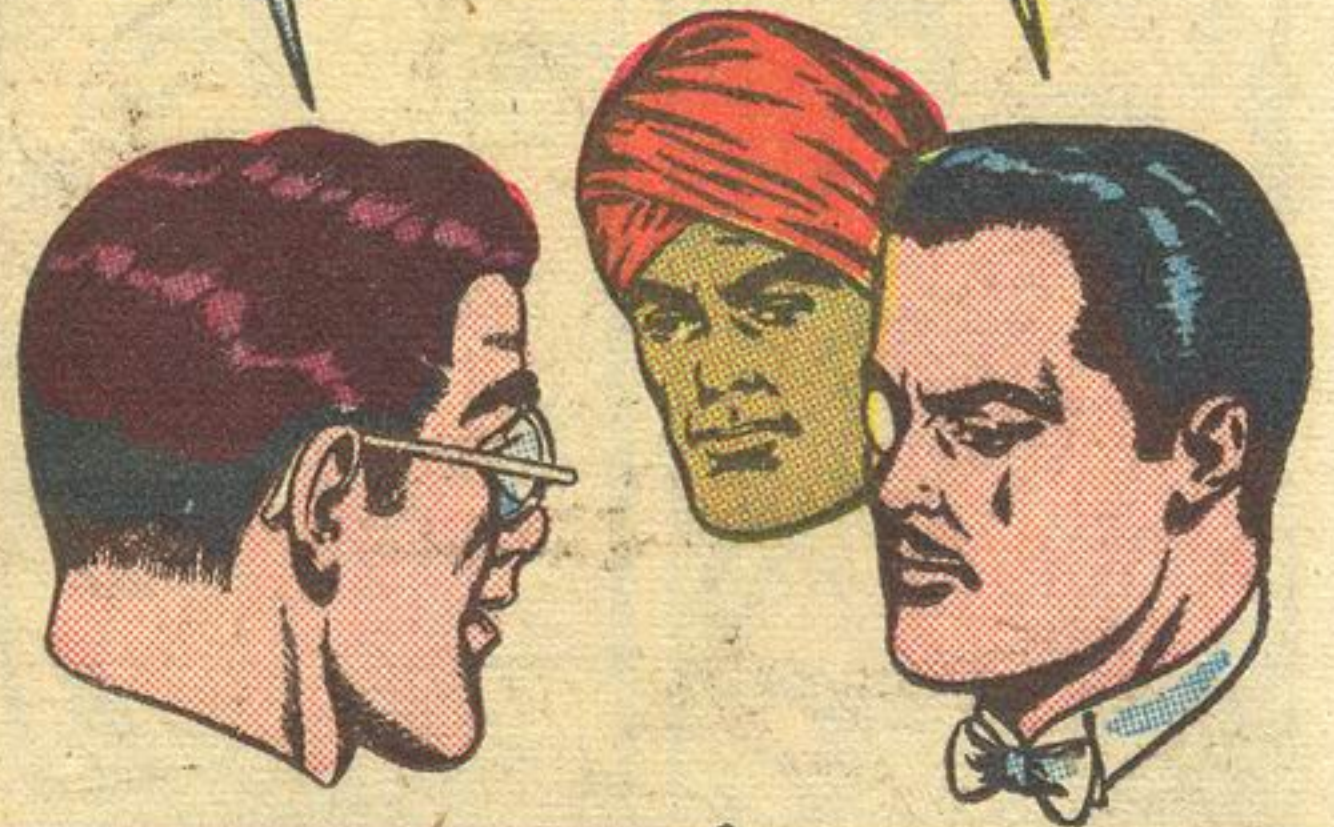
COULD HAVE BEEN ONE OF SEVERAL PEOPLE! I'LL KEEP INVESTIGATING!



I WISH THERE WAS SOME WAY I COULD HELP! I KNEW MOREBY FOR YEARS... WE WERE ASSOCIATED IN OTHER PLAYS!



THANKS, MR. HAVER! HAVE YOU ANY NOTION WHO MIGHT HAVE DONE IT?



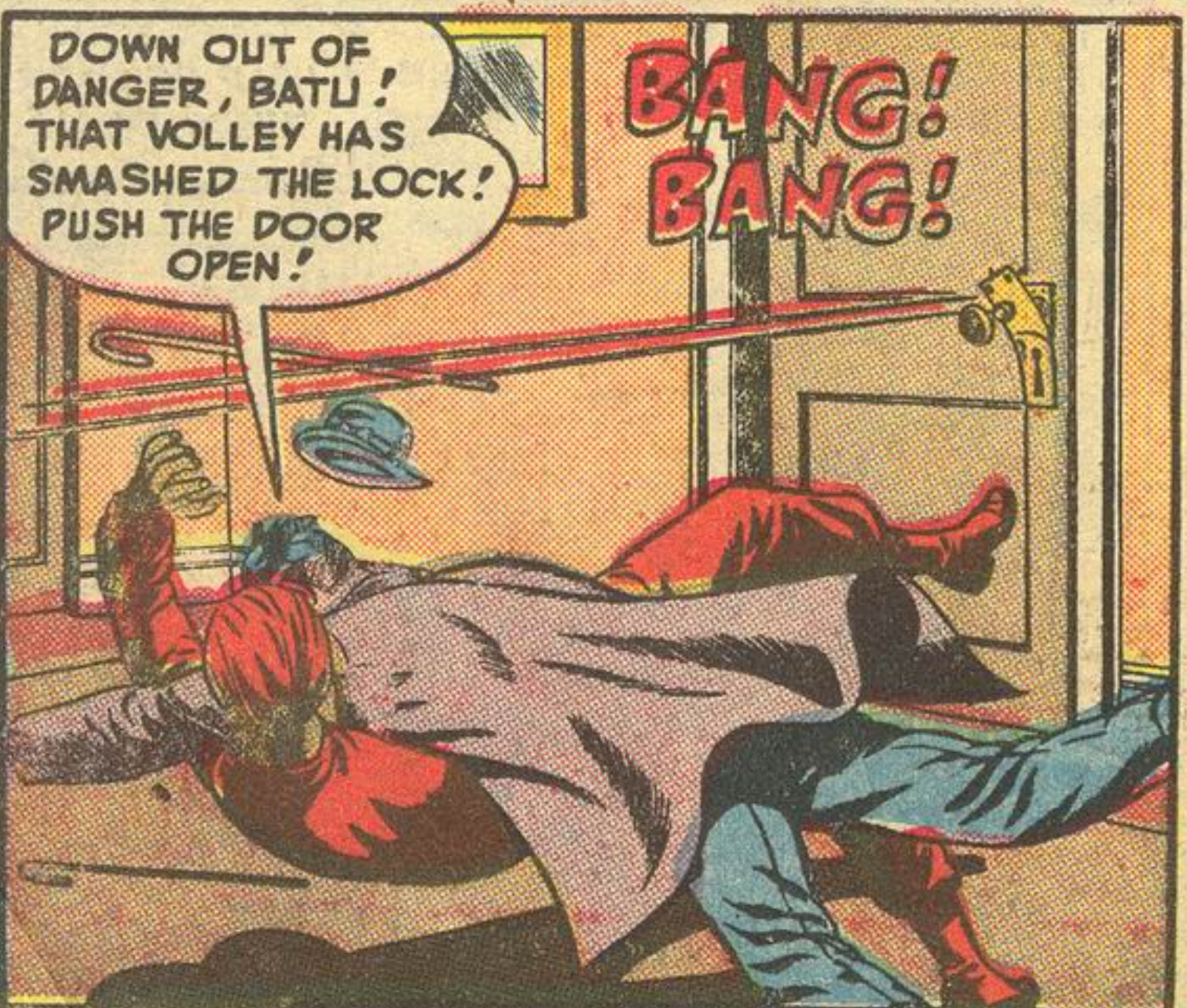
ONLY THAT IT WASN'T I! AND IF I CAN HELP FIND THE GUILTY PERSON, IT'LL CLEAR ME!

SEE YOU LATER! COME, BATU, WE'RE VISITING THE **PUBLIC LIBRARY!**



HERE ARE THE BACK FILES OF STAGELIGHT MAGAZINE! YOU, MR. BLACK X, ARE WELCOME TO TAKE THEM HOME FOR STUDY!

THANK YOU! HELP ME CARRY THEM, BATU!



SMASH COMICS

THE GOSSIP COLUMNS OF STAGELIGHT MAGAZINE TOLD ME EVERYTHING! YOU AND MOREBY QUARRELED OVER WHO WOULD MARRY LELA MILLER!

HE WON HER, BUT THE ENMITY LINGERED! HE HAD A RUN-OF-THE-PLAY CONTRACT... SAID HE'D HAM UP MY SHOW AND MAKE ME RIDICULOUS, RUIN ME AS A PLAYWRIGHT!

SO YOU SWITCHED THE PROP GUN FOR THE LOADED GUN AND SAW HIM DIE... KNOWING THAT ANOTHER ACTOR WOULD MAKE THE PLAY A SUCCESS!

IF YOU SHOOT ONE OF US WITH THAT LAST SHOT, THE OTHER WILL TEAR YOU TO SHREDS!

AND HERE I AM, TOO, HAVER! ONE SHOT WON'T GET YOU OUT OF THIS JAM!

ARE YOU SURE OF THAT, YOU STUPID FOOL?

LOOK OUT!

BANG!

TOO LATE! THAT LAST SHOT KILLED HIM!

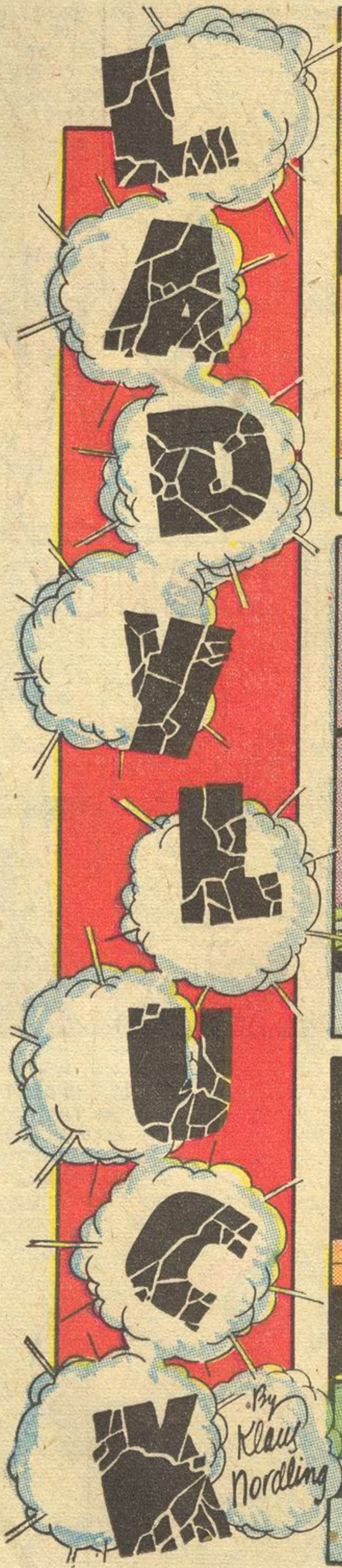
I'LL COVER HIM UP! HE'S NOT A PLEASANT SIGHT!

HELLO, MEDICAL EXAMINER? INSPECTOR BURTON TALKING! I WAS JUST TOO LATE TO KEEP THE MOREBY KILLER FROM BUMPING HIMSELF OFF!

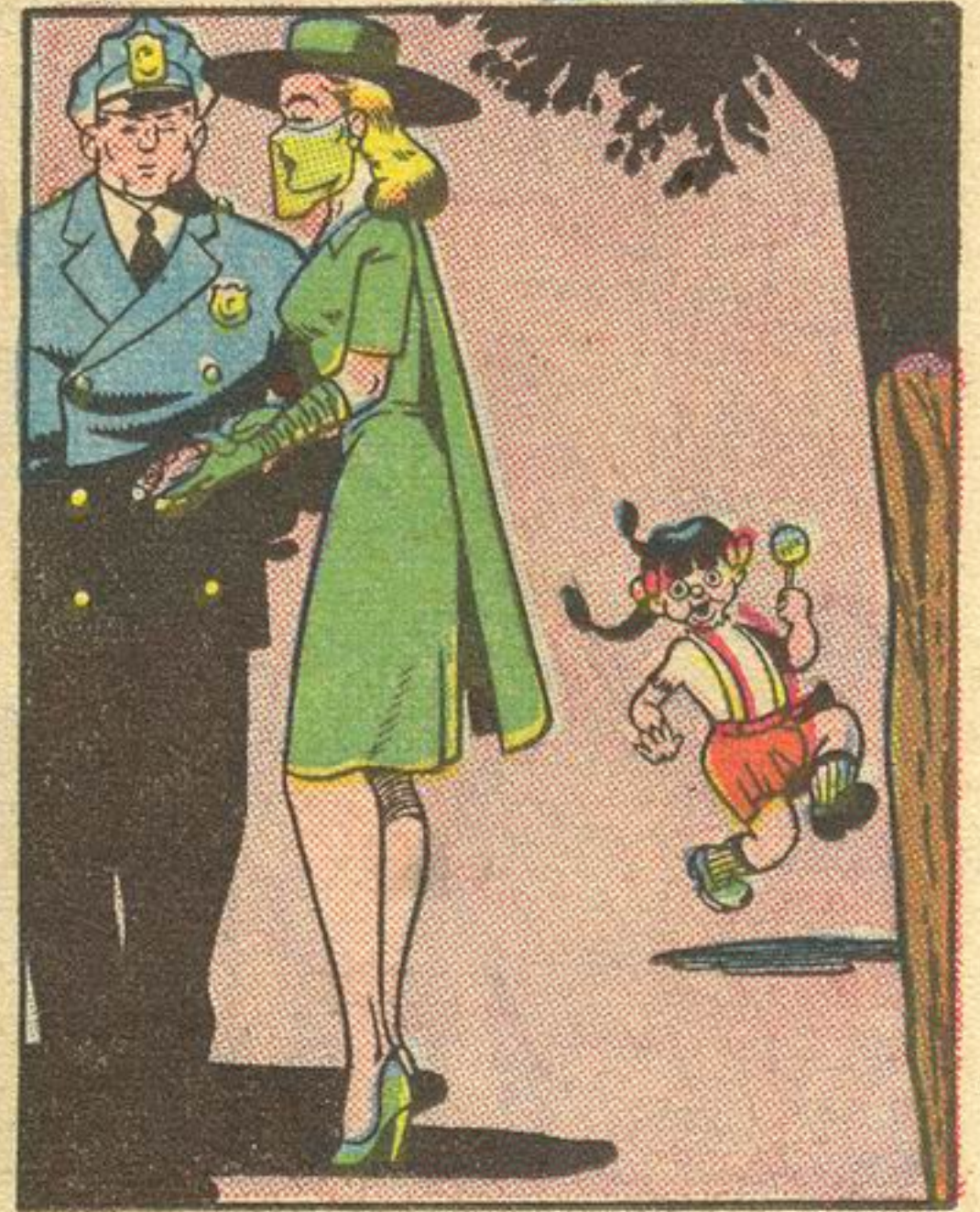
I'M REMINDED OF YOUR ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY, BATU... OF FATE RULING ALL THINGS! HAVER SEEMED THE LAST MAN IN THE WORLD TO COME TO SUCH AN END!

WHO KNOWS, SAHIB? PERHAPS FROM THE DAY HE WAS BORN, FATE WAS GRIMLY STEERING HIM TO THIS CLIMAX OF TRAGEDY!

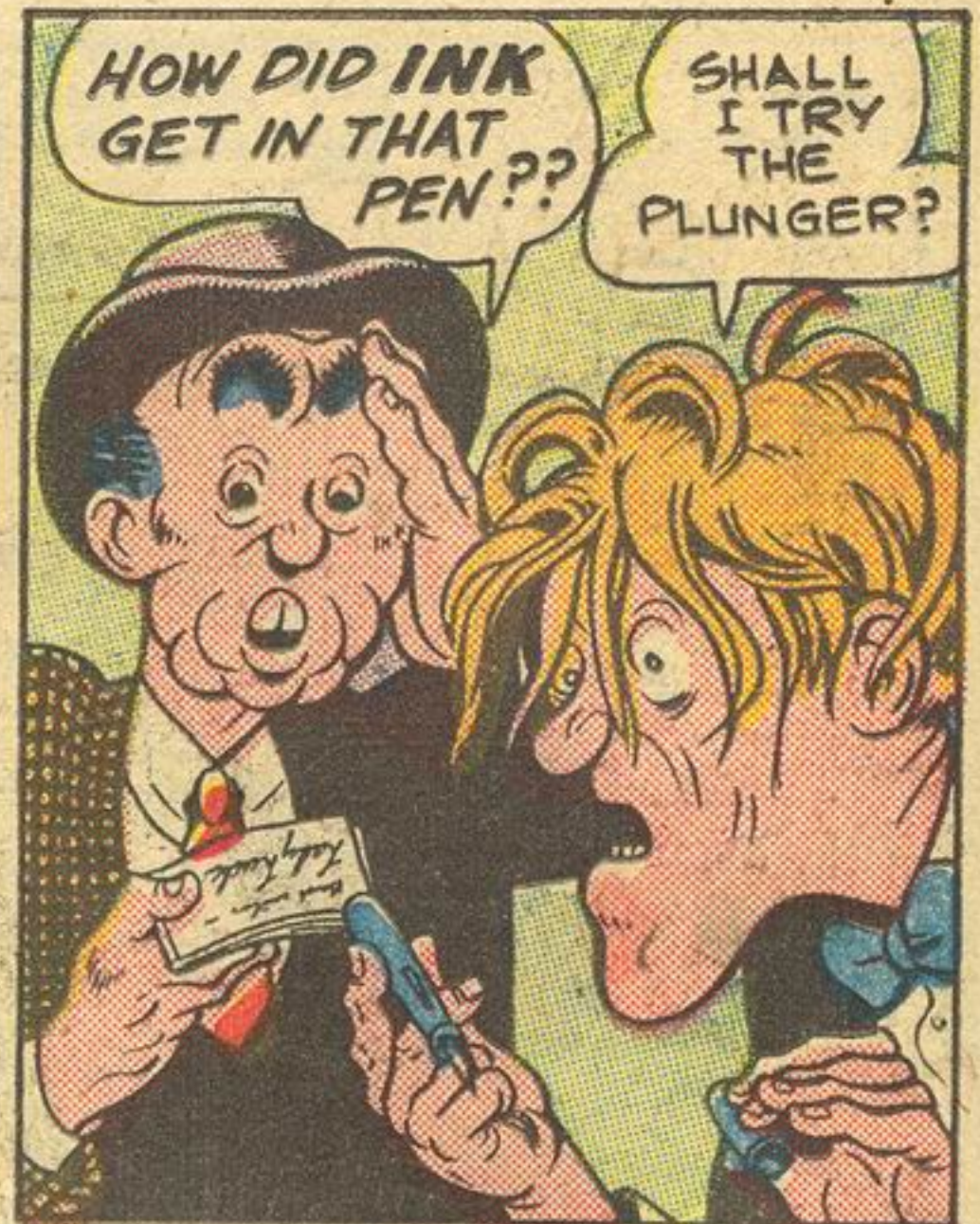
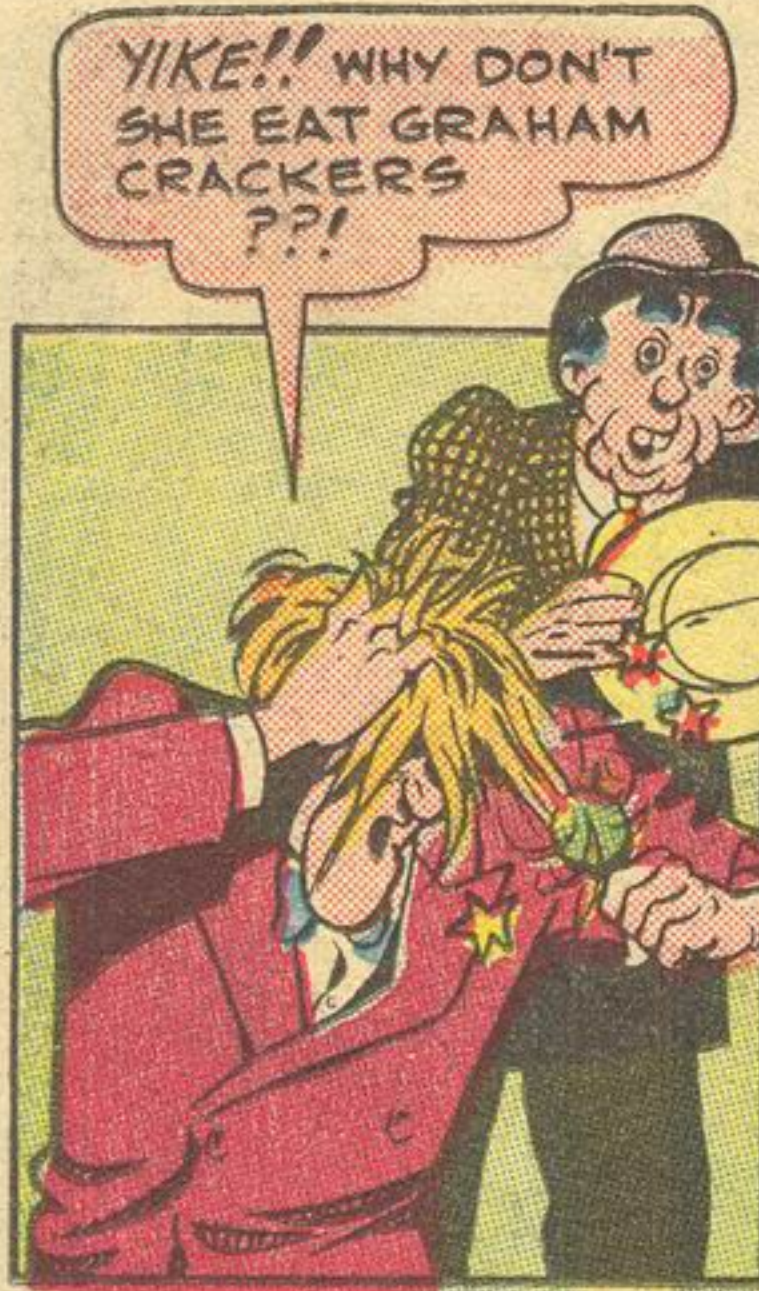
SMASH COMICS



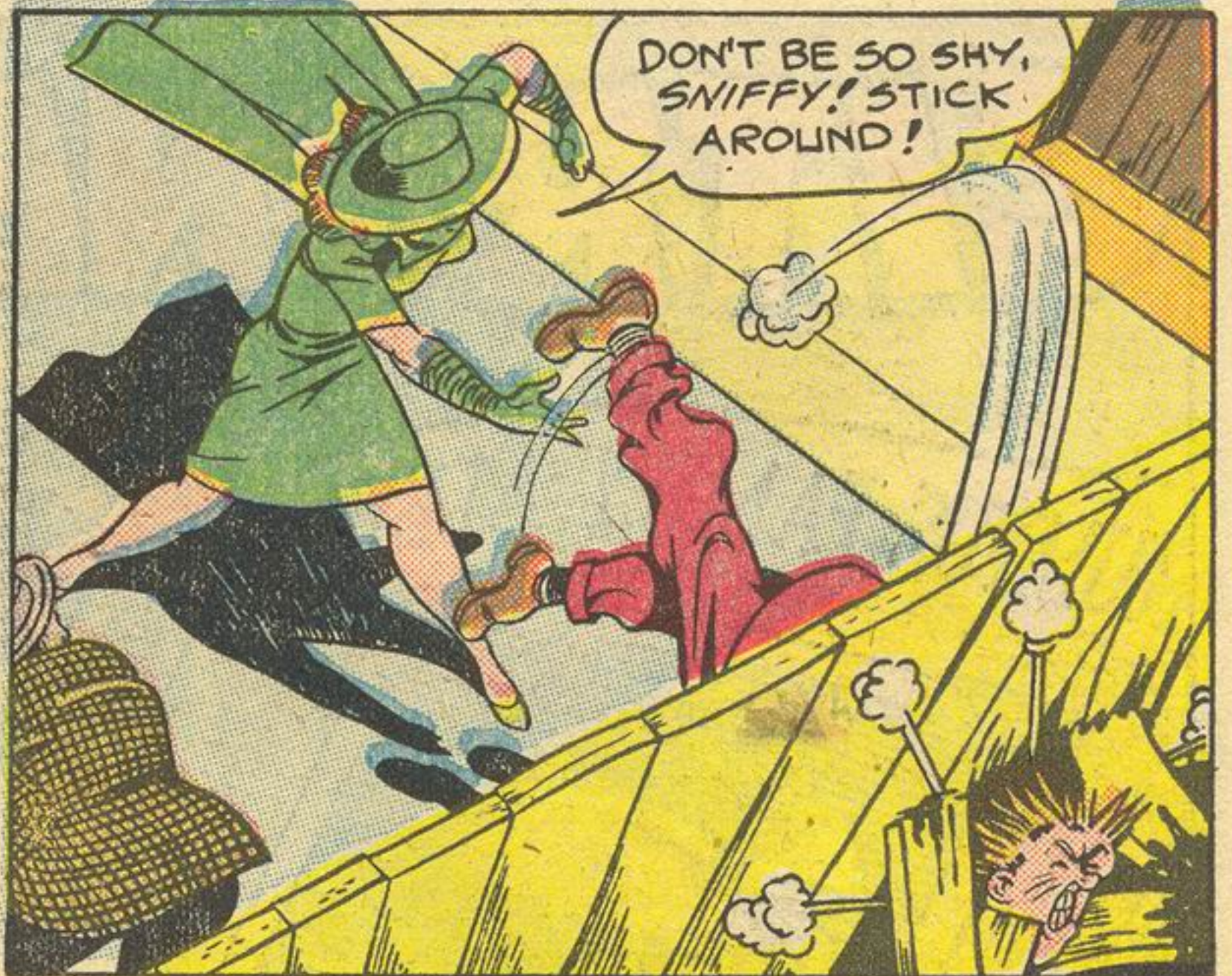
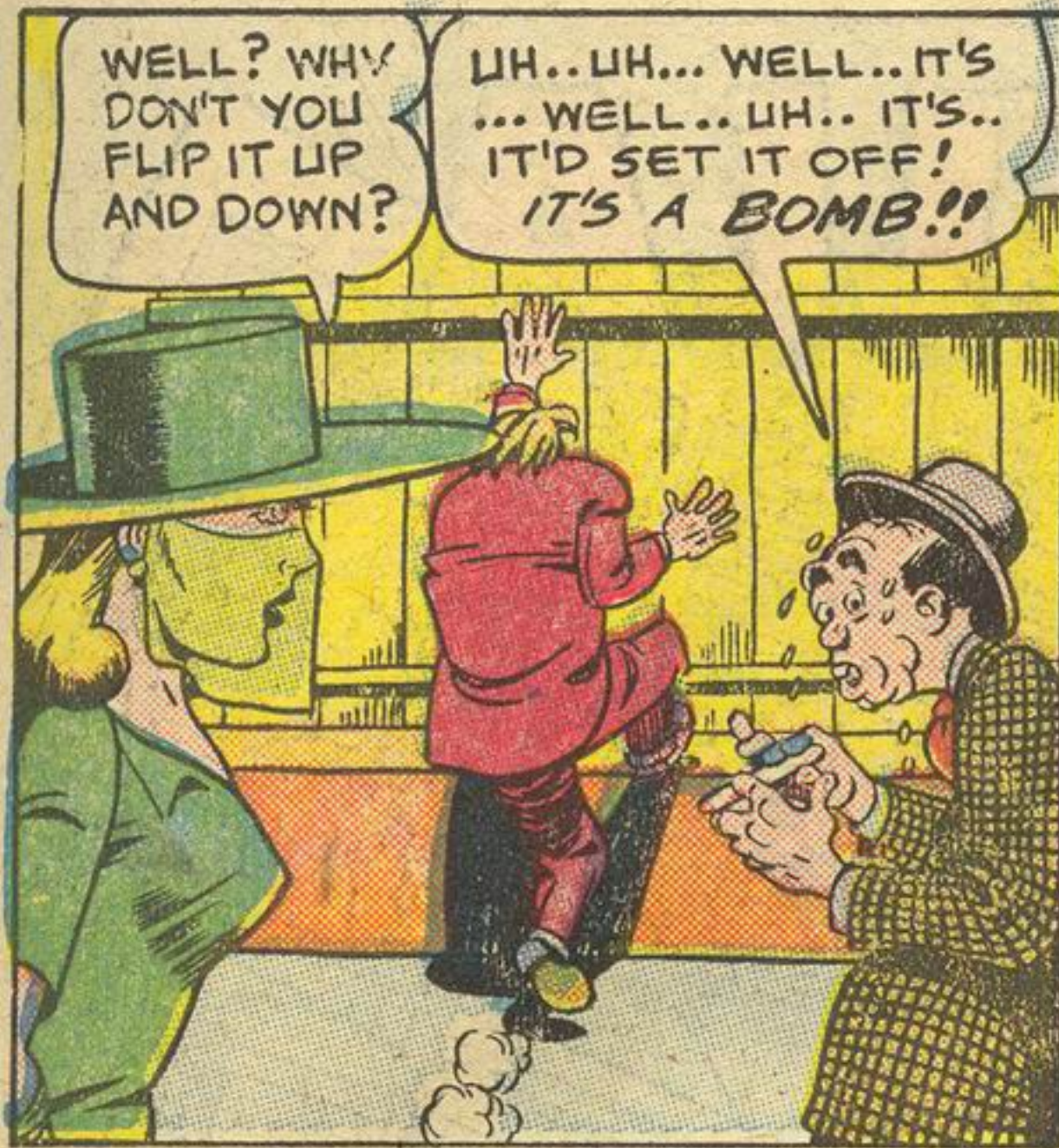
SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS

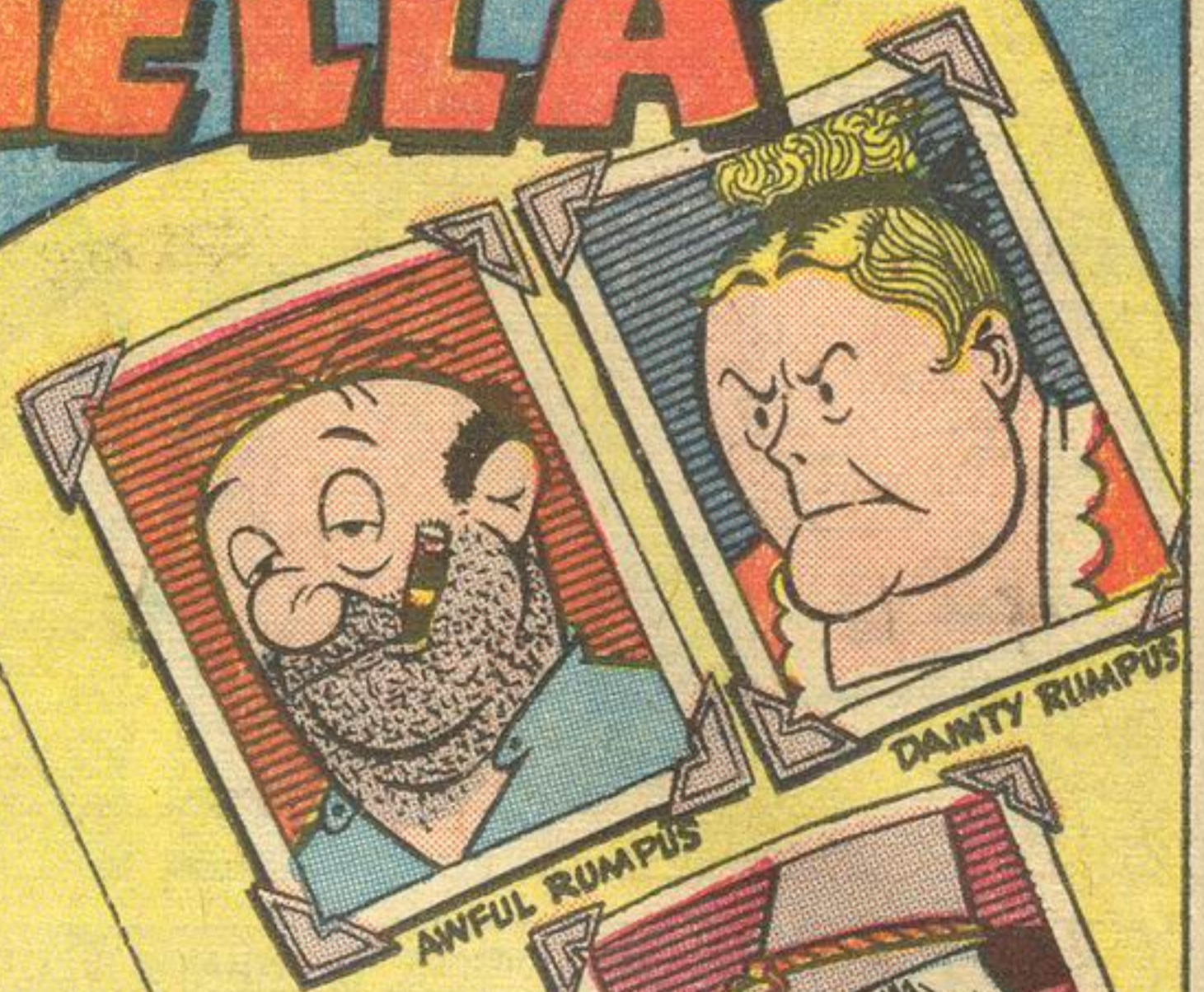


CITRONELLA

RUMPUS FAMILY ALBUM

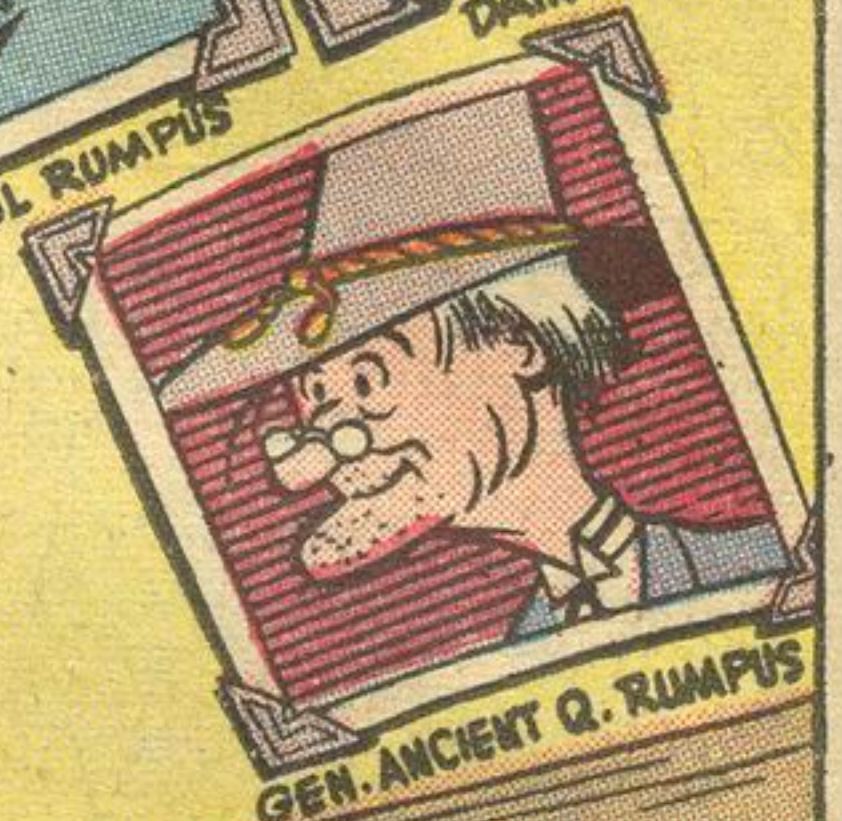


CITRONELLA RUMPUS



AWFUL RUMPUS

DAINTY RUMPUS



GEN. ANCIENT Q. RUMPUS

Citronella, who lives on the wrong side of the tracks, is blessed with a father who is too lazy to think - so she does it for him!

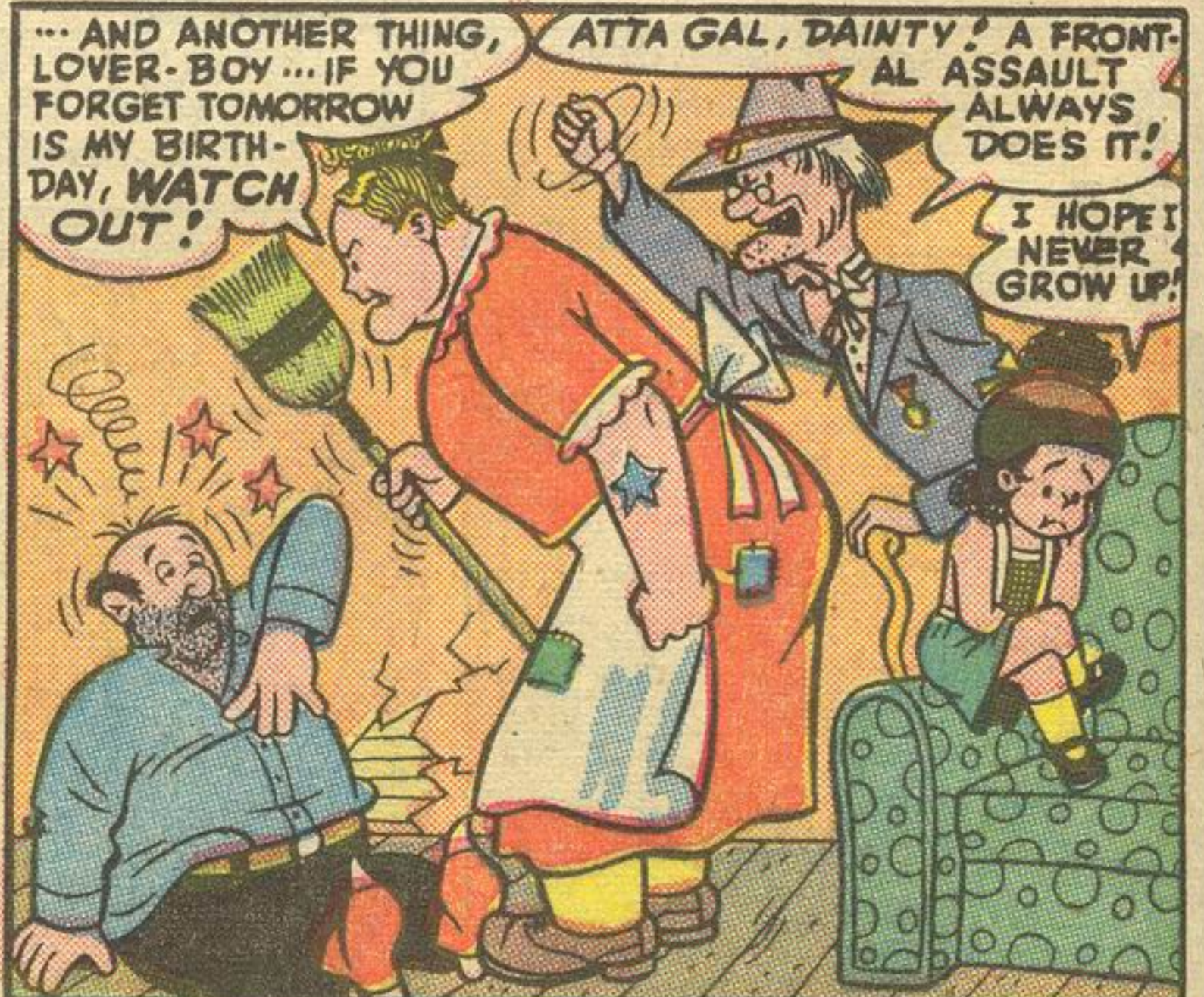
As we approach the nest little Rumpus bungalow, we hear the happy sounds of the family...



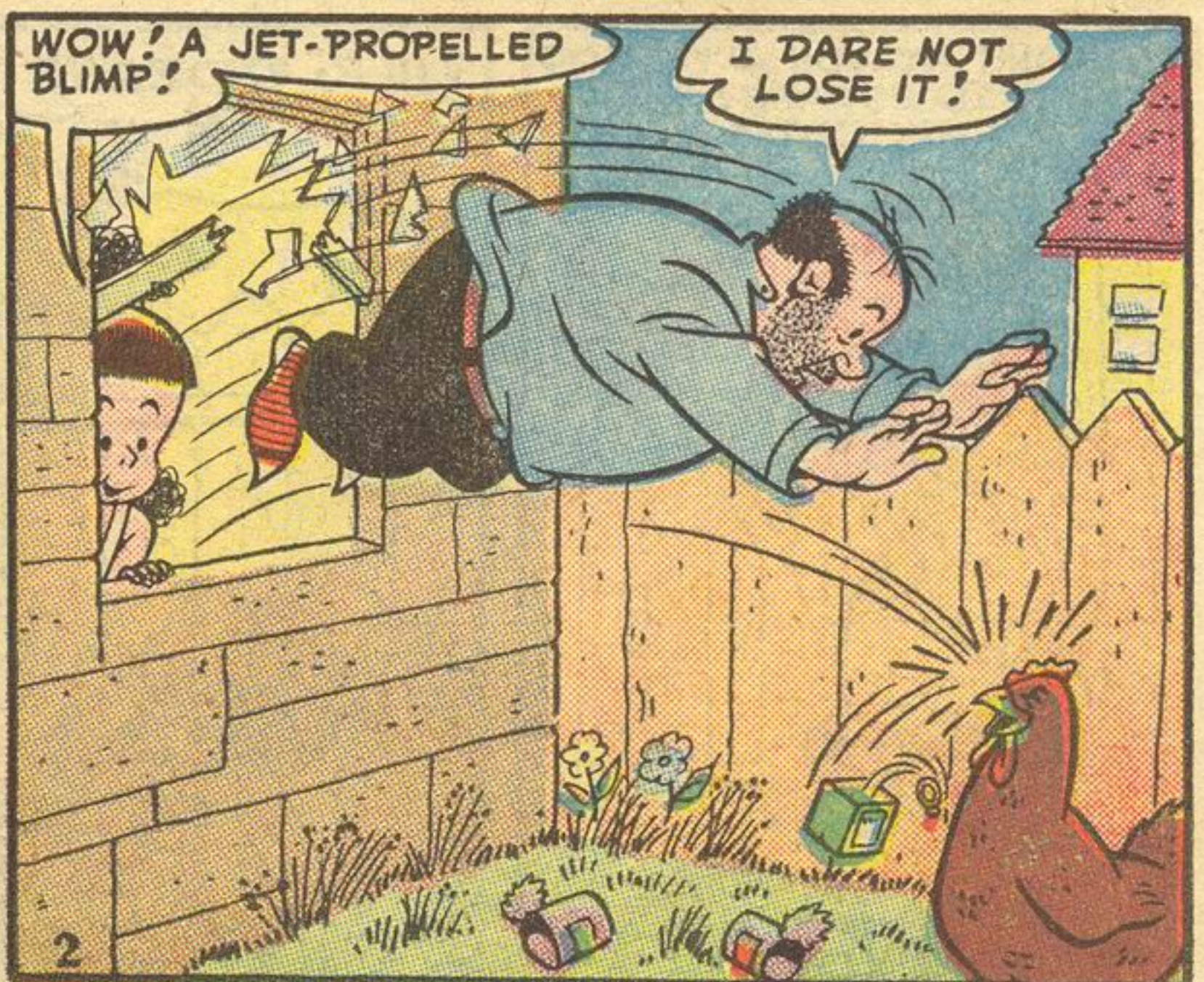
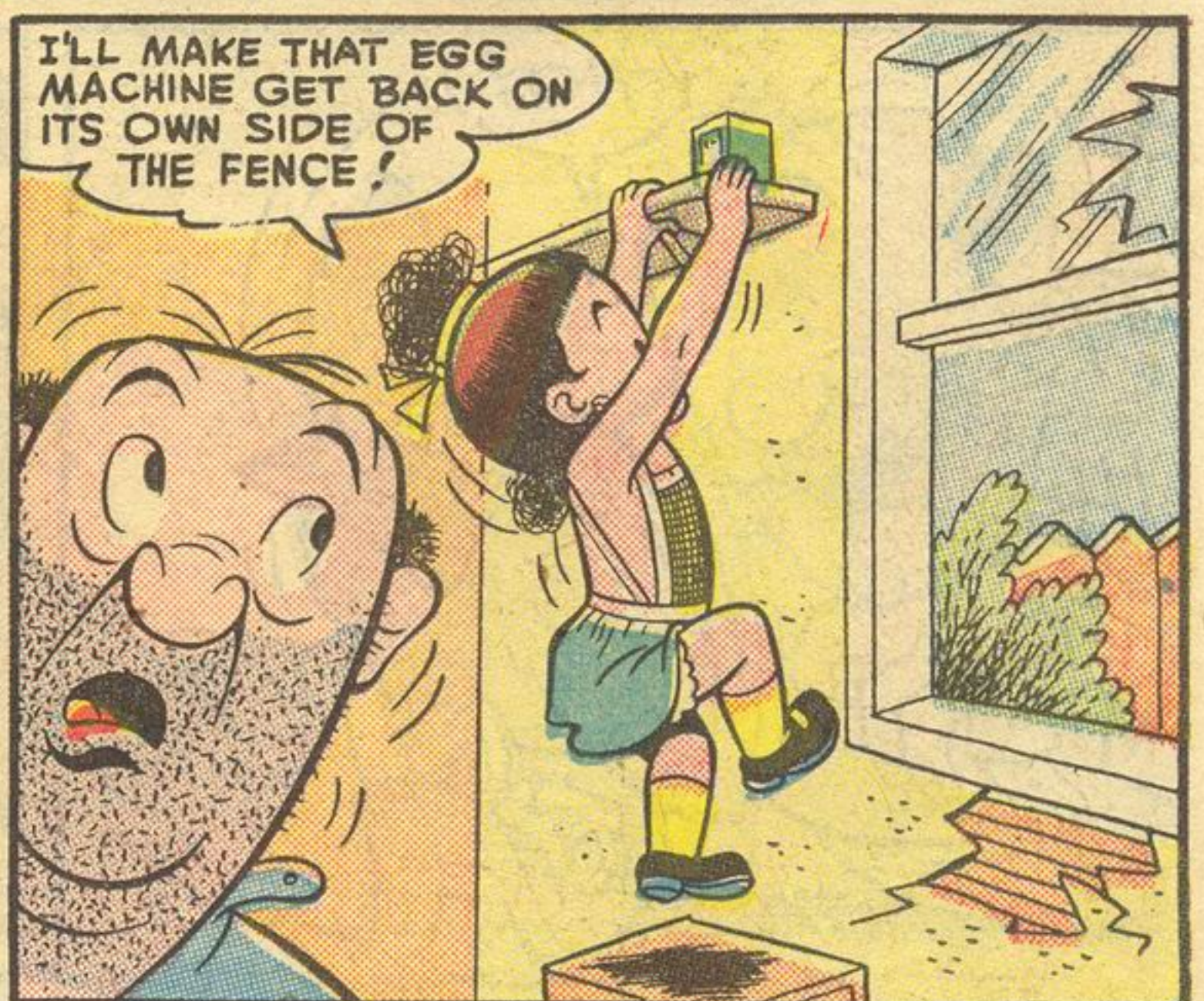
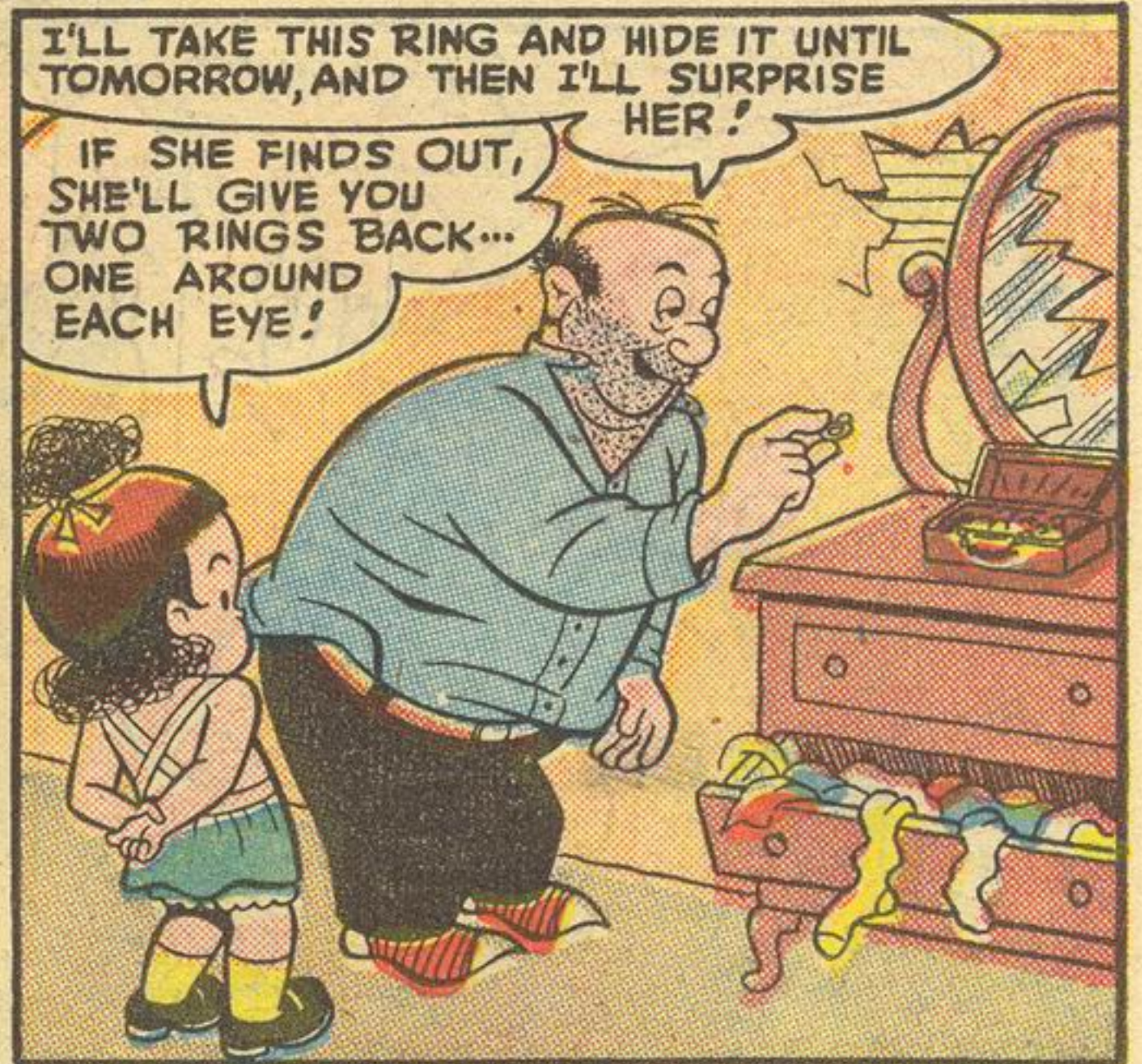
...AND ANOTHER THING, LOVER-BOY... IF YOU FORGET TOMORROW IS MY BIRTH-DAY, WATCH OUT!

ATTA GAL, DAINTY! A FRONT-AL ASSAULT ALWAYS DOES IT!

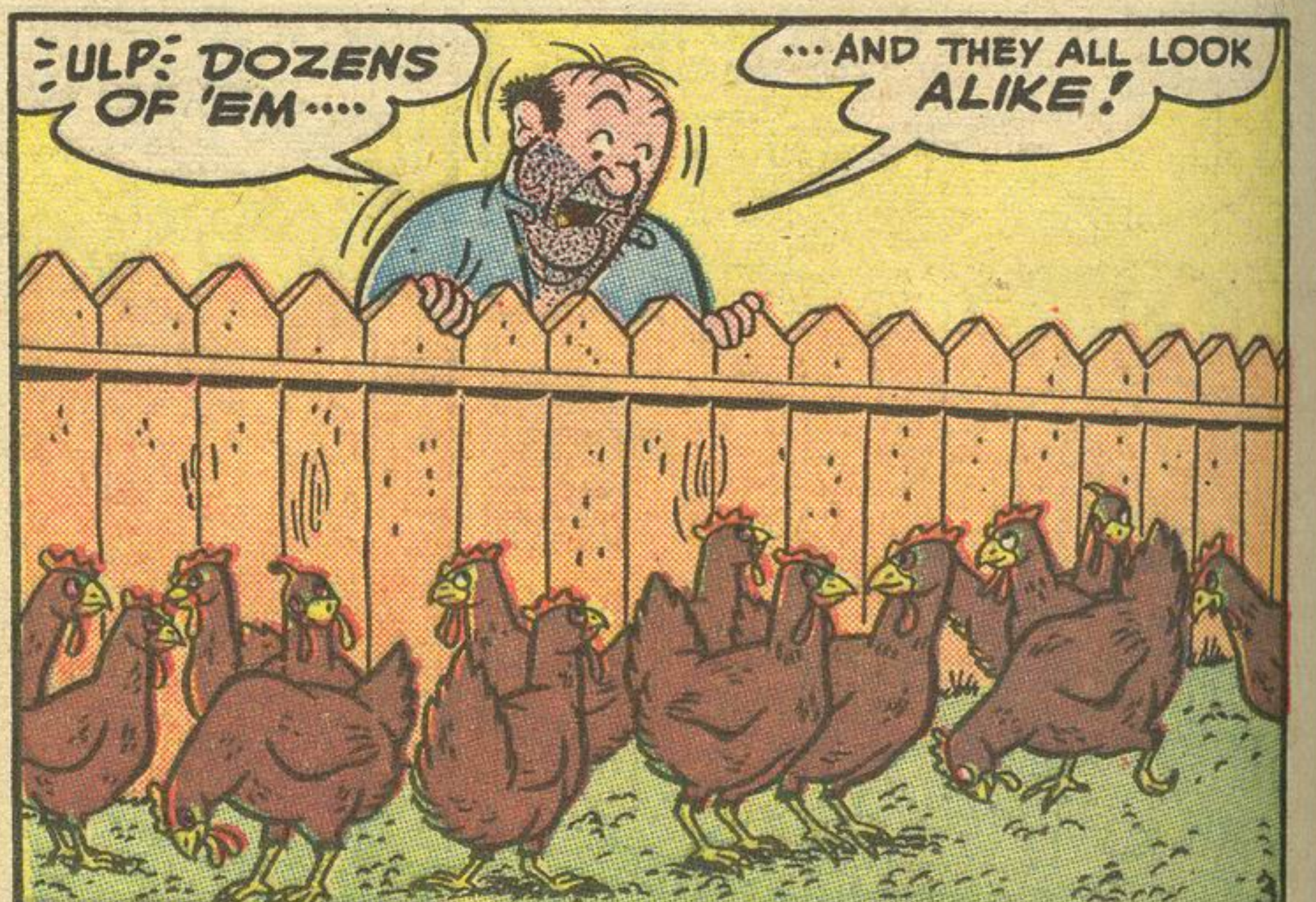
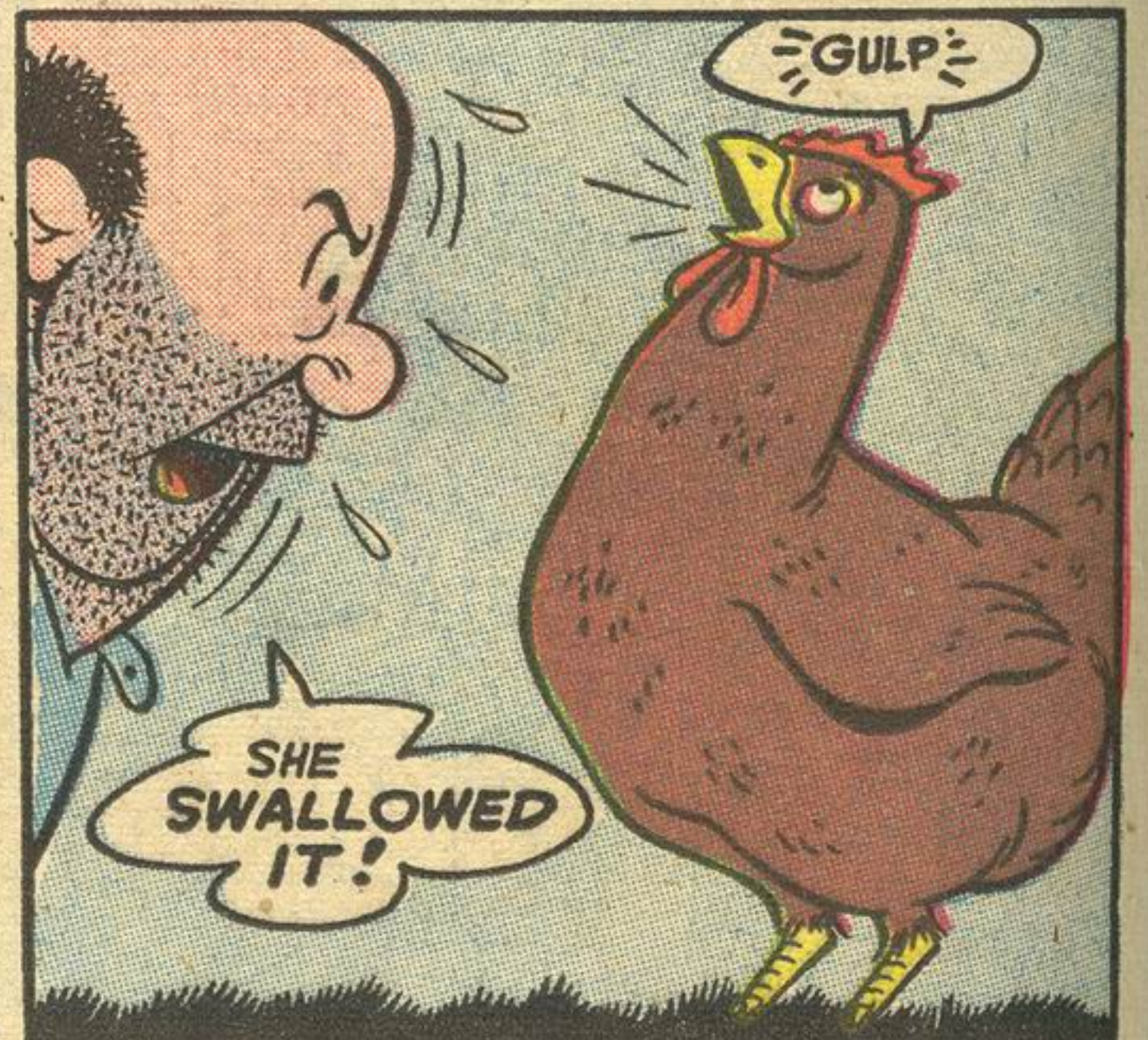
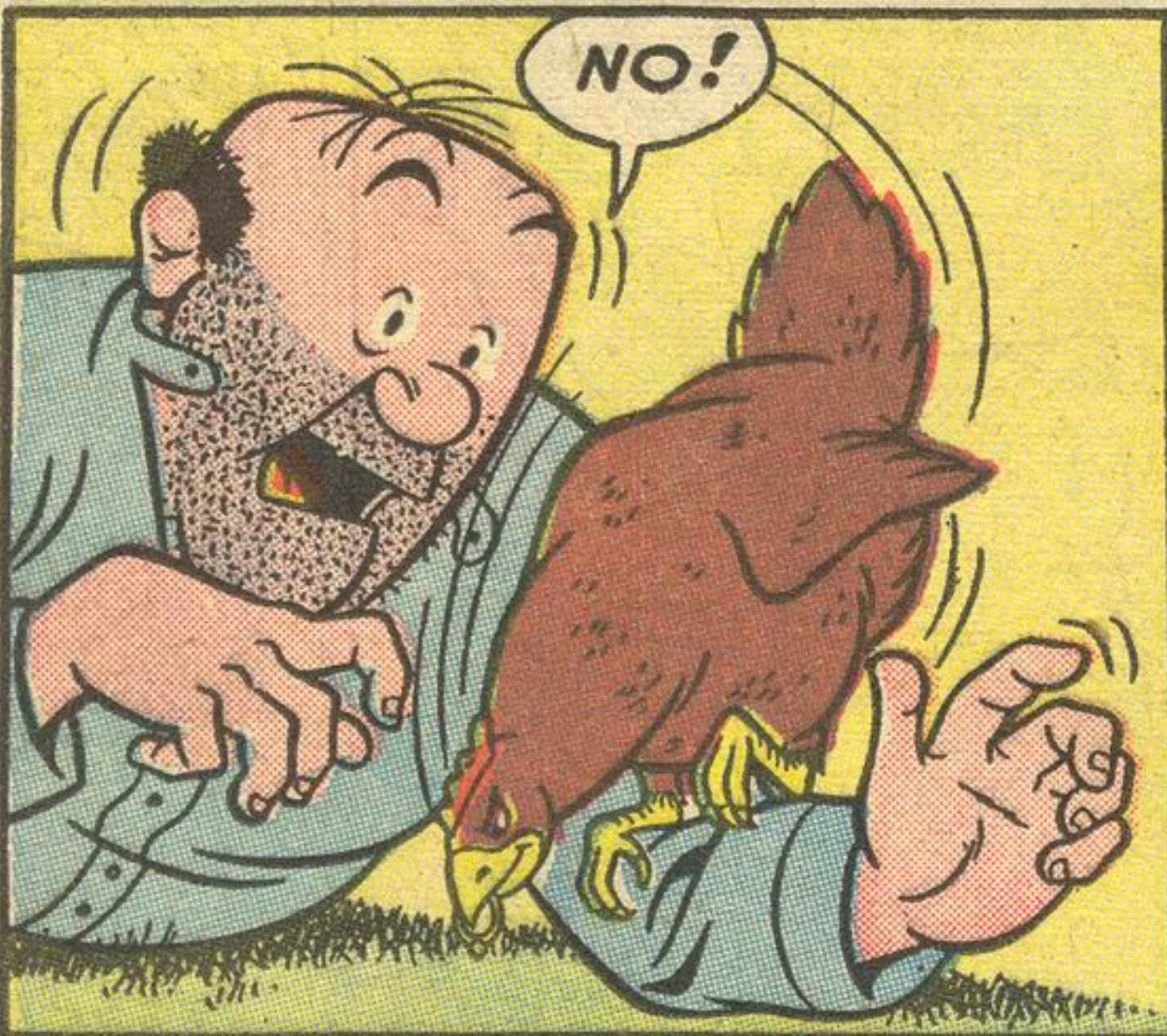
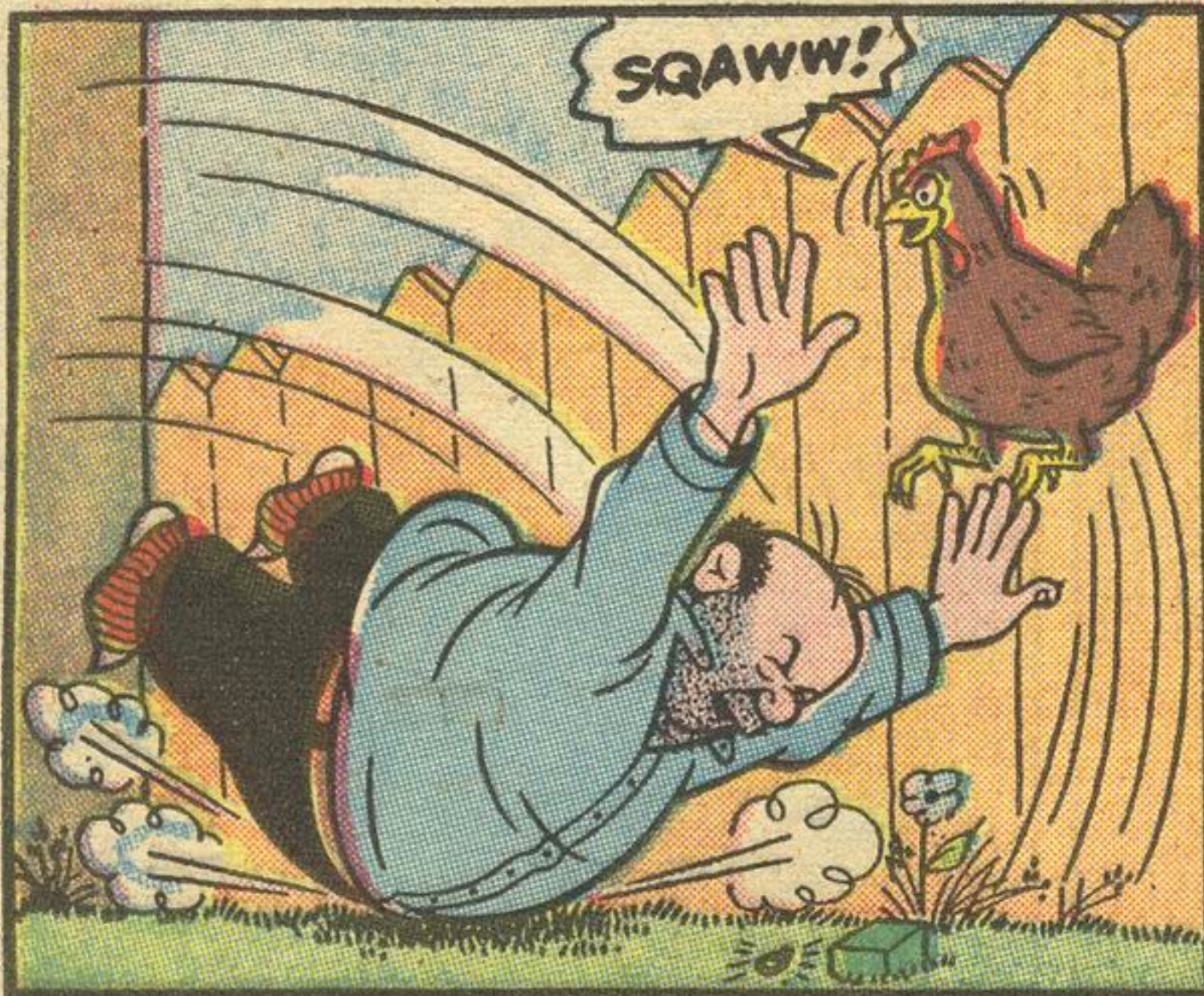
I HOPE I NEVER GROW UP!



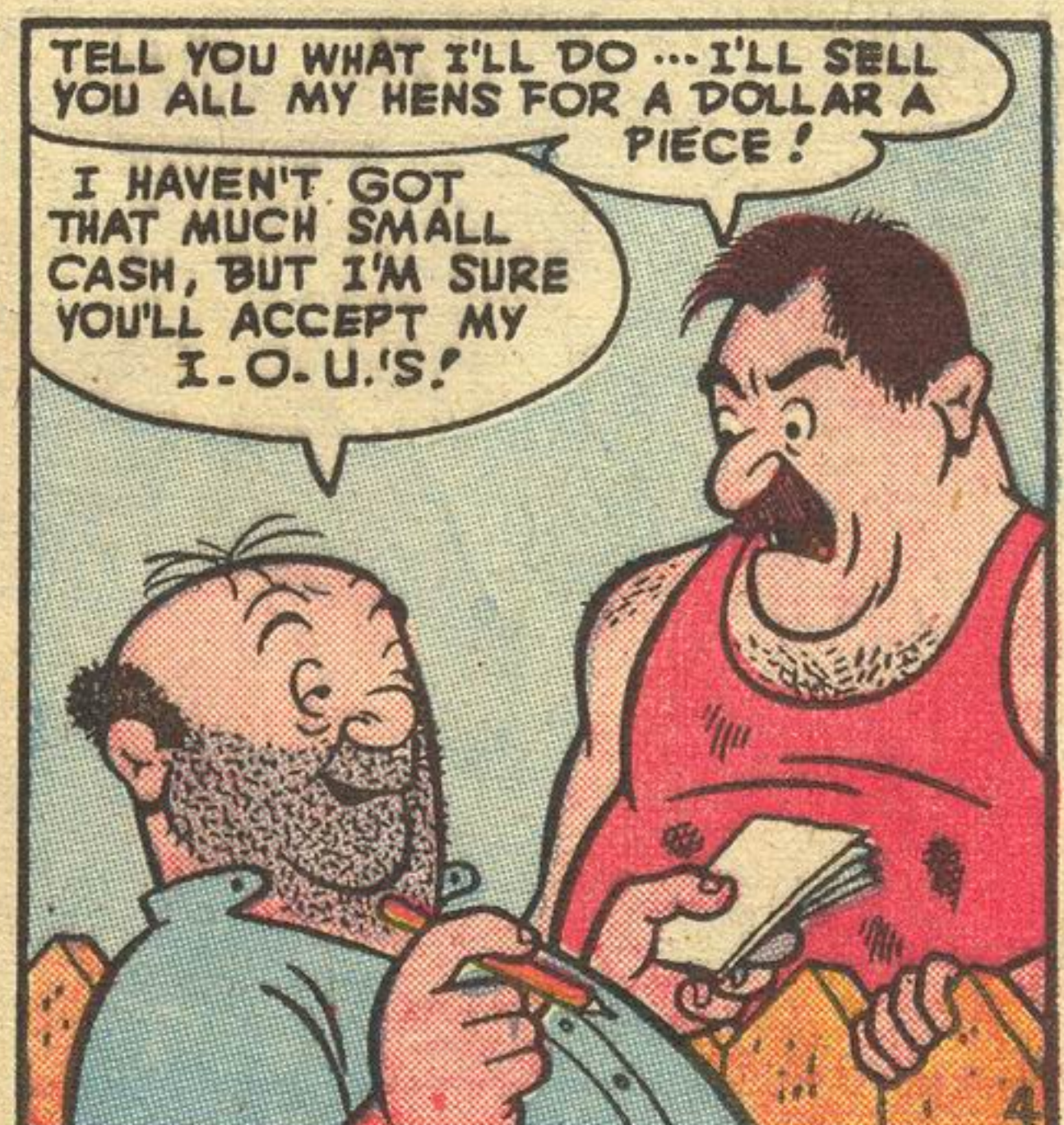
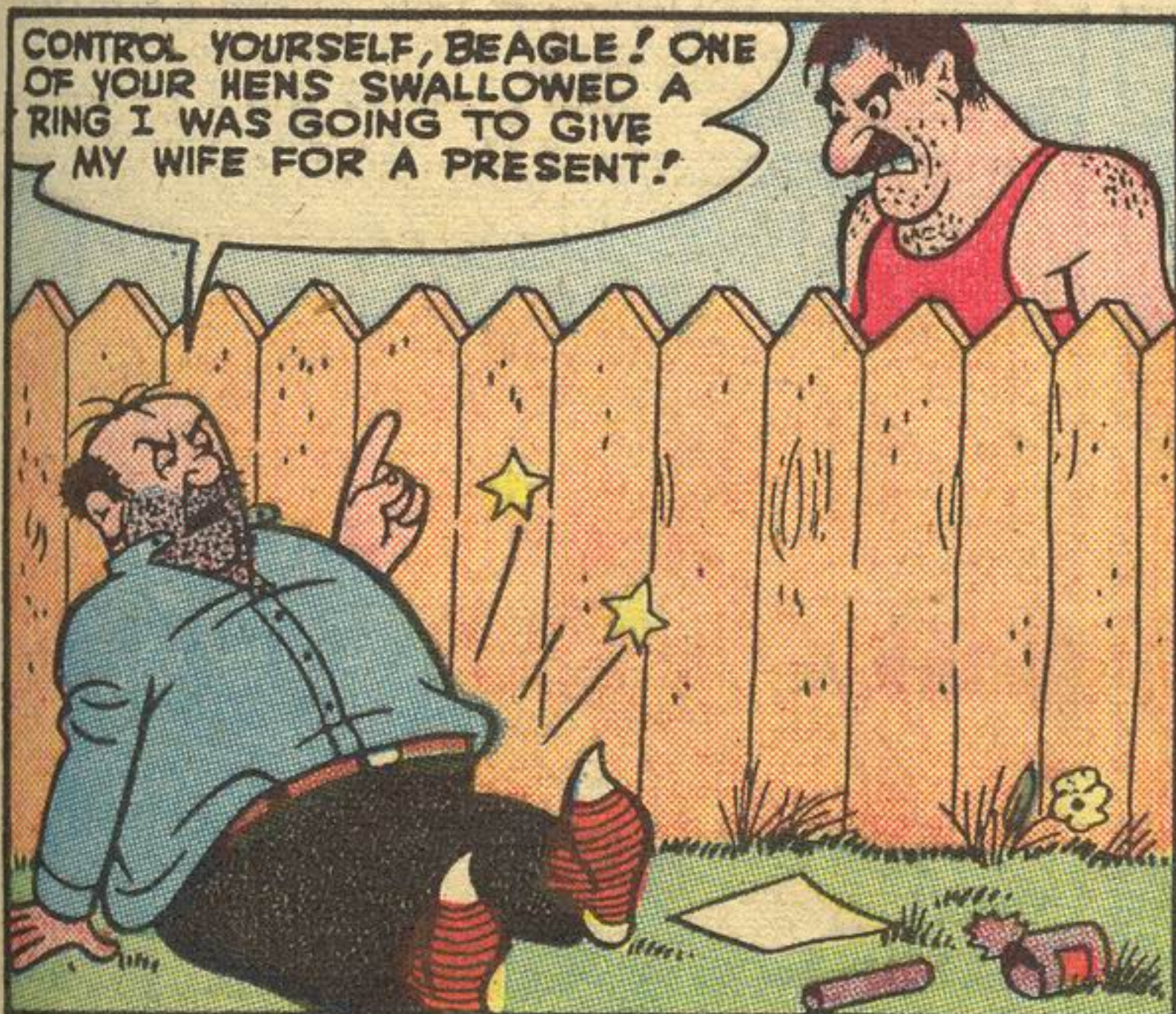
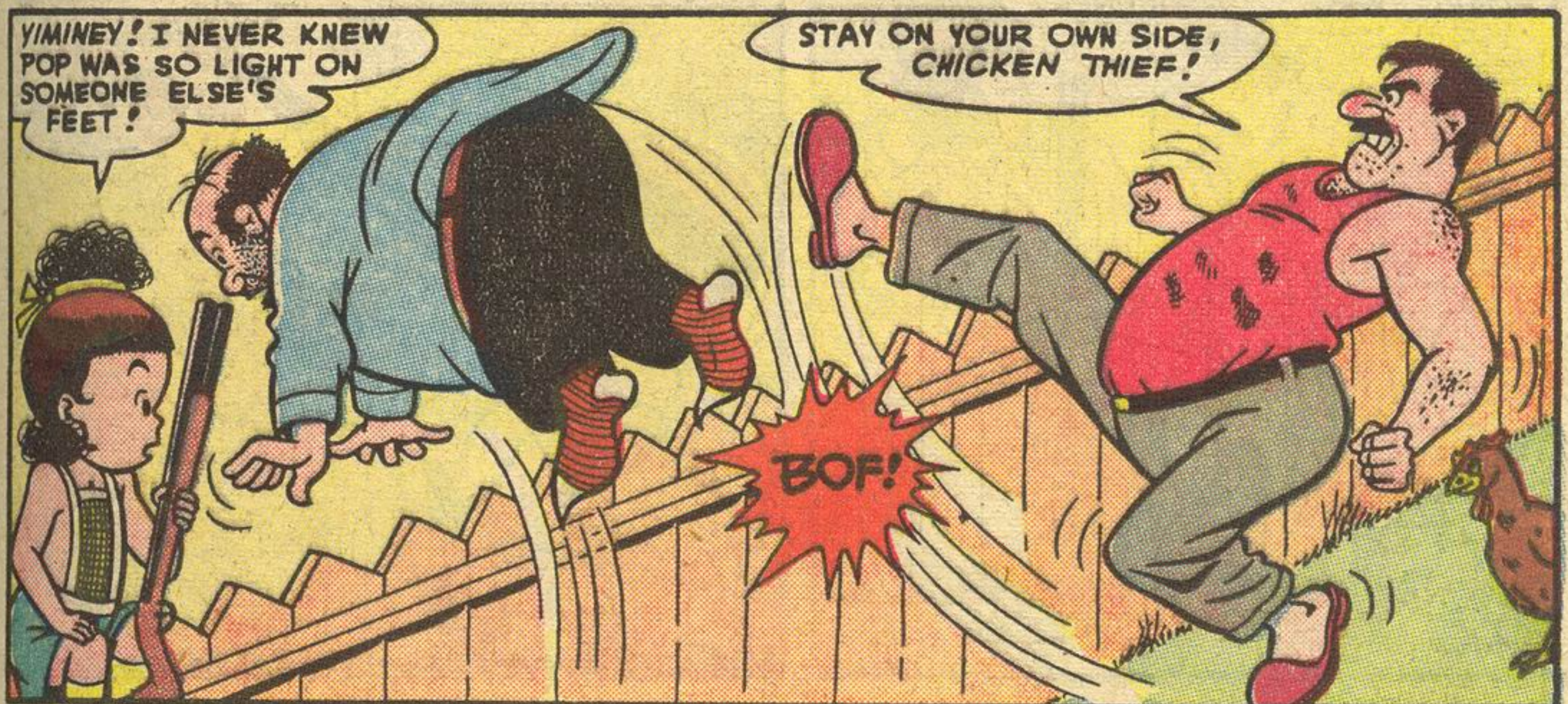
SMASH COMICS



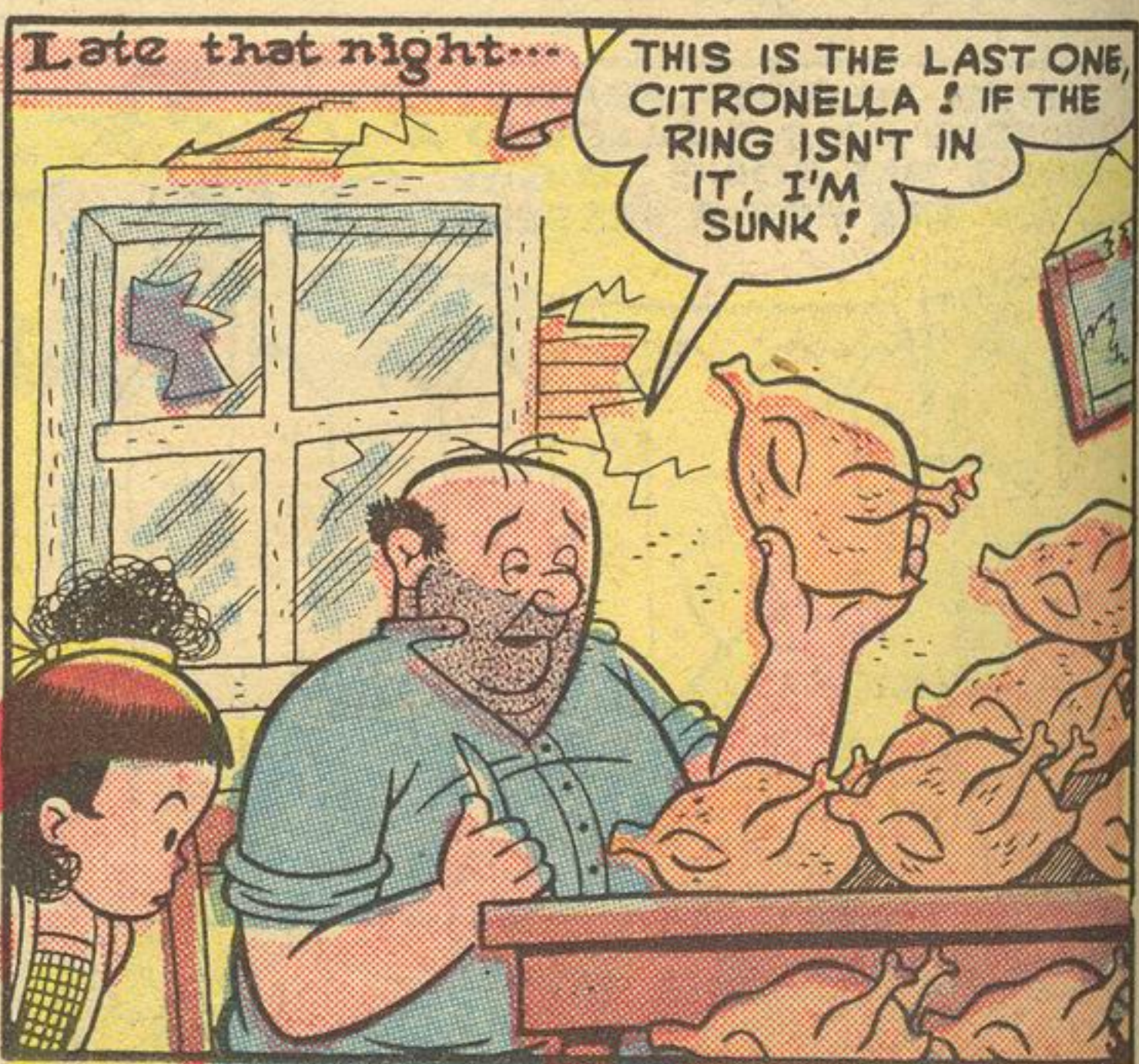
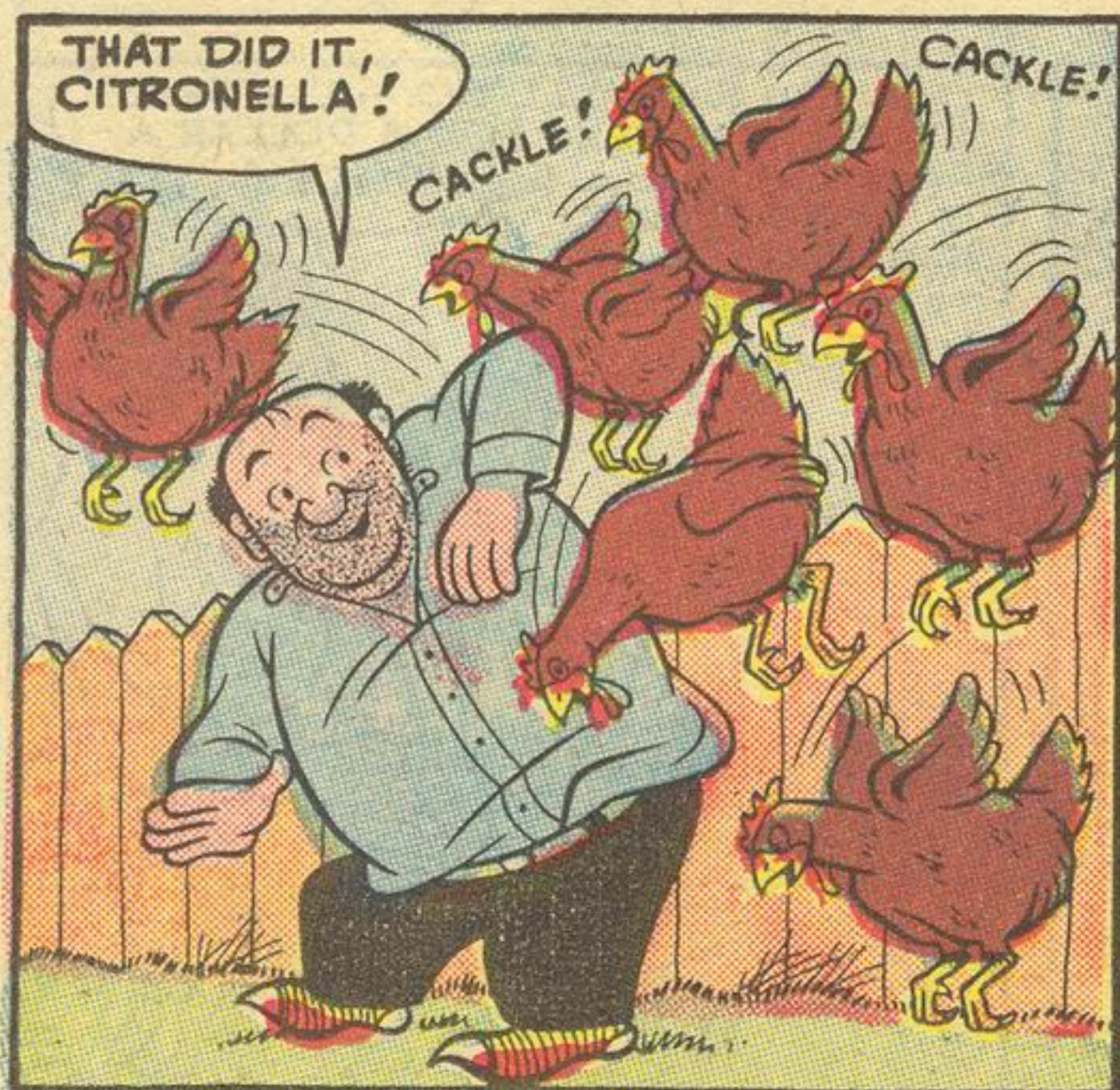
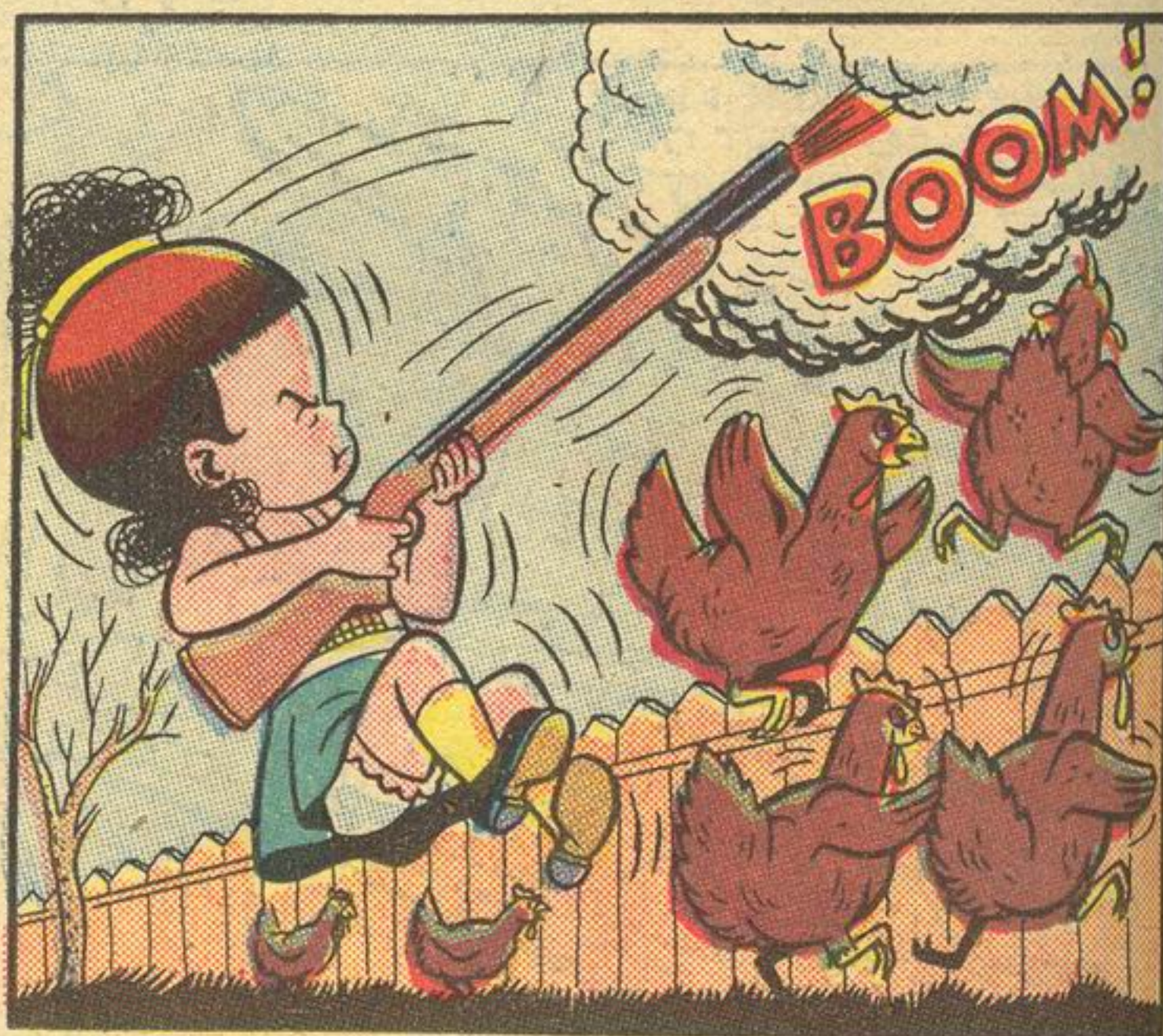
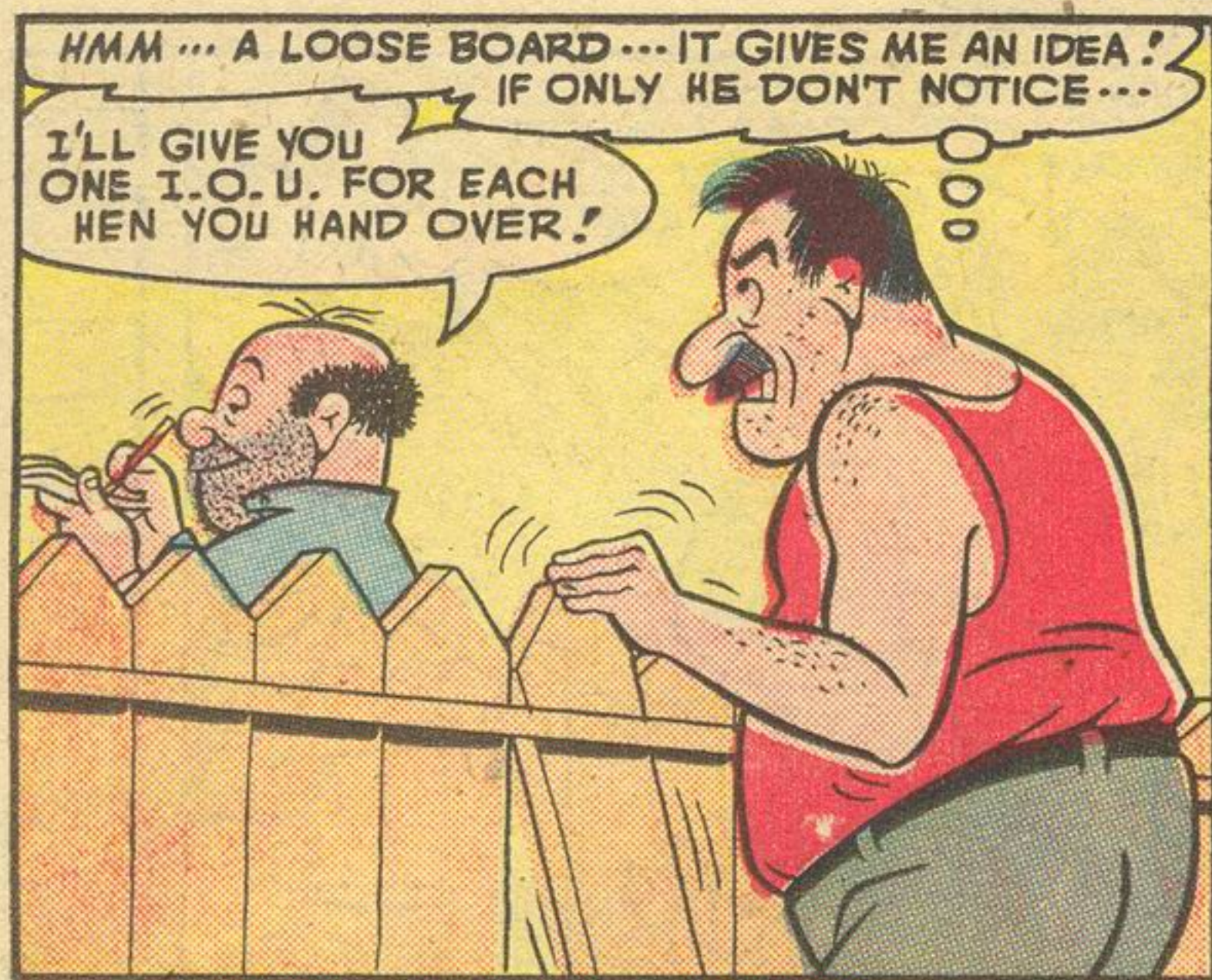
SMASH COMICS

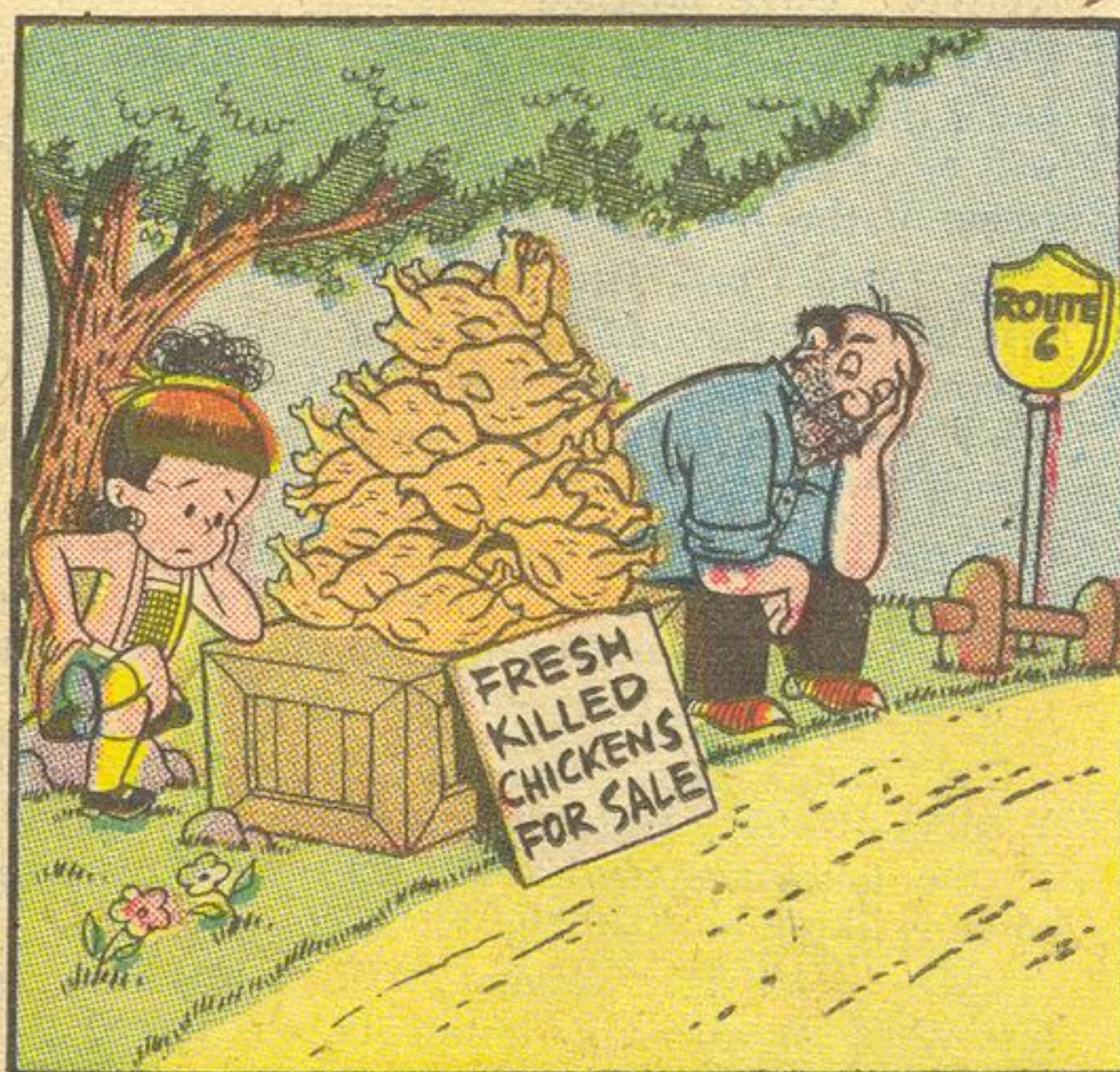
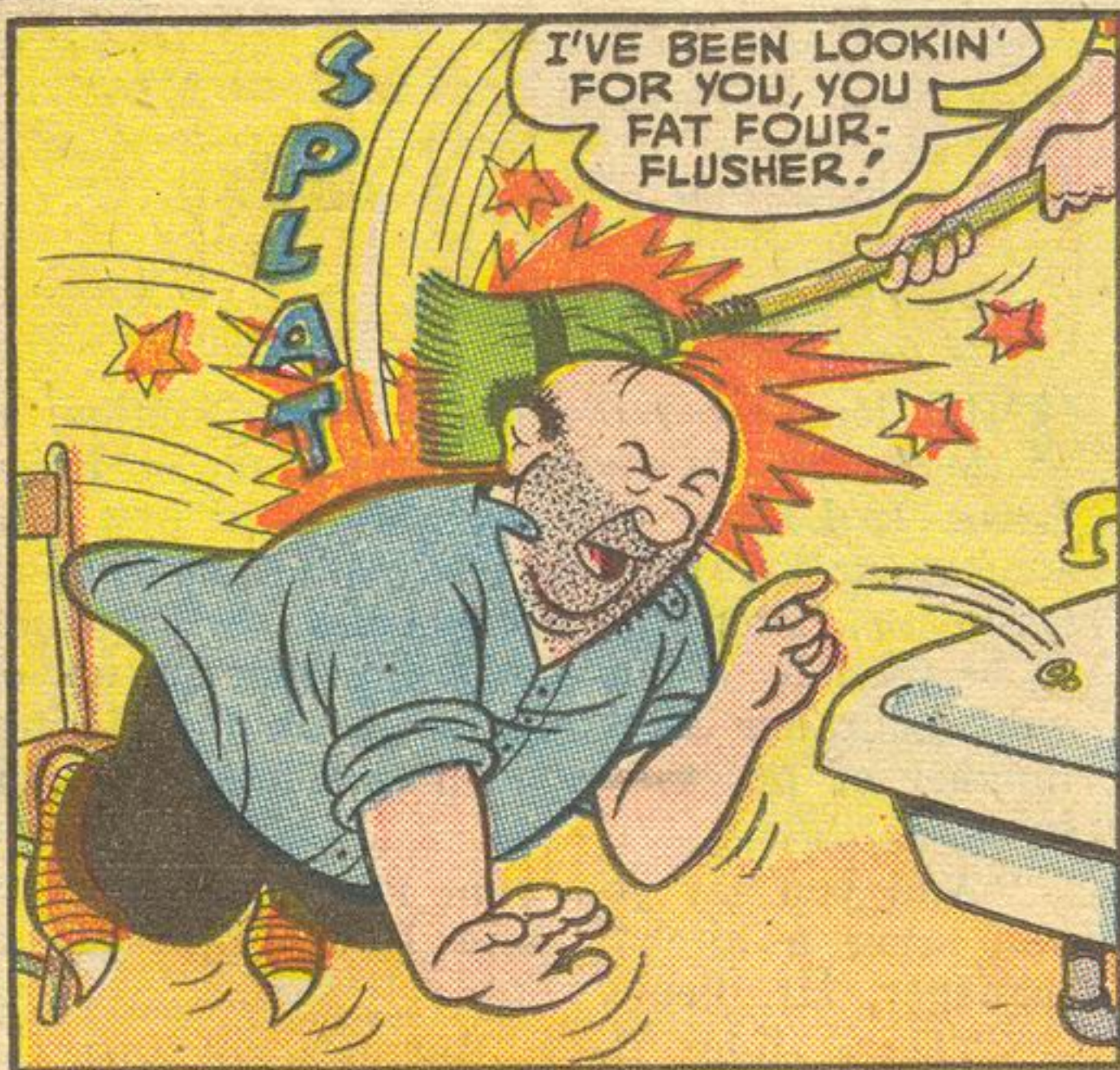
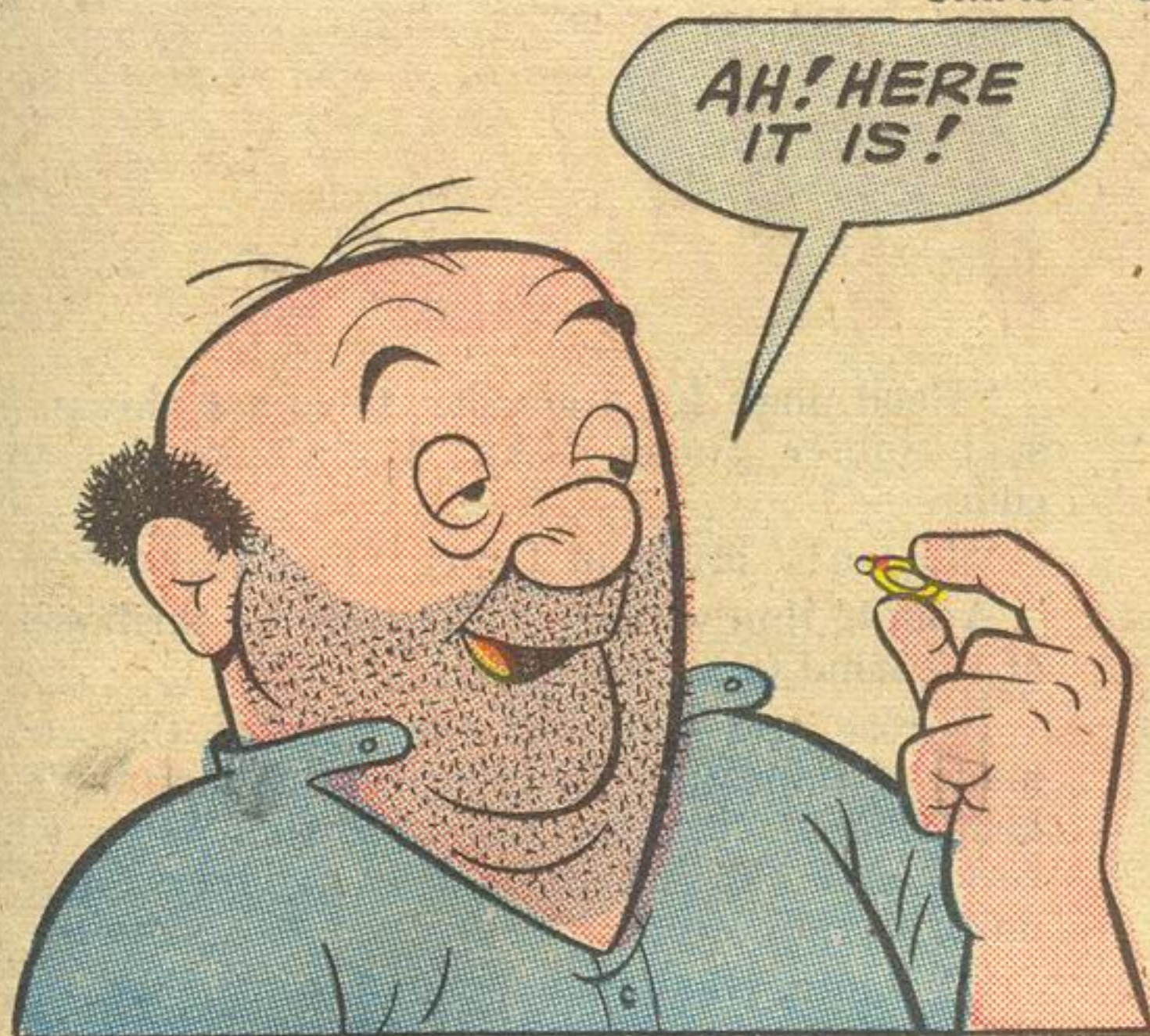


SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS





MIDNIGHT MURDER

THE loneliest radio broadcasting station in the country is undoubtedly the one on Point Lobos. In Labrador. It was erected at first as a control station for the few planes landing at this base. Later, the Point Lobos station came to be used by a few persons in that section of wild Labrador as a station to send a limited number of programs out to the lonely inhabitants.

"And you say you want me to go up there and serve a hitch?" said Dave Clark to his manager, Mr. Beale.

"That's right, Dave. But it's not just the sort of assignment that you think. There's trouble up there, and nobody seems capable of discovering its source. Maybe you can, eh?"

"But why me, Mr. Beale?" Dave demanded.

Beale grinned knowingly. "Oh, maybe criminals."

Beale spread his hands and shrugged. That's what nobody knows—yet. That's why I want you to go up there and find out. That's pretty wild country, Dave, and you want to be on your guard."

Dave nodded. "Sure," he said. "When do I start?"

"Whenever you can be ready. I'll have a plane waiting."

Dave said, "Doc Wackey's going to miss me. So will Gabby and Hotfoot and Sniffer Snoop. I've sort of taken Sniffer under my wing; he's kind of got it in his head that he's a great detective." Dave laughed.

"Take 'em," said Beale. "By all means. The more the merrier. And who knows, maybe they will be of some use to you. There'll be plenty of room in the DC-3."

So Dave Clark, top announcer, found himself winging through the winter night to a far-northern station that had no listener-rating. That he was winging toward adventure he didn't know at that time.

Point Lobos stands on a rocky peninsula jutting two miles out at sea. There is not a tree on the point, only wind-swept, sea-swept rocks. It is a barren place, eerie and lonely.

The small boat taking Dave Clark, Doc Wackey, Gabby, Hotfoot and Sniffer Snoop out to the lonesome rendezvous was pitching and tossing like a cork in the big seas.

"Gee," said Doc Wackey, "this looks like the last word in willies assignments, eh, Dave?"

"Good place for a murder, to coin a phrase," said Sniffer Snoop. "An' I ain't anxious to coin——"

"Listen!" broke in Dave. "You hear it?"

A high, thin whine cut through the shrill sigh of the wind over bare rocks.

It rose and fell, but the beat of the surf made it impossible to identify the sound. The boat-man at last got his craft into the small rockbound bay where a steel ladder reached down to the water.

"Ya gotta climb from here on, gents," he said. "That'll be one buck."

Dave paid him, and they began the long climb up the ladder.

The wind whistled, but Dave was sure he could hear that high whining, louder as he neared the top of the ladder—the doorway to the old lighthouse radio station.

"Say," said Sniffer, "I can hear that sound now, Dave! What is it?"

"I think I know," said Dave as he pulled open the screechy door and stepped inside the lighthouse. He hurried toward the radio room. The whining got louder.

He got the door open and snapped on the light. The first thing he saw was a dead man lying on the floor, a knife in his back. The radio set was on, and from it issued the eerie whining. Dave quickly cut the current.

Doc Wackey and Sniffer stooped over the body.

"He's dead," said Doc.

"Yeah, he's not livin'," said Sniffer. "Some-thing' musta kilt him!"

Dave touched the handle of the knife. "Could it have been this?" he asked.

"Who was he?" Doc asked.

"Looks like he was the radio operator," Dave said casually. "Maybe that's why Beale wanted me to come up here. But I didn't know I was hat bad an announcer!"

Dave sat down at the set and opened the key. "Point Lobos calling the police department . . . any police department picking up this message, please report back to XB-2-BBL . . . Dave Clark, operator. There has been a murder out here!"

While waiting for the police, Doc and Sniffer went over the small room looking for prints and any other clues. There was nothing. The

SMASH COMICS

prints were all the dead man's. There were none on the knife haft.

"Say," said Sniffer, "whoever the murderer is he is a clever one at coverin' up his tracks."

"Smart is the word, Sniffer," Doc reminded him. "We don't know how clever he is."

Sniffer sniffed. "Let's don't split hairs."

Dave said, "What I'm more interested in finding is why this guy was killed; why they have been having trouble up here; and what kind of trouble."

At the window, Doc was watching a fast launch skip over the water toward them. "Here comes the police now."

A few minutes later Sheriff Bonsal dragged himself up the wet iron stairway and into the room. "What, another one?" was his greeting. "Gettin' to be a pretty reglar thing."

"What do you mean, Sheriff?" Dave asked.

Bonsal made a sweeping motion with his hand that included the dead man. "Paul Dorn, there's the fourth radio guy who's been bumped off out here in the last few weeks."

"The fourth!" gasped Dave. "Let me ask a foolish question or two, Sheriff: why have these men been killed, and by whom?"

Sheriff Bonsal scratched his head, looking wise. "Well, I dunno if I can answer them questions, son. Old man Potter was lighthouse keeper out here for fifty years. He hated modern gadgets, like radio. He died right after they abandoned this as a lighthouse. Buried here on the point."

Dave shook his head. "That's sure a help," he said. "Potter leave any relatives?"

"One son," said the sheriff. "Half-witted boy. A sort of gardener in the village. Harmless."

Several men now climbed the ladder and entered the radio room. The coroner and his men. They picked up Dorn and took him away.

Nothing happened that night. Dave Clark and the two others slept in the ancient tower. In the morning, Dave made a thorough search of the Point. He soon found the grave of old Potter—a cairn of stones not far from the lighthouse. A small cross was carved with the words JEREMIAH POTTER—1864-1946.

Dave found something else: a set of damp foot-prints leading from the sea to the grave. He was startled at first, then decided the men last night had made them.

The day passed in idleness. Dave was to await instructions from Beale. Night fell. They had dinner.

Dave turned on the radio set and picked up a dance band in New York. It was a gloomy prospect.

At eleven o'clock he crawled into his bunk. The other two had already gone to sleep.

Dave had lain an hour when he heard a chunking noise, like rocks scraping. He leaped out of bed. At night dark deeds usually happen. Quickly he donned his mask, becoming the famed Midnight. If there was dirty work afoot, he'd be ready for it!

A man was stealthily climbing the stairway outside. Midnight hid in the shadows, ready to leap. The shadowy figure showed in the door which Midnight had opened. Then it flitted away. Where had it gone?

A shrill scream! Midnight sprung across the room into the bedchamber. Sniffer Snoop was writhing on his bunk. "It got me!" he shrieked. "It got me!"

Midnight saw that a long knife pinned Sniffer to the wooden bunk. He drew it out. The would-be murder had missed by a quarter-inch, his strike merely pinning the covers. But where had he gone?

A hollow sound in the floor. Midnight found a trapdoor, raised it. A dank smell rushed up at him, and the sound of the sea. He jumped down the narrow stairway. Three minutes later, following a horizontal stone tunnel, he came out into a small room. There was a crude bunk in it, a smoky oil lamp, burning.

A noise caused him to whirl. An old man with knife raised was coming for him at a crouch. Evil, insane eyes burned in his wrinkled face. He cackled something unintelligible.

Midnight grabbed him, wrenched the knife loose.

"Who are you, old man?" he demanded.

"Name's Jeremiah Potter, dad-burn ye! Let me go!"

"Ah," said Midnight. "So I begin to see the plot! You're not dead after all, eh?"

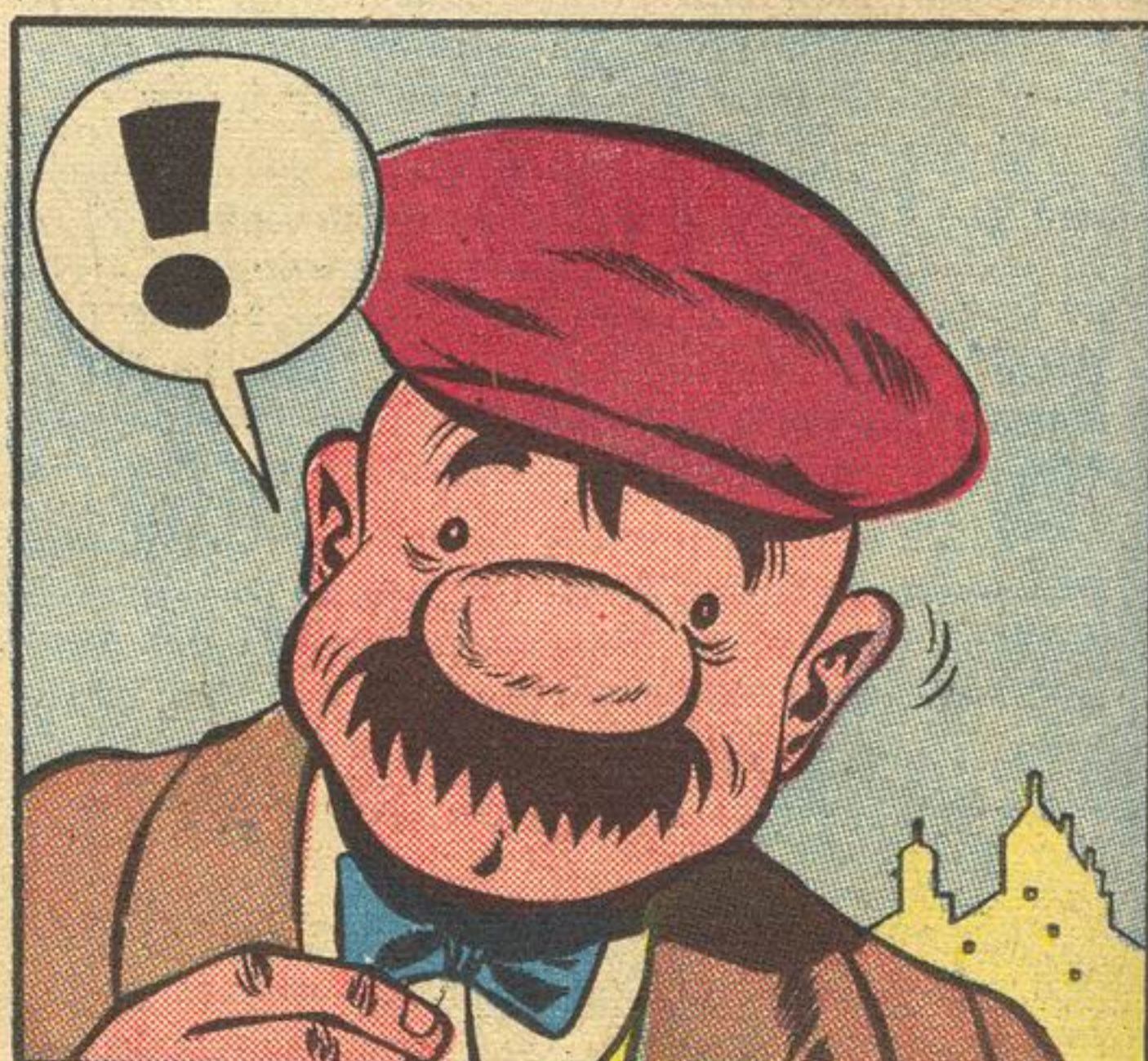
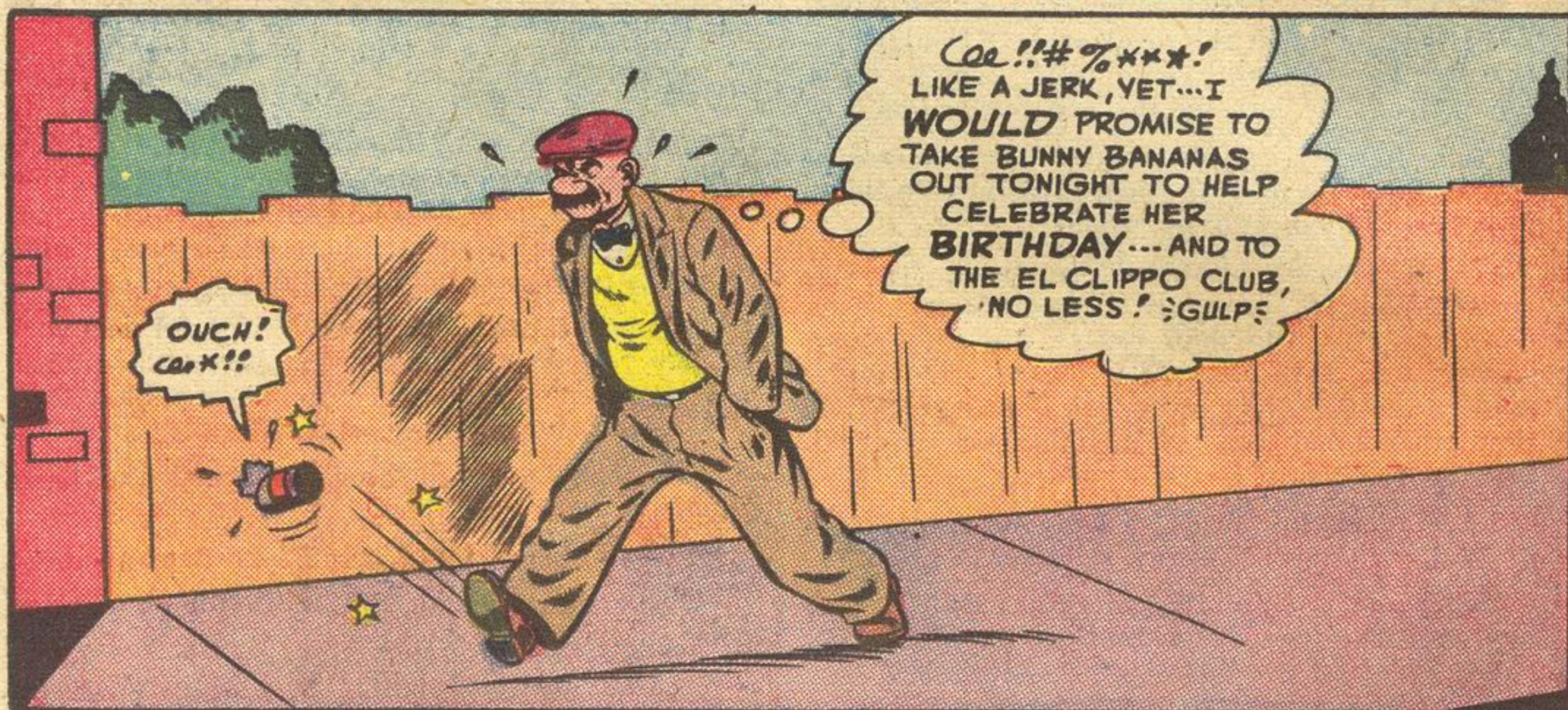
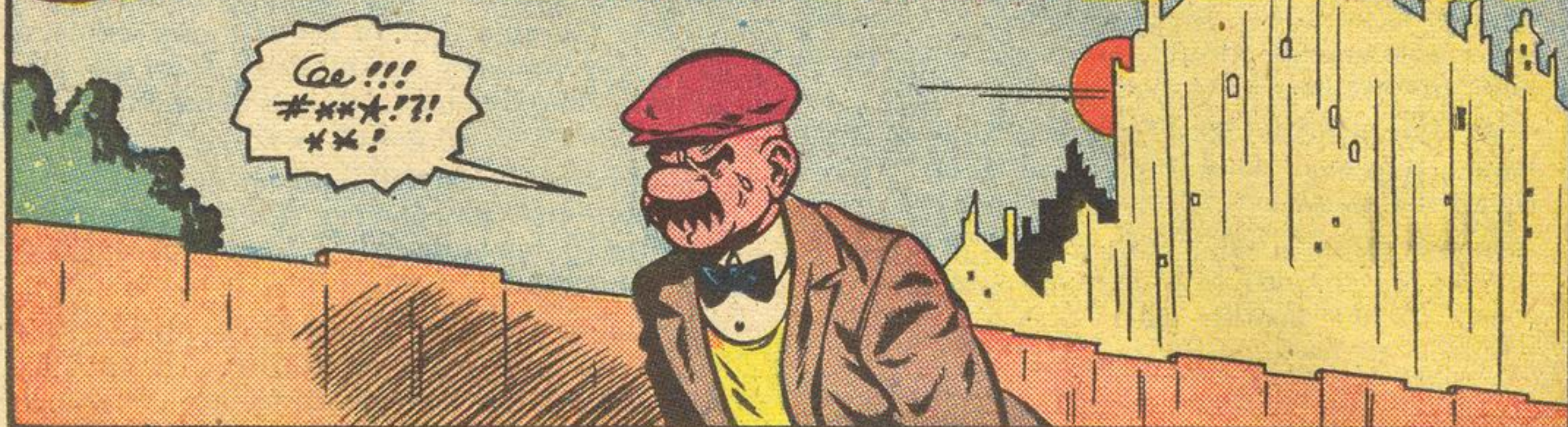
"Naw, I'm not dead, but you will be lessen ye leave this here lighthouse!"

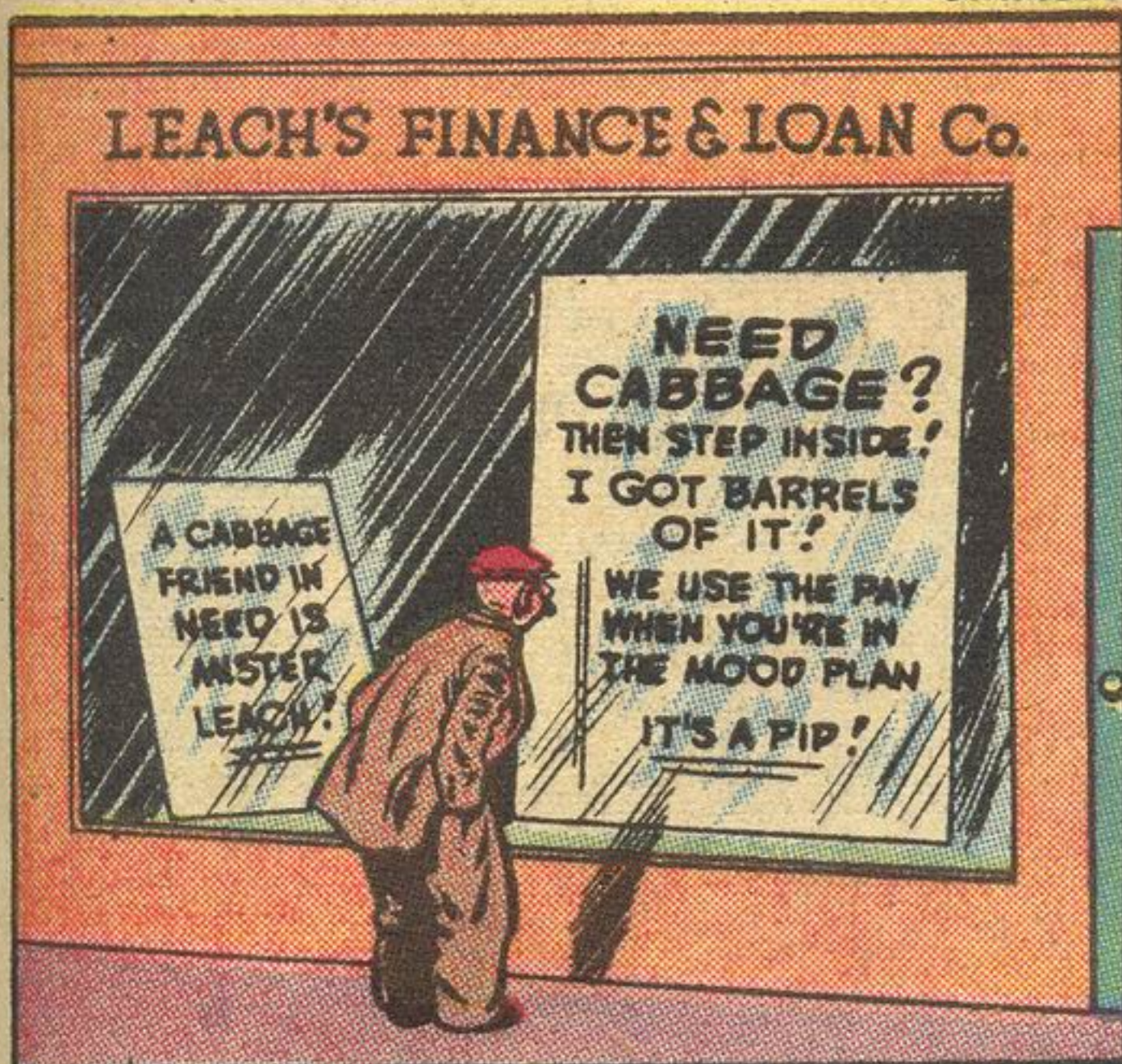
Midnight got the story at last. Old Potter had been hidden by his lunatic son, who brought food to him every day. The tomb was connected to the lighthouse by a tunnel. Old Potter hated modernity, wanted the lighthouse back, resented the fact that it had been given over to a radio station. Half-witted himself, he cringed and whimpered in Midnight's clutches.

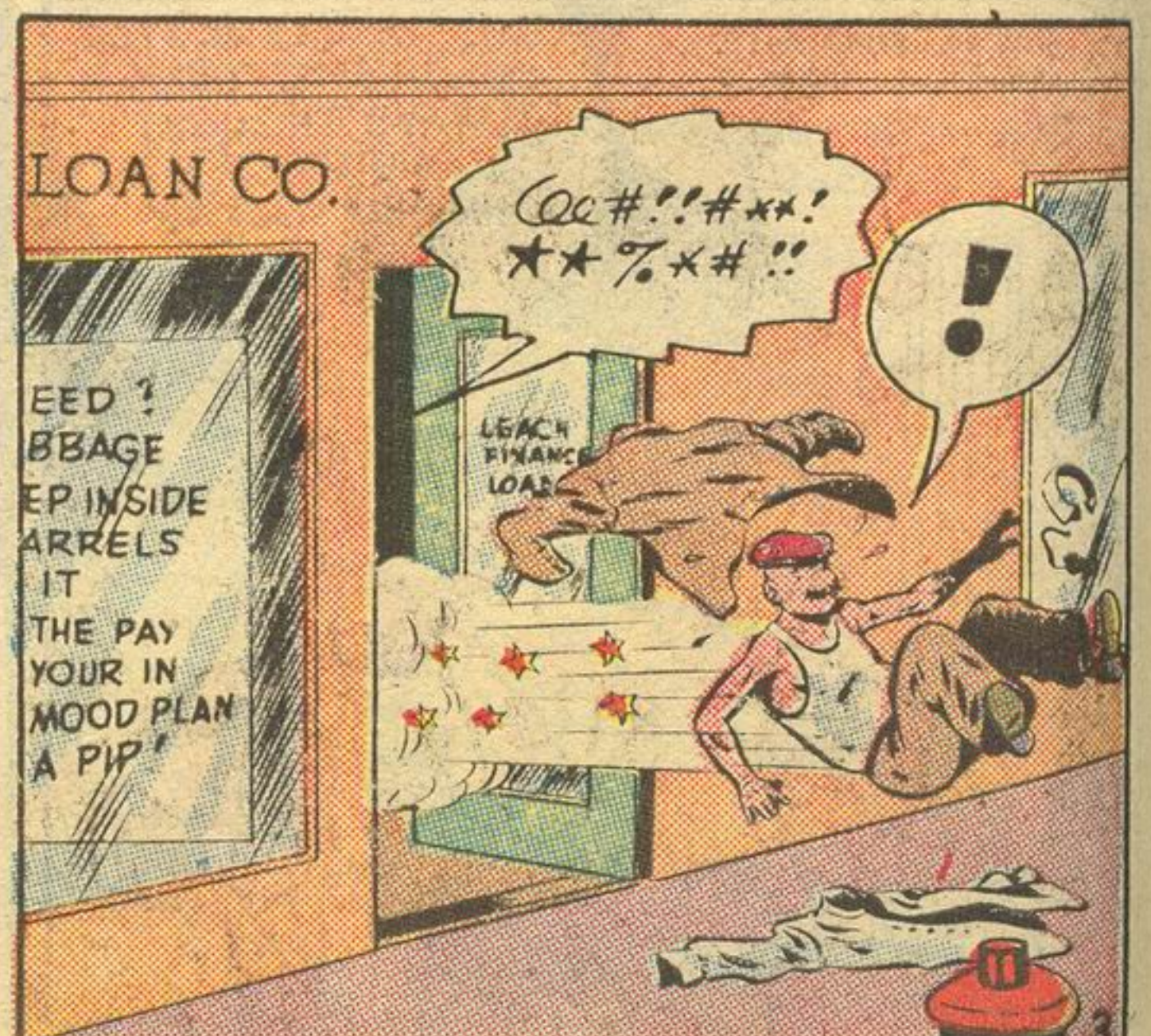
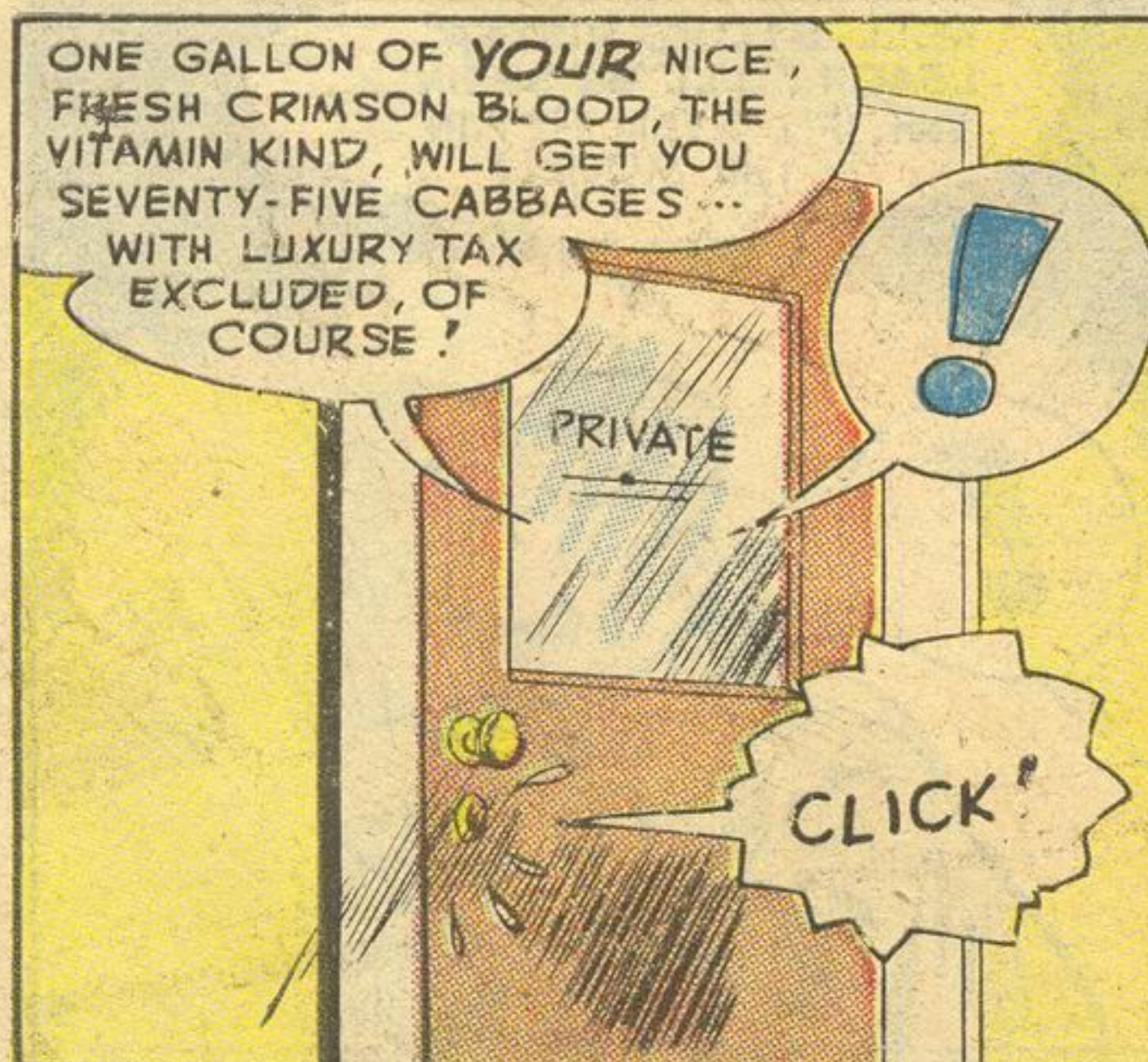
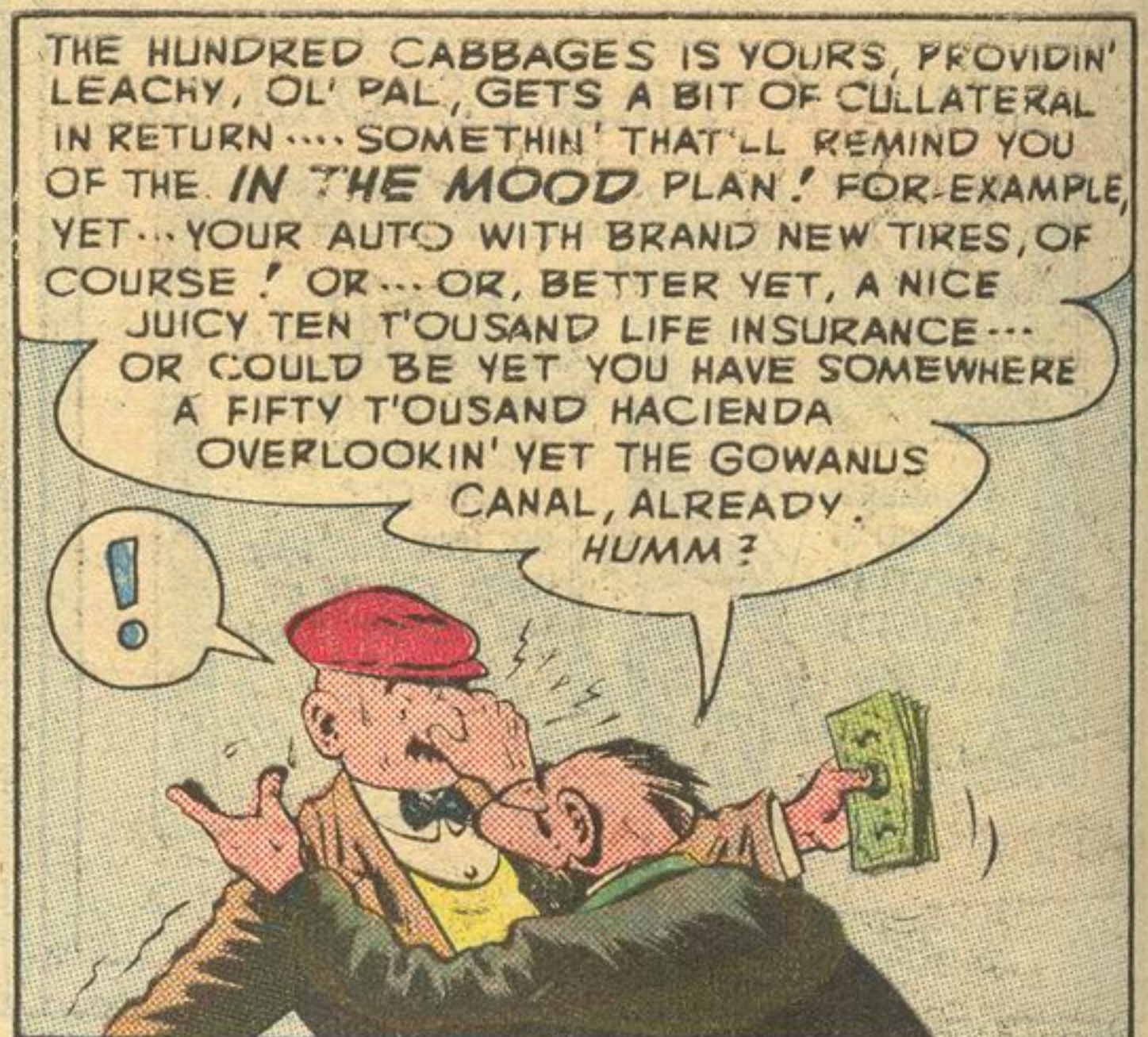
When Beale's message came, Dave Clark was ready for him. He gave him the entire story, which made the headlines. Not quite the entire story. The other part Dave Clark gave to the FBI—the part that Potter was not crazy, but was taking money from an alien agency to broadcast subversive information to the enemy.

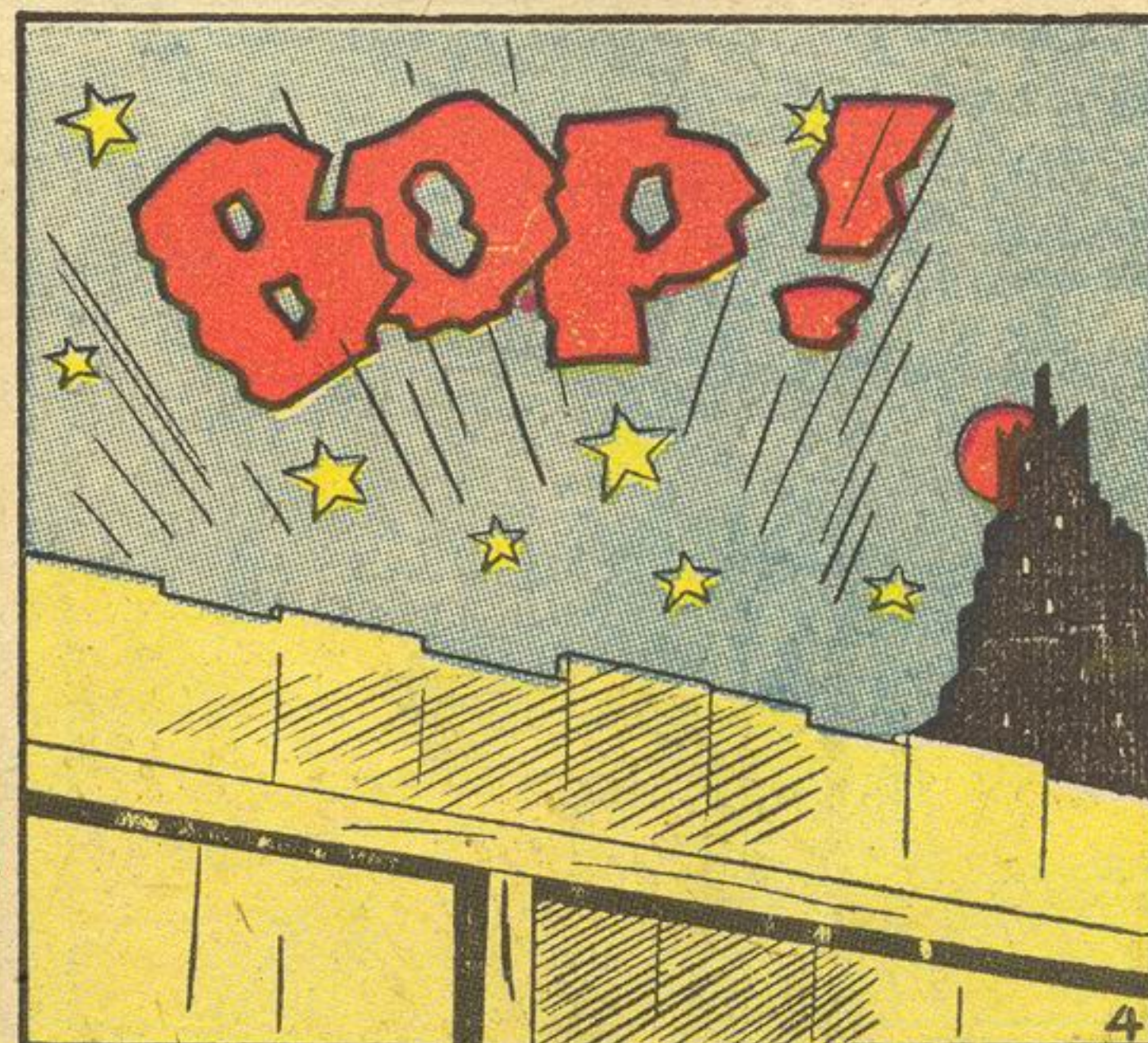
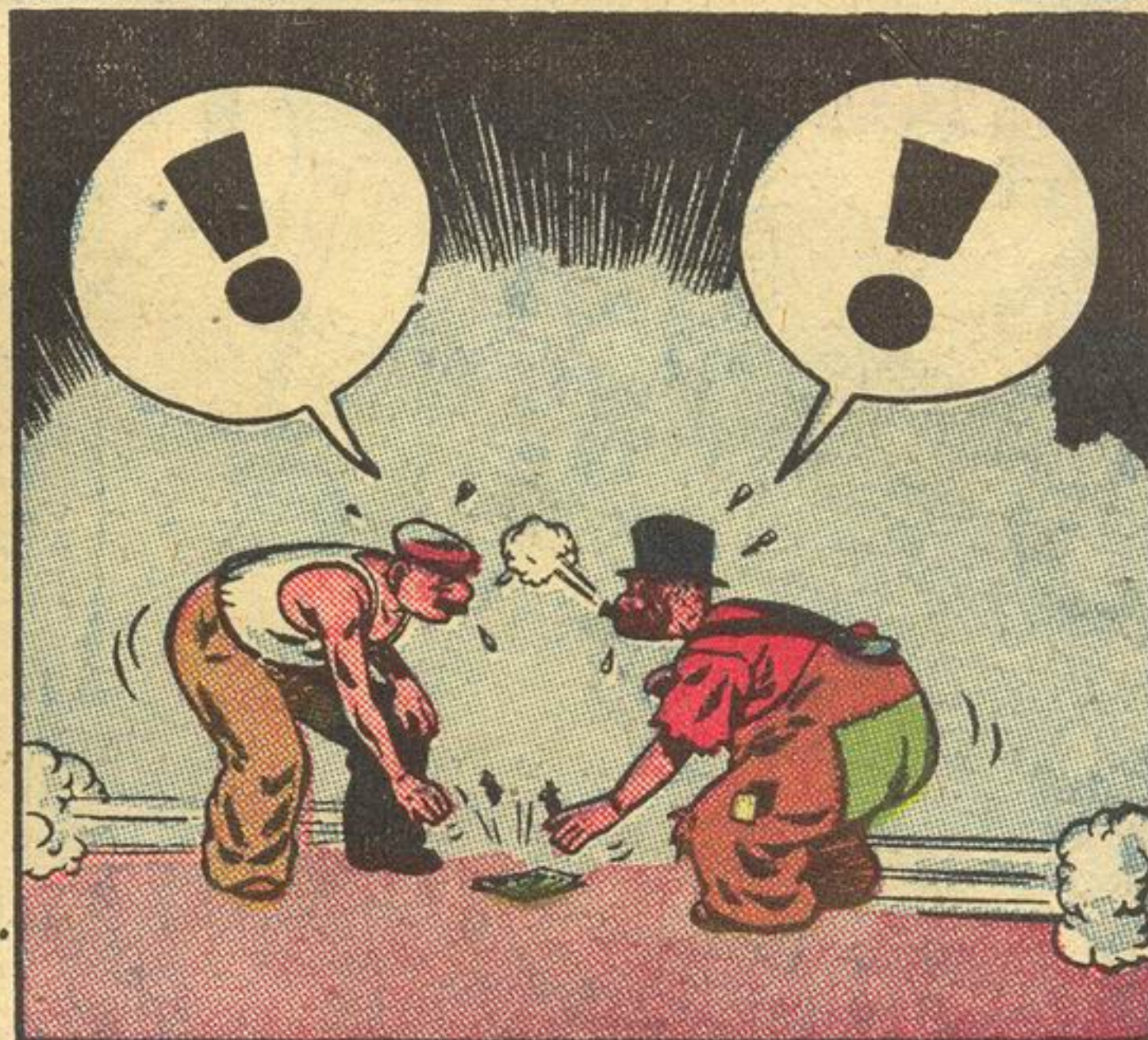
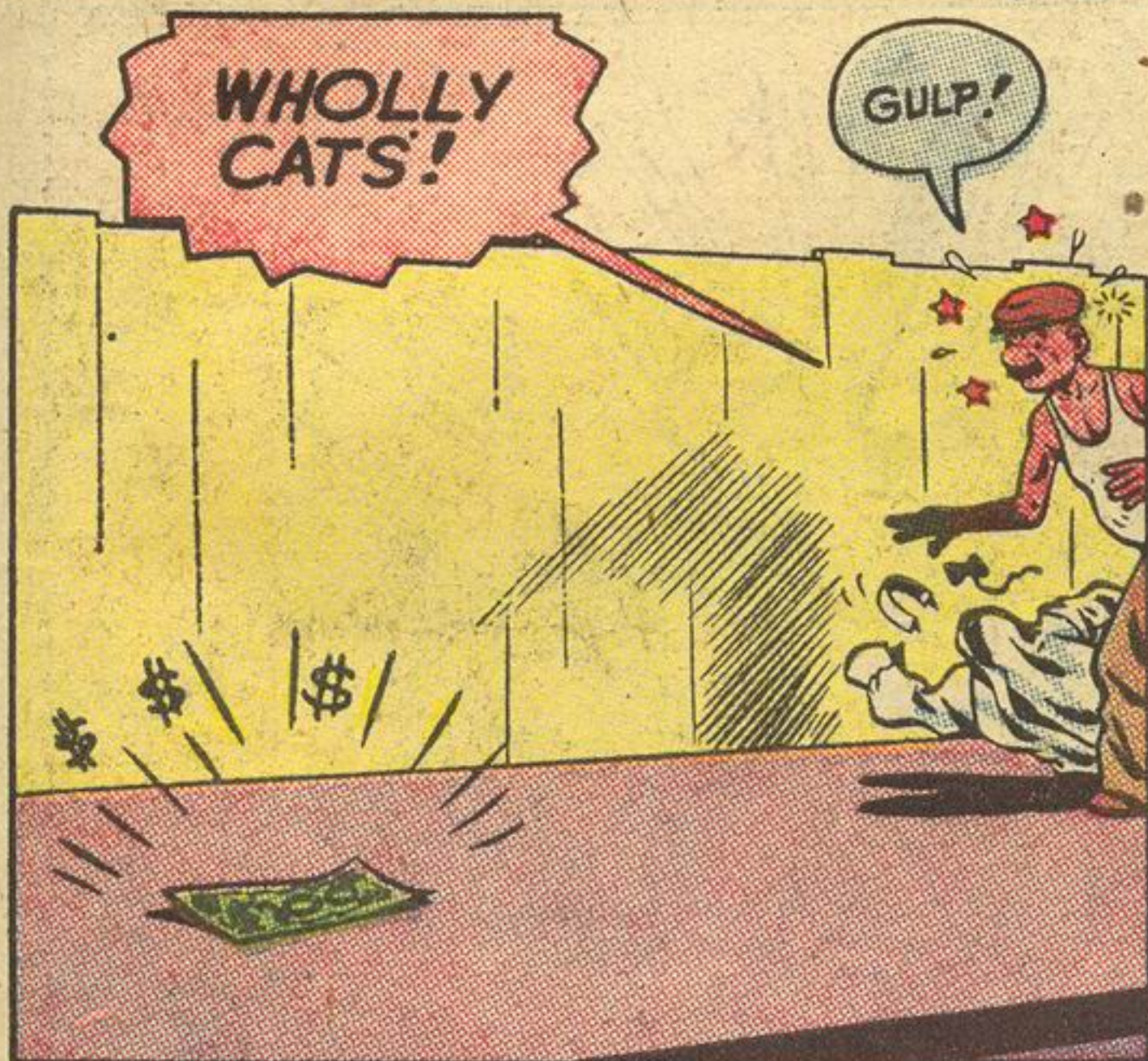
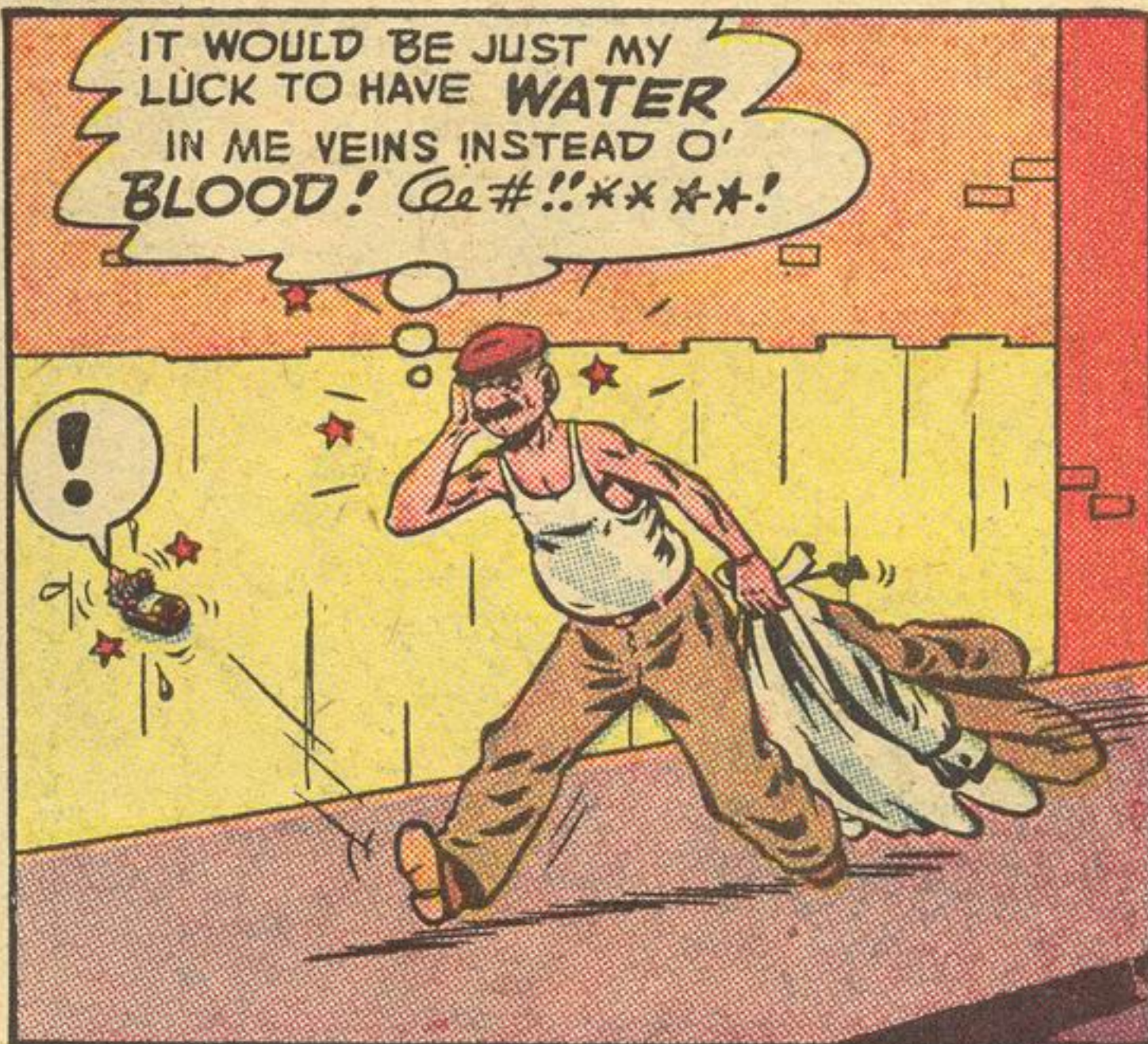
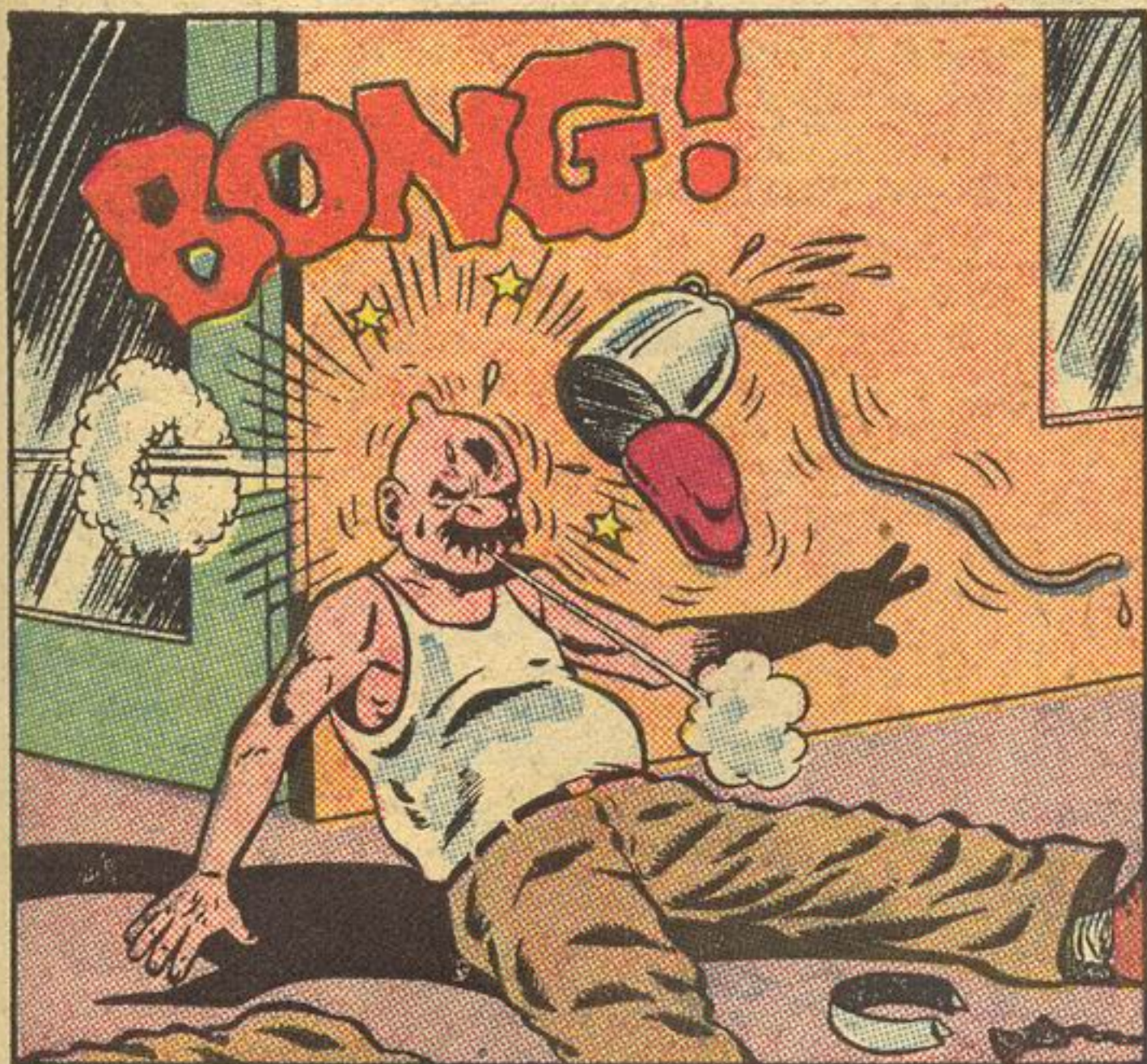
Lighthouses have served some strange masters.

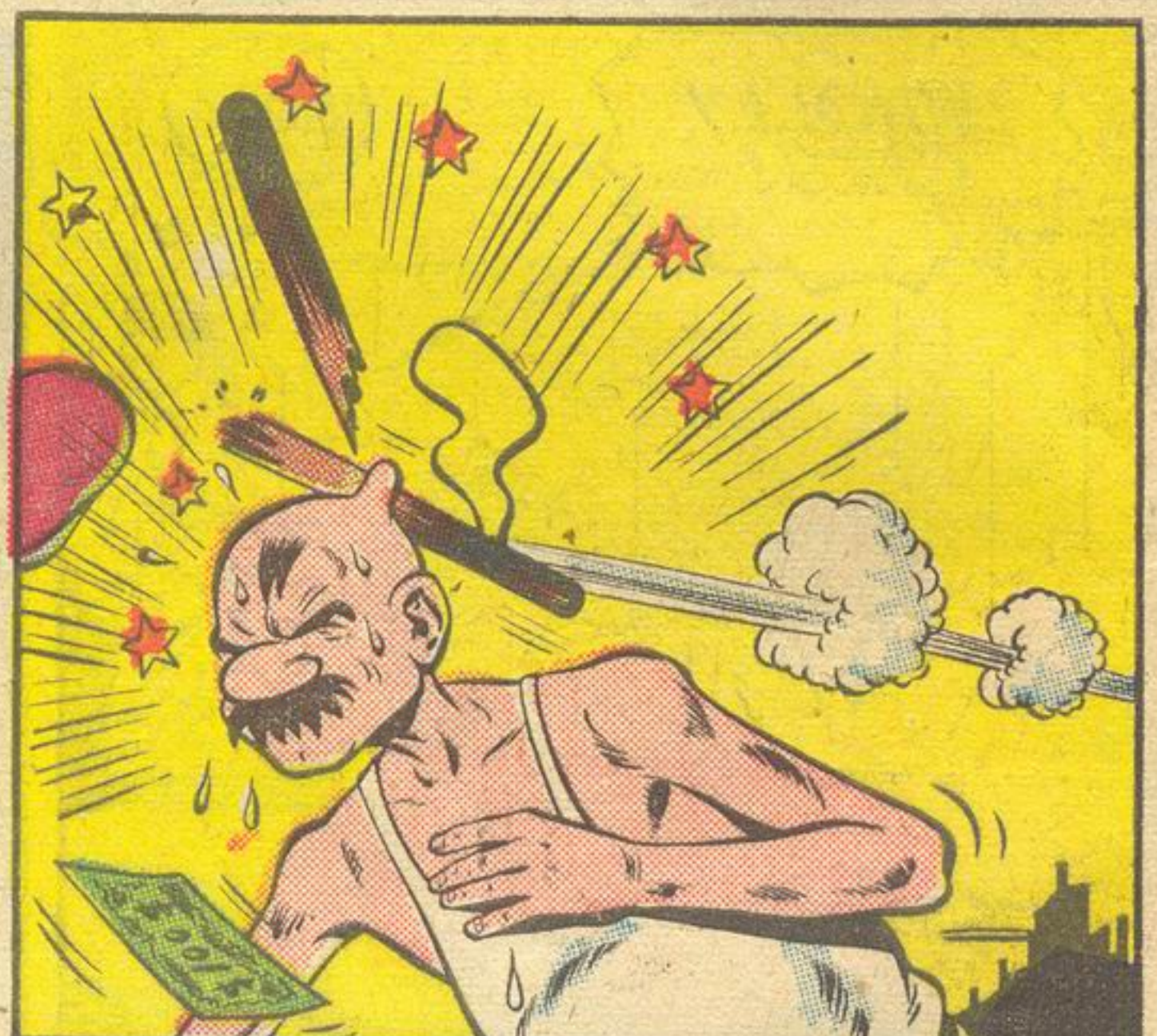
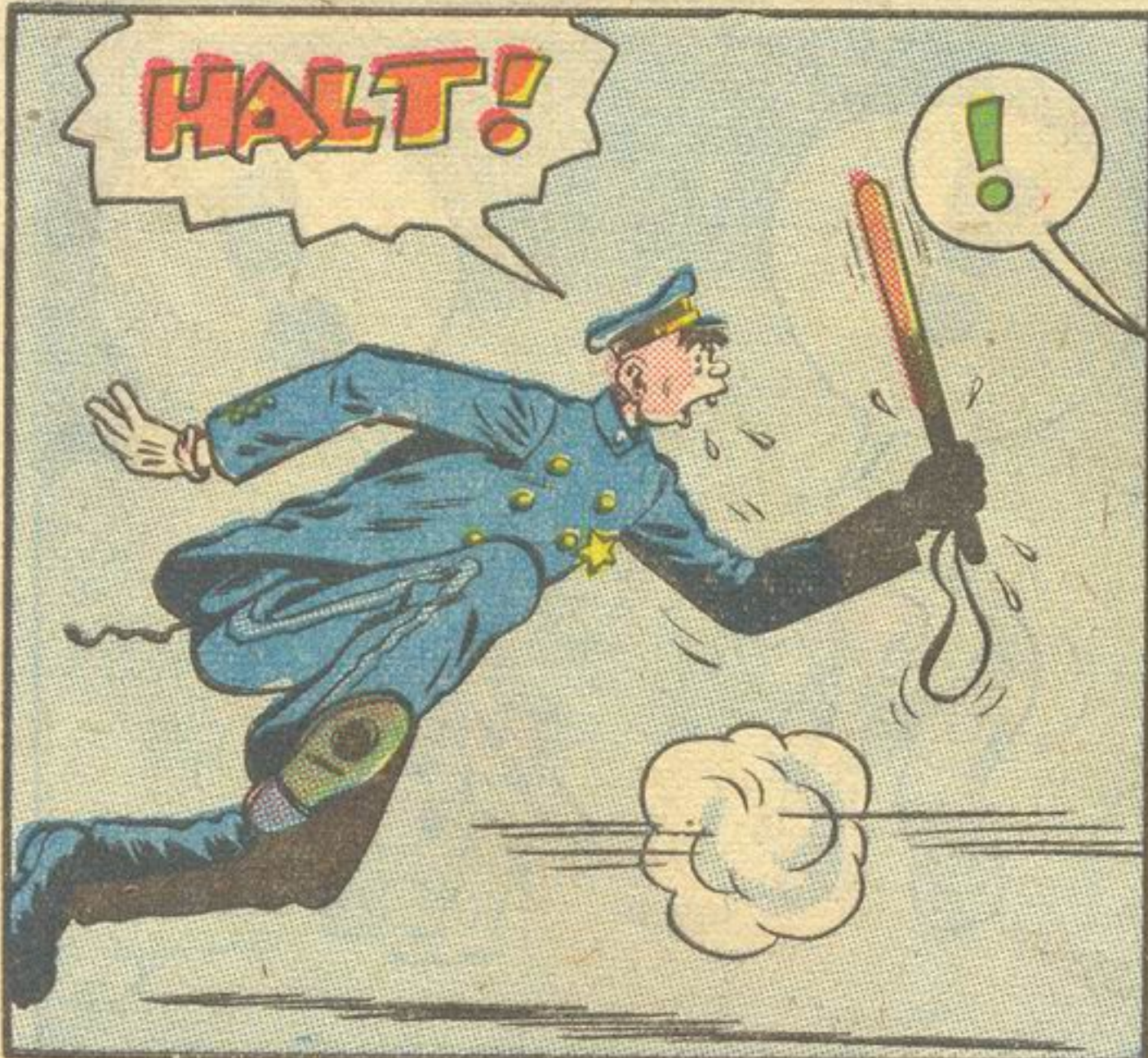
BATCH BACHELOR



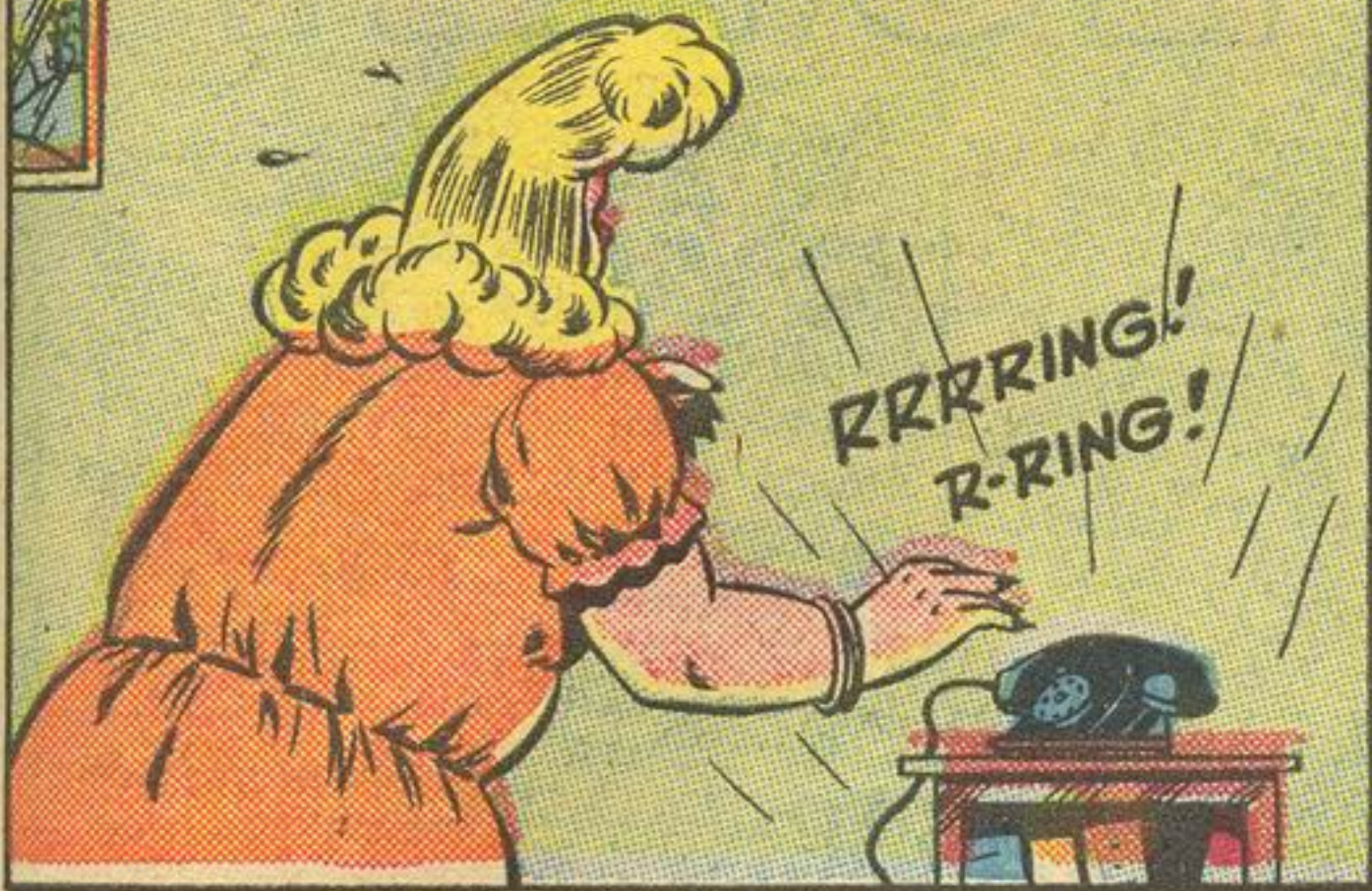








One hour later....



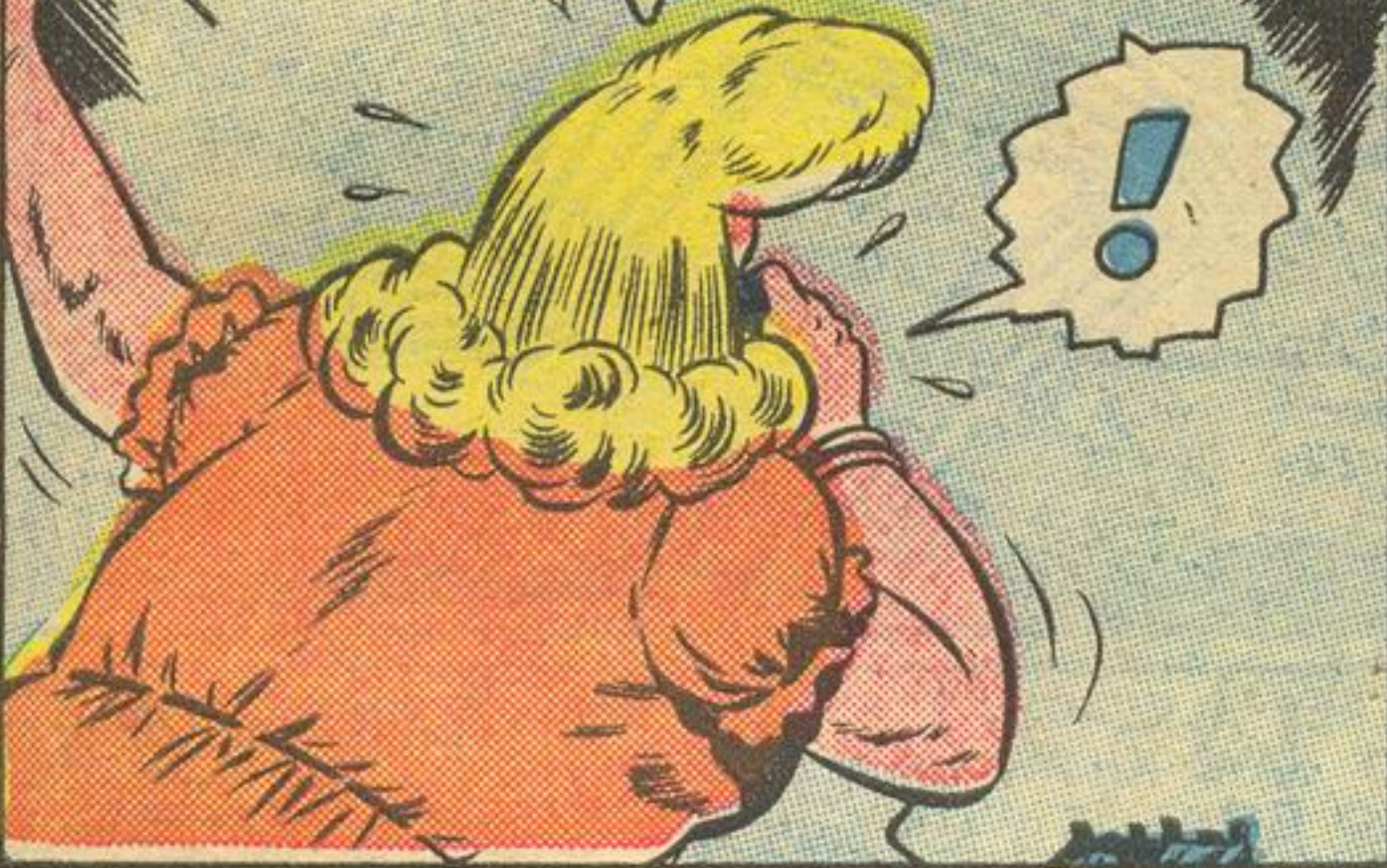
RRRRING!
R-RING!

BUNNY! THIS IS
PICKPOCKET PE...
ER, I---I MEAN
BATCH! I--I---

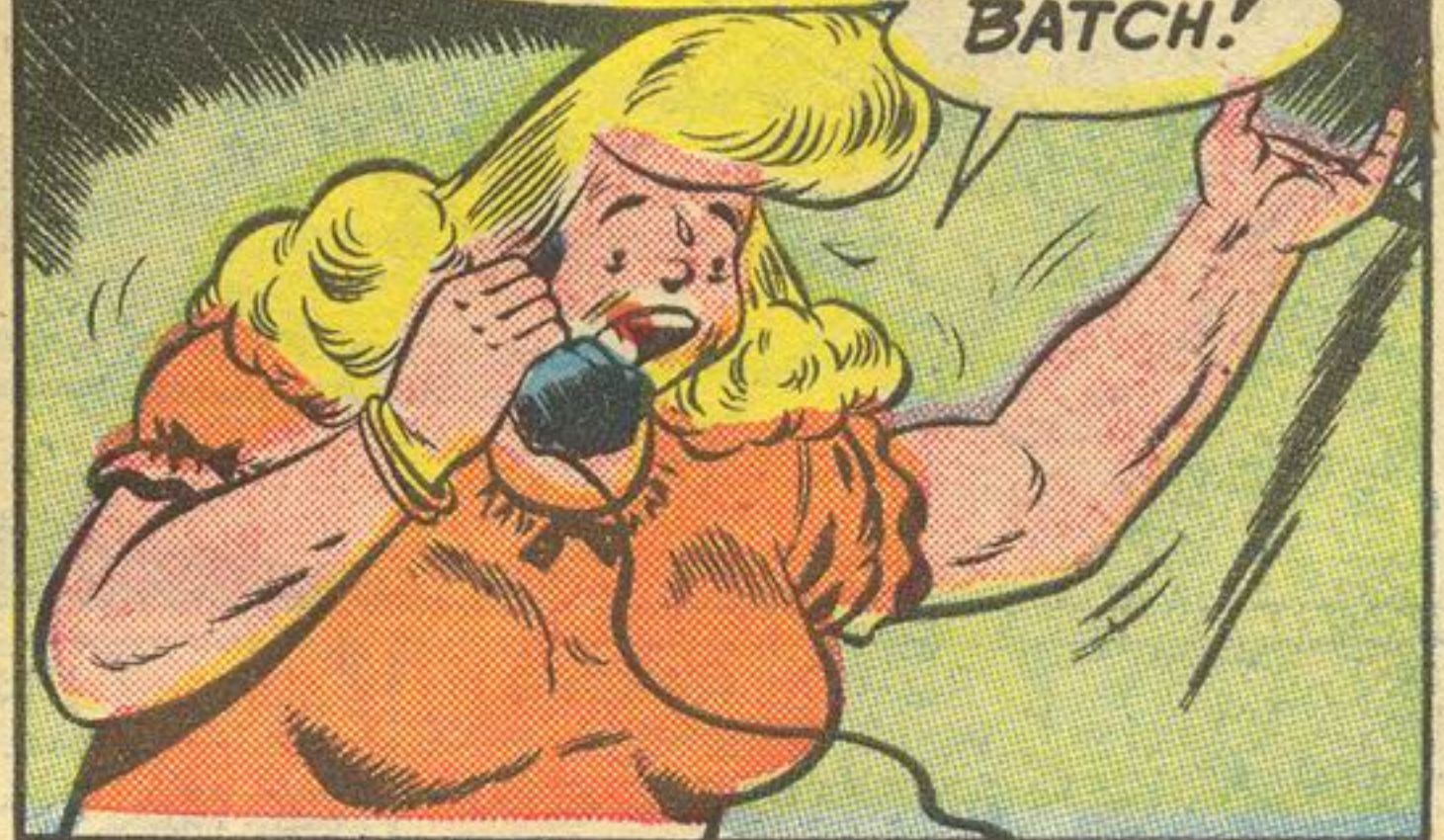
BATCH!
THANK HEAVEN
YOU'VE CALLED!



I'VE BEEN TRYIN' TO REACH YOU
BY PHONE AT YOUR HALF-A-ROOM
APARTMENT ALL DAY! I'VE GOT
SOME FRIGHTFUL
NEWSES FOR YOU,
HONEY!



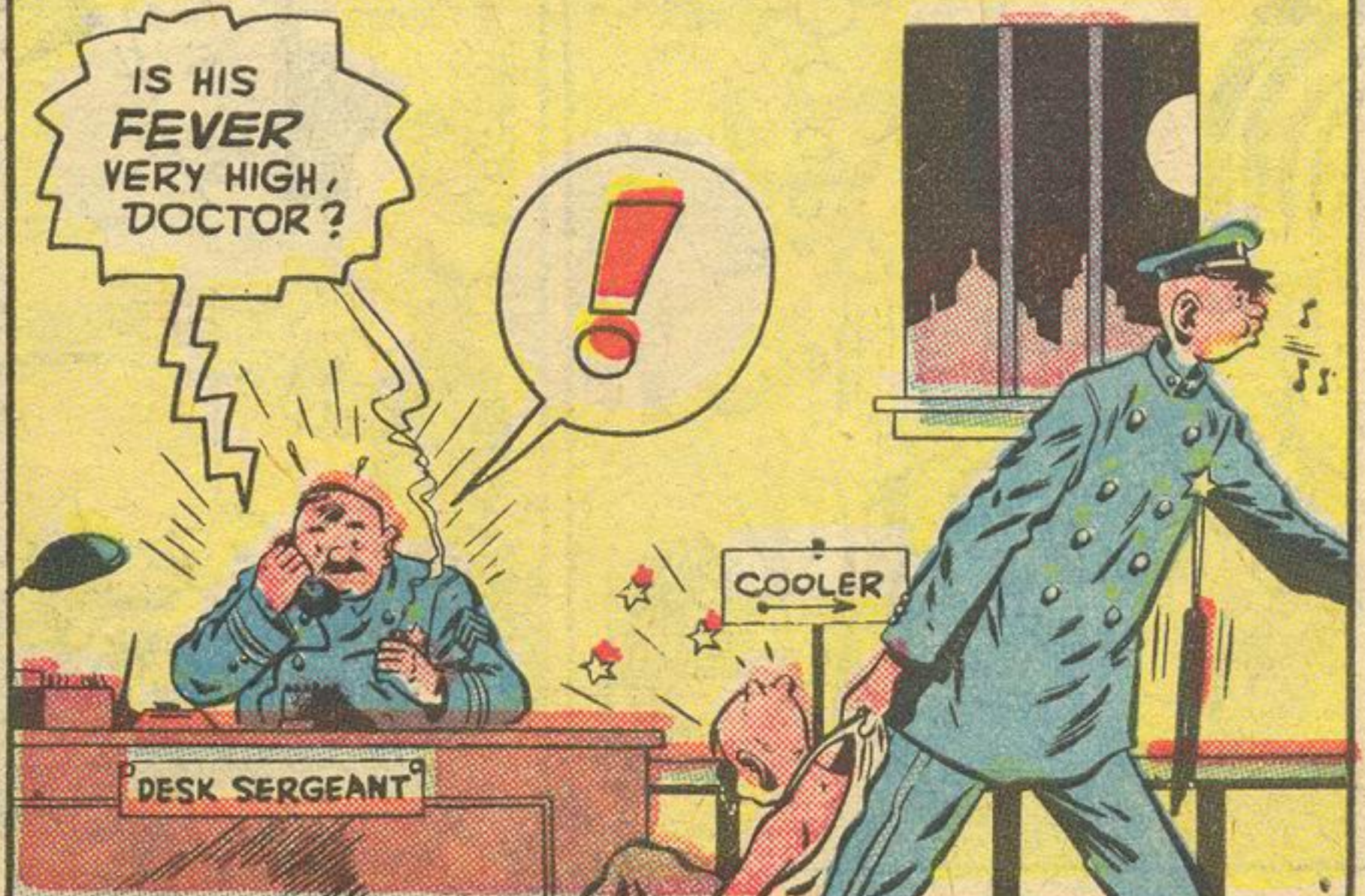
MAMA, PAPA AND JUNIOR, YET... ARE
DOWN WITH THE **MEASLES!** AND...
AND WE'VE BEEN **QUARANTINED**
FOR SKATEY-EIGHT DAYS....
BATCH! BATCH! ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT? I HEARD SOMETHIN'
LIKE A **THUD**, YET!
BATCH!



YOUR BOY FRIEND'S OKAY, MISS!
HE'S JUST HAD A SLIGHT ATTACK
OF **ROCK-PILE-ITIS** WITH ONE
YEAR'S **QUARANTINE** TO
GO WITH IT WITH GOOD
BEHAVIOR, OF
COURSE!



IS HIS
FEVER
VERY HIGH,
DOCTOR?



THE JESTER

NONE OF OFFICER CHUCK LANE'S FELLOW COPS BELIEVES HE WILL SET THE WORLD ON FIRE! AND WHEN A MASTER CRIMINAL THREATENED TO DO JUST THAT, NOBODY KNEW CHUCK PUT A STOP TO HIS CAREER!
IT'S CHUCK'S SECRET THAT HE IS ALSO **THE JESTER**--LIGHT-HEARTED NEMESIS OF CRIME!



HMM! I WONDER WHAT BUSINESS MIKE GREGARA, THE GANG LEADER, HAS AT THE UNIVERSITY?



HELP! TROUBLE ALREADY! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN MIKE WOULD BRING IT WITH HIM!

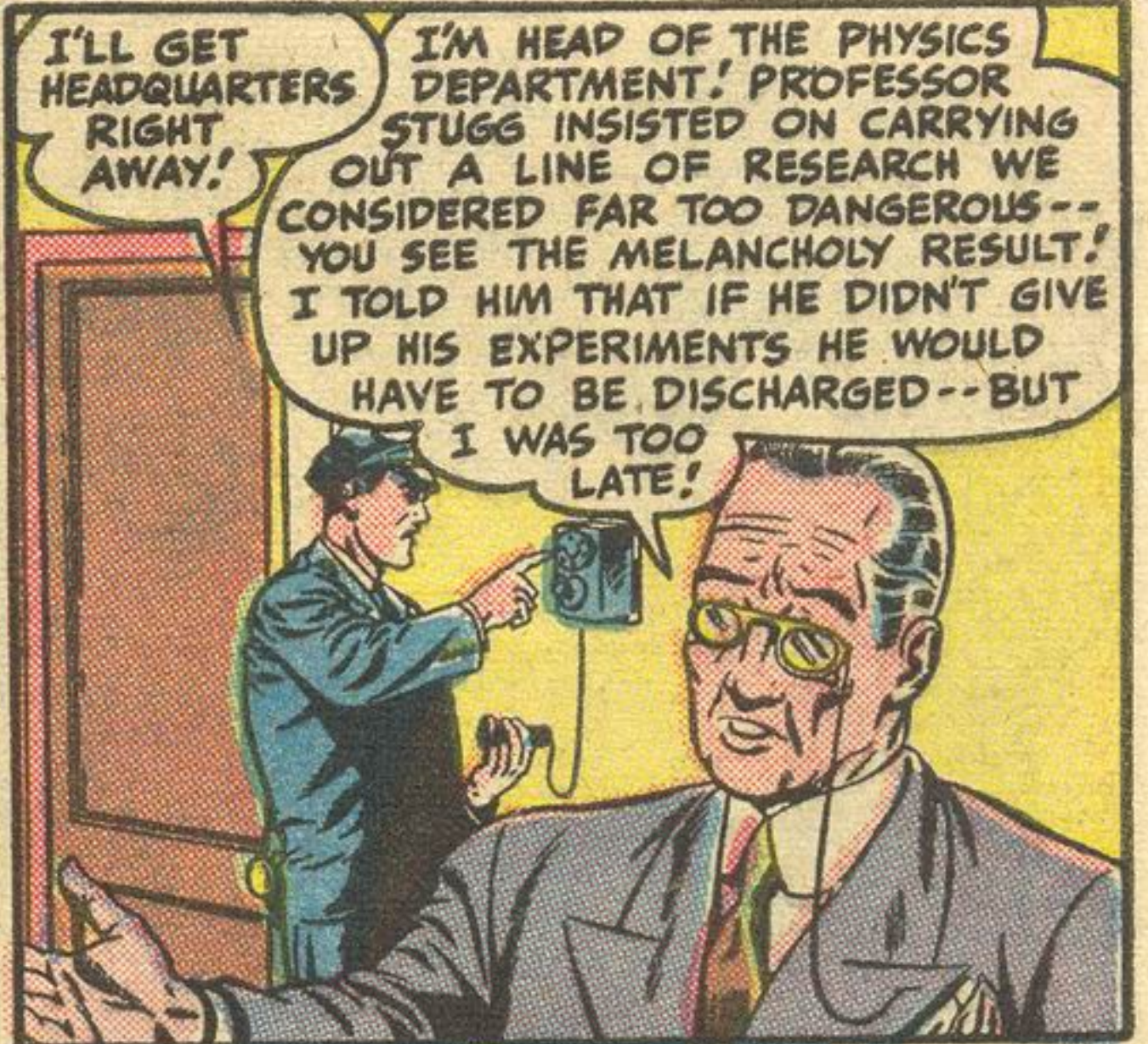


IN HERE, OFFICER! HURRY! THAT LOOKS LIKE MIKE GREGARA--I'LL MAKE A NOTE OF THE FACT AND HE CAN BE PICKED UP LATER!



GOOD GRIEF!
WHAT HAPPENED?

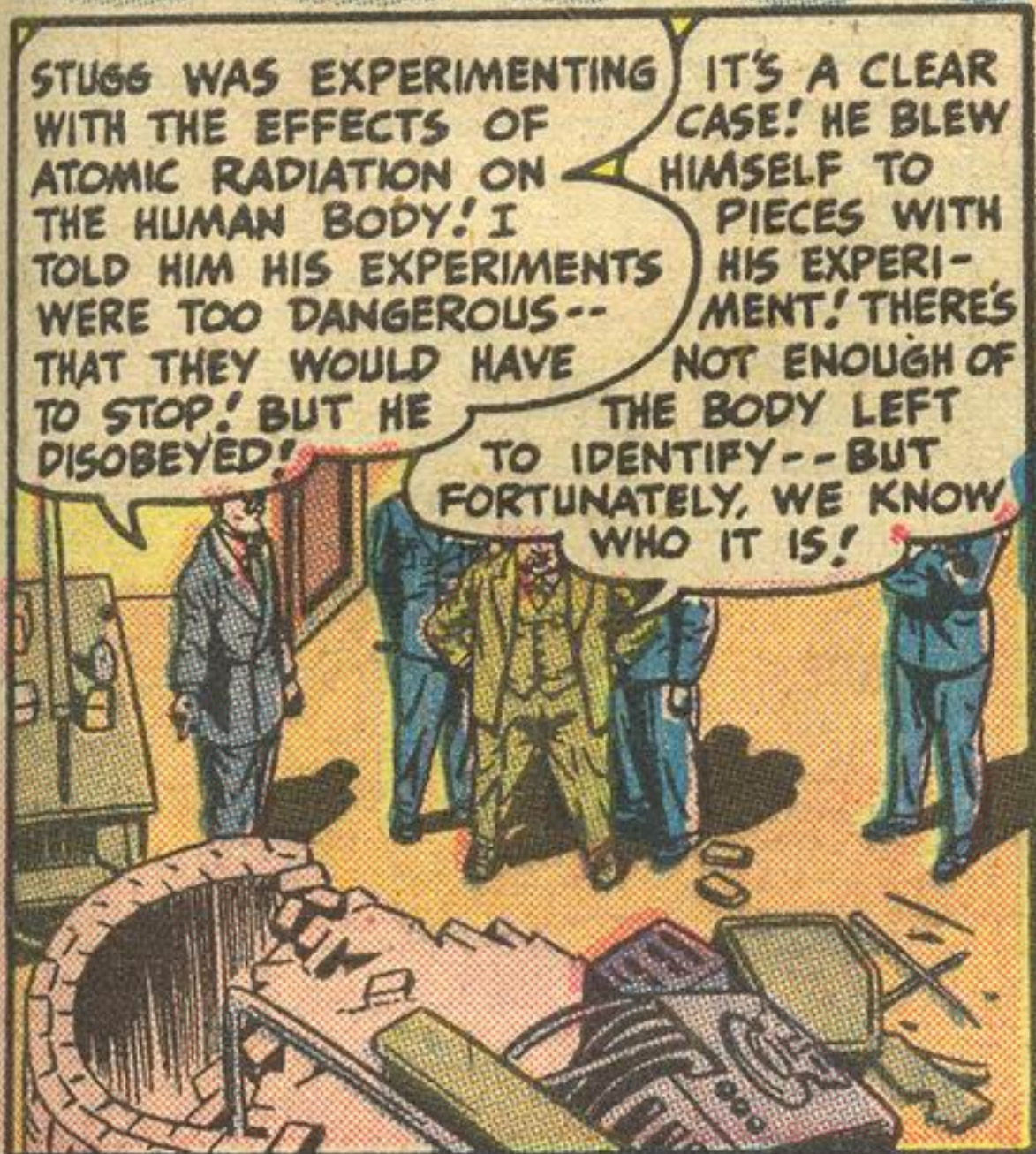
I'M DOCTOR SOMMERS -- THOSE
ARE THE MORTAL REMAINS OF
PROFESSOR WOLFGANG STUGG OF
THE DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICS!
THERE'S BEEN A TERRIBLE
ACCIDENT!



I'LL GET
HEADQUARTERS
RIGHT
AWAY!

I'M HEAD OF THE PHYSICS
DEPARTMENT! PROFESSOR
STUGG INSISTED ON CARRYING
OUT A LINE OF RESEARCH WE
CONSIDERED FAR TOO DANGEROUS --
YOU SEE THE MELANCHOLY RESULT!
I TOLD HIM THAT IF HE DIDN'T GIVE
UP HIS EXPERIMENTS HE WOULD
HAVE TO BE DISCHARGED -- BUT
I WAS TOO LATE!

A SHORT WHILE LATER, THE POLICE
ARRIVE, AND AFTER A BRIEF INVESTIGATION...



STUGG WAS EXPERIMENTING
WITH THE EFFECTS OF
ATOMIC RADIATION ON
THE HUMAN BODY! I
TOLD HIM HIS EXPERIMENTS
WERE TOO DANGEROUS --
THAT THEY WOULD HAVE
TO STOP! BUT HE
DISOBEYED!

IT'S A CLEAR
CASE! HE BLEW
HIMSELF TO
PIECES WITH
HIS EXPERI-
MENT! THERE'S
NOT ENOUGH OF
THE BODY LEFT
TO IDENTIFY -- BUT
FORTUNATELY, WE KNOW
WHO IT IS!

BUT, MCGINTY,
WHAT ABOUT
MIKE GREGARA?
I SAW HIM ENTER
THE BUILDING --
THAT'S SUSPICIOUS
IN ITSELF!

FORGET IT!
I TELL YOU
IT'S A
CLEAR
CASE --
WE'LL LOOK
INTO MIKE'S
DOINGS SOME
OTHER TIME!

I'M NOT SO SURE -- WHERE-
EVER YOU FIND MIKE
GREGARA, YOU FIND
SOMETHING WRONG!



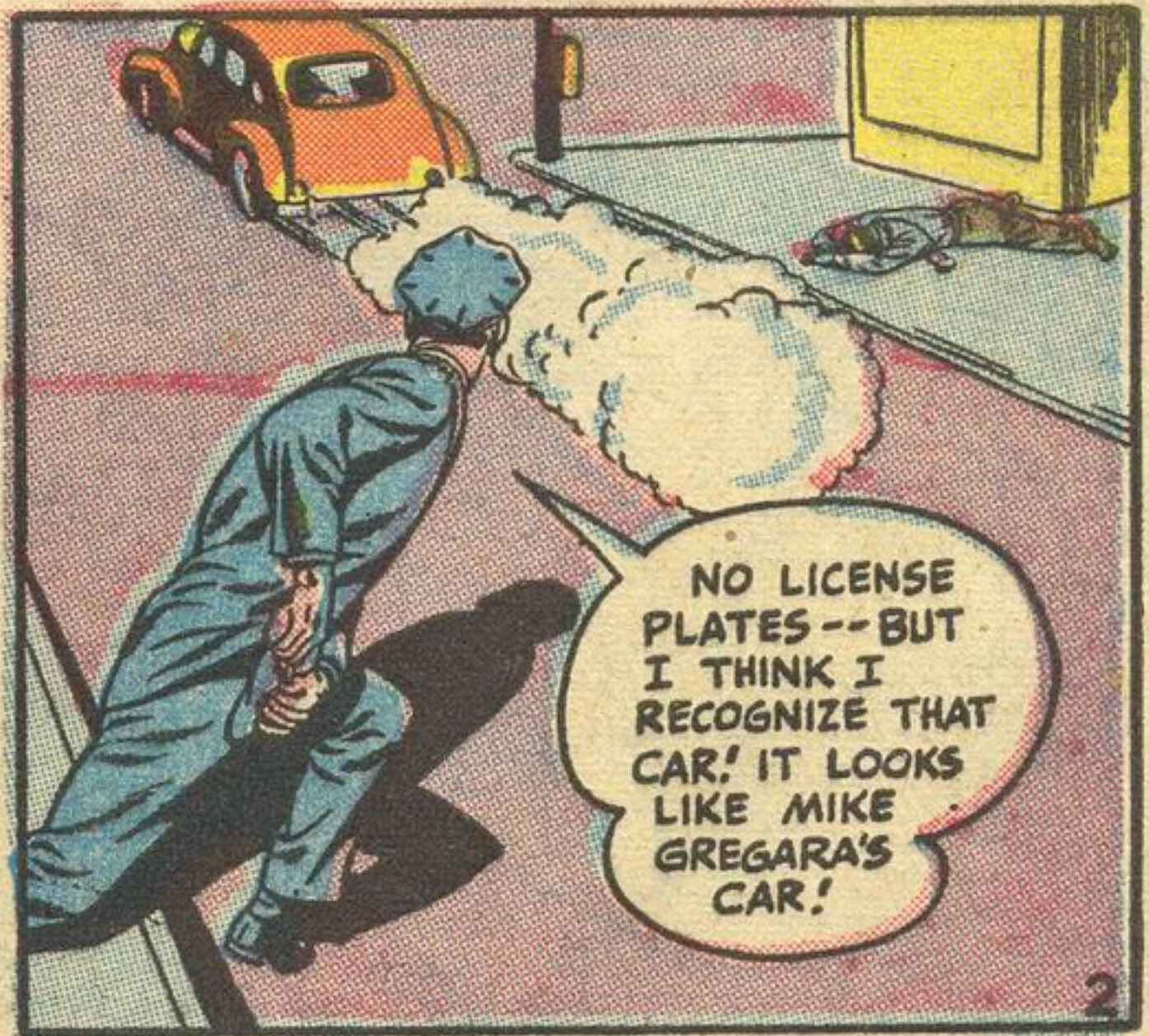
I'M IN CHARGE
OF THIS CASE!
I TOLD YOU
TO FORGET
IT!

AND SO THE STRANGE CASE OF PROFESSOR STUGG
IS CLOSED...UNTIL A FEW DAYS LATER...



HELP!
POLICE!
AHHH!

IT'S WONDERFUL,
BOSS! NO TOOLS,
NO GUNS -- NO
TROUBLE AT ALL!



NO LICENSE
PLATES -- BUT
I THINK I
RECOGNIZE THAT
CAR! IT LOOKS
LIKE MIKE
GREGARA'S
CAR!

SMASH COMICS



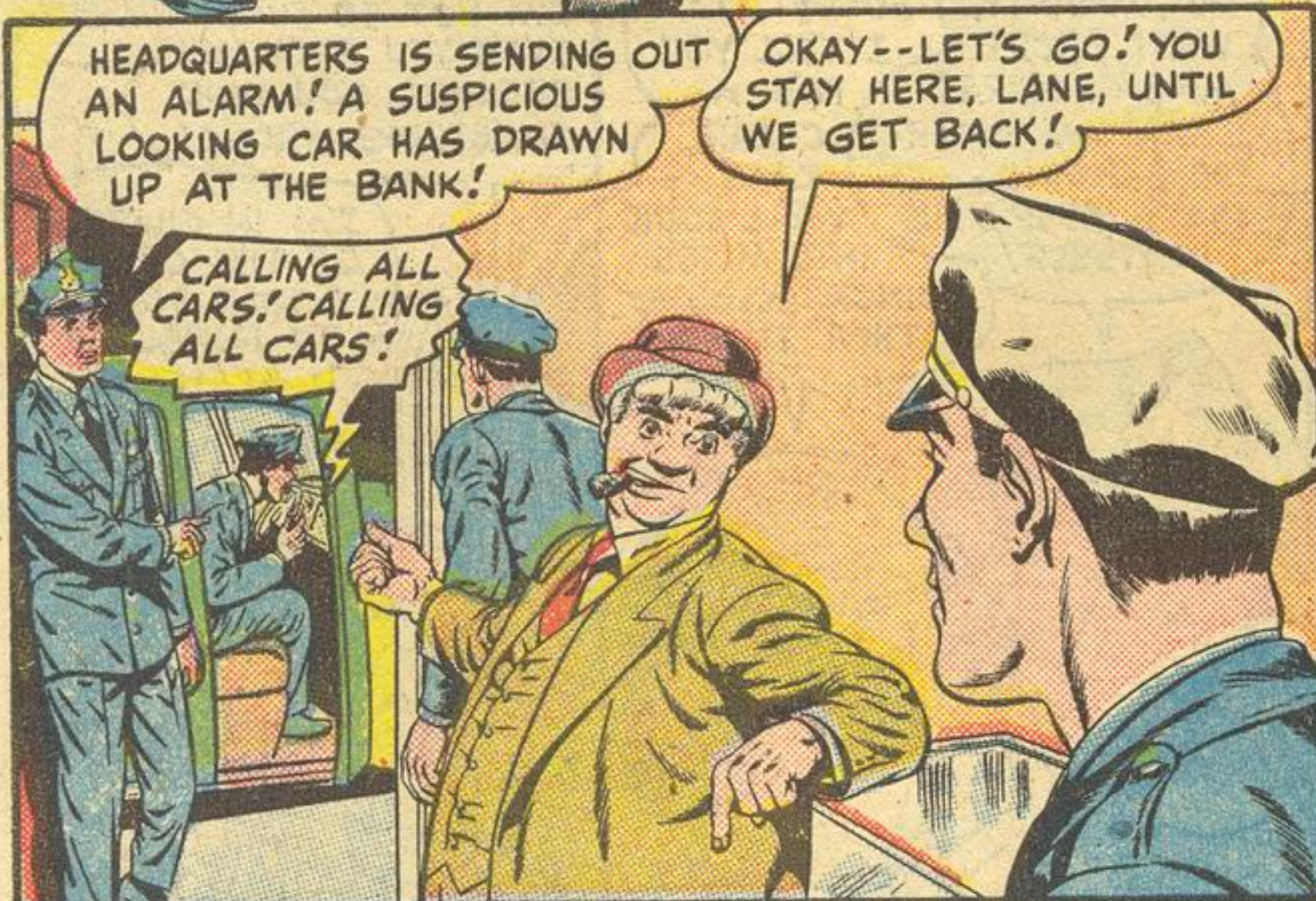
THE WATCHMAN'S DEAD -- AND THE CRIMINALS GOT AWAY! I'LL GIVE THEM A COUPLE OF SHOTS FOR LUCK!



LATER...

SOMEBODY CUT THROUGH THAT STEEL AS THOUGH IT WERE SOFT BUTTER! NO ORDINARY BLOW-TORCH COULD DO THAT! MIKE GREGARA MUST HAVE SOME NEW METHOD!

YOU'VE GOT MIKE GREGARA ON THE BRAIN, CHUCK! WE'VE CHECKED UP ON HIM AND HE ISN'T EVEN IN TOWN! SOMEBODY ELSE DID THIS JOB!



HEADQUARTERS IS SENDING OUT AN ALARM! A SUSPICIOUS LOOKING CAR HAS DRAWN UP AT THE BANK!

OKAY--LET'S GO! YOU STAY HERE, LANE, UNTIL WE GET BACK!

CALLING ALL CARS! CALLING ALL CARS!

THE INSTANT THE POLICE HAVE GONE, A TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE...

SOMETHING TELLS ME THE **JESTER** HAD BETTER BE IN ON THIS!



ORAL BANK

HELLO, JESTER! WE THOUGHT THESE MEN HAD DESIGNS ON THE BANK-- BUT WE'VE FRISKED THEM AND THERE'S NOT A GUN OR A SINGLE BURGLAR'S TOOL IN THE WHOLE BUNCH!

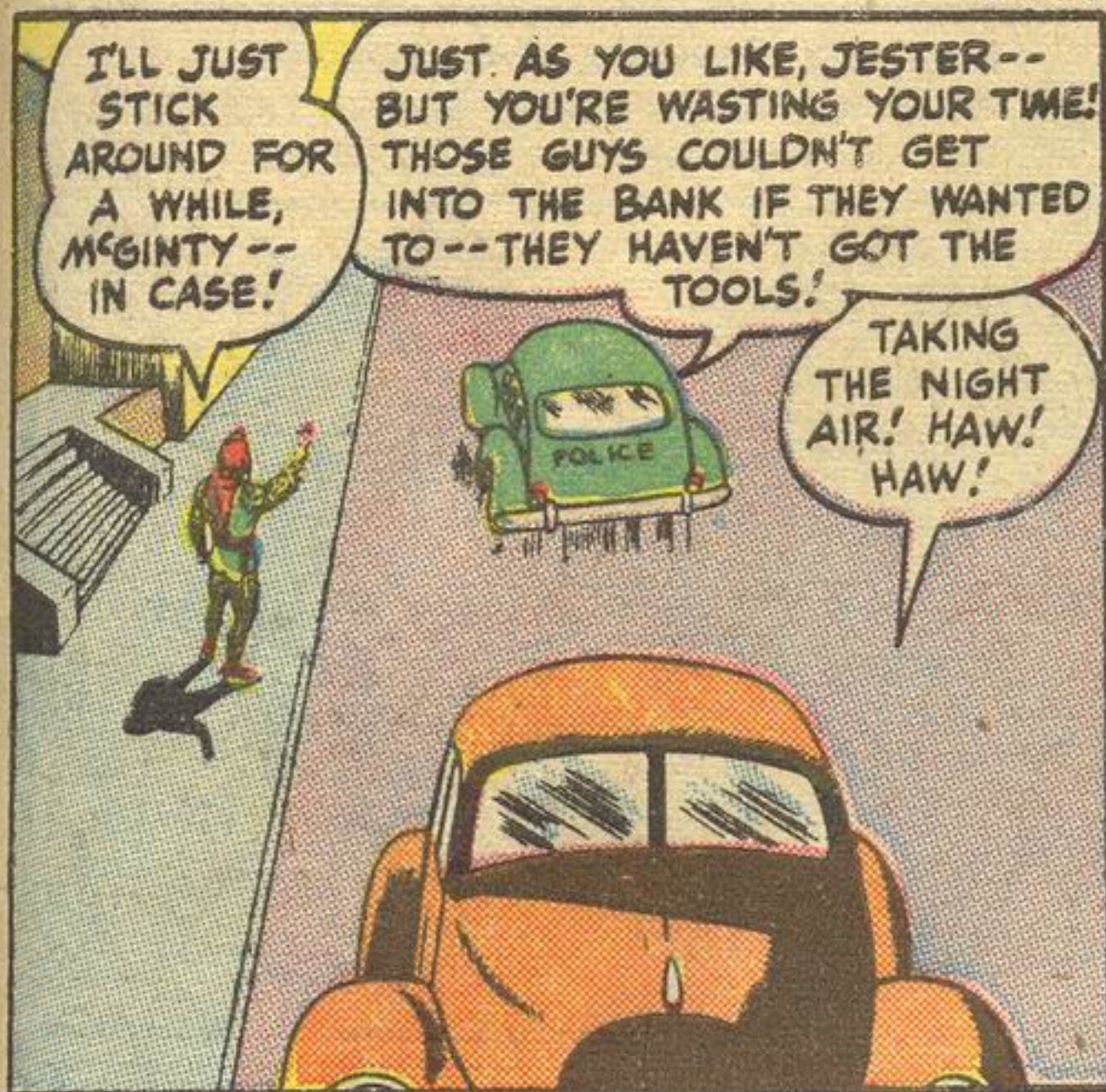
MY DEAR SIR! WE WERE JUST TAKING A DRIVE TO ENJOY THE COOL EVENING AIR!



HMM! THOSE ARE MIKE GREGARA'S BOYS, ALL RIGHT--ALL EXCEPT THE ONE WITH THE BEARD!

G'WAN! BEAT IT--OR I'LL RUN YOU IN ON SUSPICION!

SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS



AN EFFORT OF
THE WILL, AND--



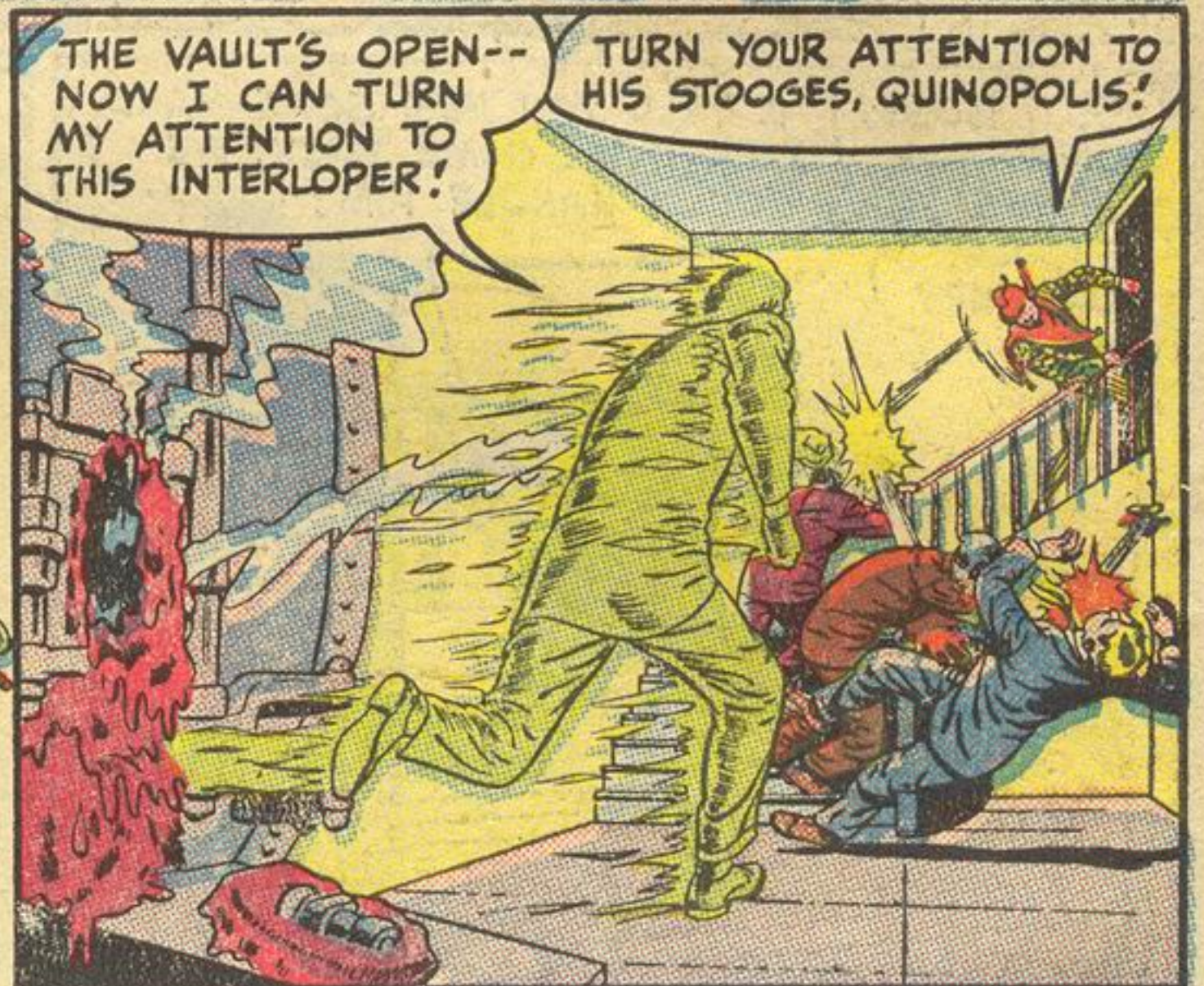
NOW, MY POWERS
ARE AT THEIR PEAK!
IN A MOMENT--

LOOK,
BOSS! THE
JESTER!



GET HIM, BOYS! I MUST CONTINUE
WORKING ON THE VAULT BEFORE
MY POWERS ARE
EXHAUSTED!

FIRST COME,
FIRST
SERVED!



THE VAULT'S OPEN--
NOW I CAN TURN
MY ATTENTION TO
THIS INTERLOPER!

TURN YOUR ATTENTION TO
HIS STOOGES, QUINOPOLIS!



THIS IS ANOTHER JOB FOR YOU,
QUINOPOLIS--YOU WON'T MIND A
LITTLE HEAT!

CURSE
YOU,
JESTER!
I'LL--



MY FAULT
FOR NOT
LOOKING
BEHIND
ME!

NOW, YOU
BUFFOON! A
SINGLE TOUCH
OF MY FINGER
AND--



MY POWERS ARE
TEMPORARILY
EXHAUSTED! I
MUST RENEW
THEM!

HURRY, BOSS--
WE'LL HOLD
HIM!

SMASH COMICS

YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD CATCH **ME** -- WOLFGANG STUGG, KING OF CRIME! IN JUST A MOMENT, I'LL RADIATE AGAIN -- THEN I'LL DISPOSE OF YOU AS I DISPOSED OF THE NIGHT WATCHMAN AND MIKE GREGARA!

SO YOU ARE STUGG! WITHOUT THE BEARD YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN RECOGNIZED!

YES, I'M STUGG! THEY DIDN'T APPRECIATE MY RESEARCH AT THE UNIVERSITY -- SO I TOOK MY DISCOVERIES ELSEWHERE -- TO THE UNDERWORLD! BY MEANS OF MY INVENTION I CAN MAKE THE HUMAN BODY SO RADIOACTIVE -- THAT ITS LIGHTEST TOUCH CAN DESTROY! IN A MOMENT, I'LL DEMONSTRATE ON **YOU**, JESTER!

I LURED GREGARA TO MY LABORATORY AND KILLED HIM SO THAT I COULD TAKE OVER HIS GANG! I'LL KILL YOU IN THE SAME WAY -- **UGH!**

I WOULDN'T BE SO OPTIMISTIC!

YOUR TIME'S UP, JESTER! I'LL --

SOMETHING'S WRONG! THREE DOSES OF MY RADIOACTIVE SUBSTANCE IN ONE NIGHT WAS TOO MUCH -- I'M DISINTEGRATING! AH....!

HELP -- KEEP AWAY!

THE VAULT WAS OPENED, MCGINTY -- BUT NOTHING WAS TAKEN OUT! YES, IT WAS STUGG -- HE'S BEYOND CONFESSING, BUT YOU'LL BE ABLE TO GET THE FACTS FROM GREGARA'S BOYS WHILE THEY'RE IN THE HOSPITAL! AND ONE THING MORE -- YOU'LL FIND OFFICER LANE HERE! I CALLED HIM TO TAKE OVER!

ALL I KNOW IS, THE JESTER CAME AND GOT ME! TOLD ME TO STAY UNTIL YOU CAME -- THEN HE LEFT!

HE NEVER STAYS TO BE THANKED! BUT YOU WERE ON THE RIGHT TRACK, CHUCK! GREGARA **DID** FIGURE IN THE CASE -- AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET FULL CREDIT -- THE **JESTER** WON'T MIND!

**Hand Out
Only 20 Photo
Enlargement
Coupons **FREE****

*Nothing to Buy
Nothing
to Sell*



GIVEN WRIST WATCH PLUS Sparkling Imitation BIRTHSTONE RING

Think of receiving both of these wonderful gifts

for helping us get acquainted with new customers and friends. You get your choice of a smart, new, charming, imported, Swiss Movement Lady's Wrist Watch or a dependable Man's Wrist Watch. Besides, you also receive a sparkling, simulated Birthstone Ring, correct for your month of birth.

Both the Ring and Wrist Watch are GIVEN for helping us by handing out or mailing only 20 snapshot and photo Enlargement Coupons FREE to friends and relatives. There is NOTHING FOR YOU TO BUY. THERE IS NOTHING FOR YOU TO SELL and collect for. Your exquisite Birthstone Ring is sent in a special gift box when only half of the coupons have come back to us with a snapshot or negative for enlarging. You can even mail these Enlargement Coupons to friends and relatives in other towns, if you wish. Your valuable Wrist Watch is sent also when all of the coupons are used, so you will be charmed and thrilled with your beautiful gifts. Each coupon is good on our get-acquainted picture enlarging offer that everyone is happy to receive. Send your name and address today for your 20 get-acquainted Enlargement Coupons to hand out FREE. Be first in your neighborhood to wear such a beautiful Birthstone Ring and exquisite Wrist Watch.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. X-50
211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa



JANUARY



FEBRUARY



MARCH



APRIL



MAY



JUNE



JULY



AUGUST



SEPTEMBER



OCTOBER



NOVEMBER



DECEMBER



JANUARY

Send your name and address today to

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. X-50

211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Name.....

Address or R.F.D.....

City.....

State..... Month of Birth.....

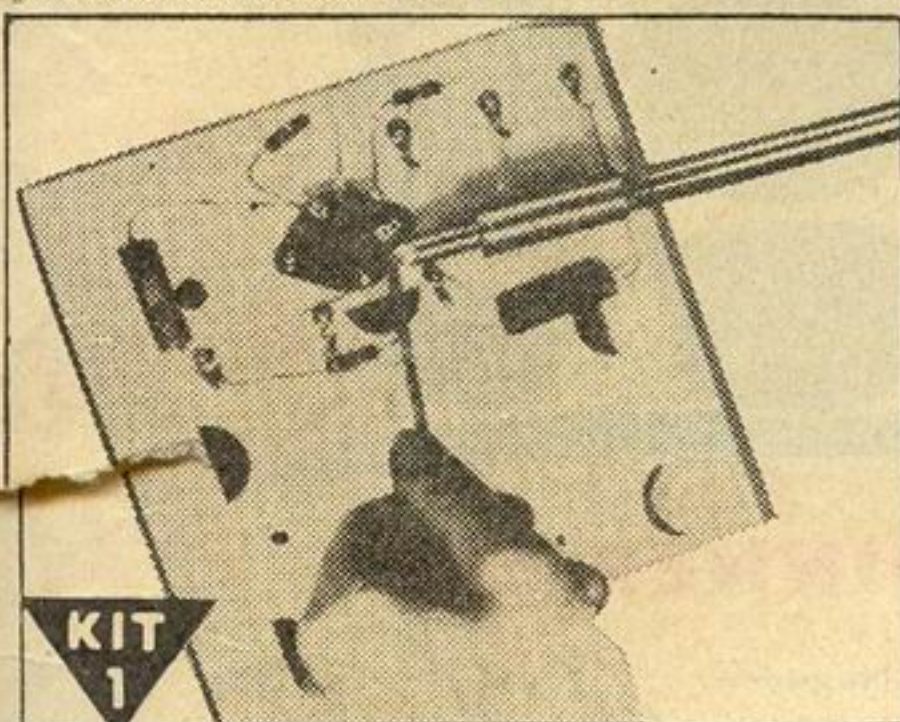
☐ Lady's Watch

☐ Man's Watch



I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

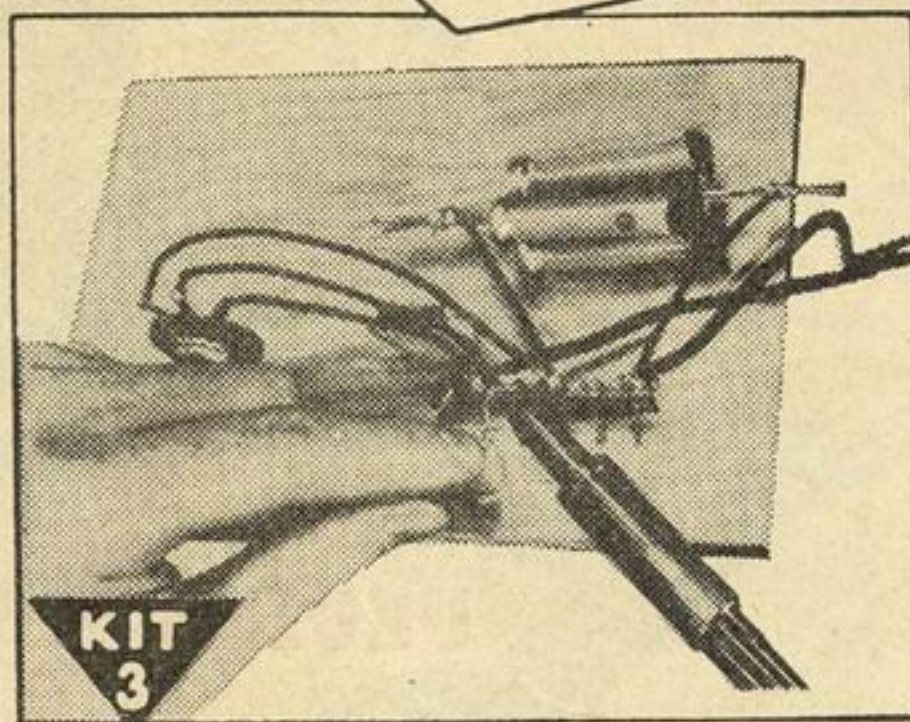
**I Send You
Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



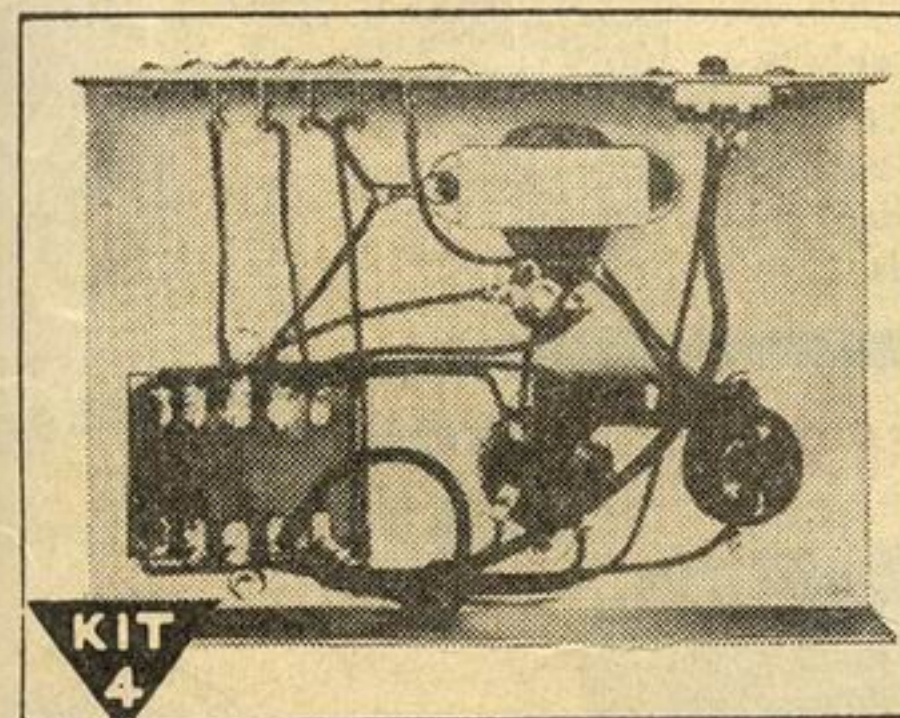
KIT 1
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



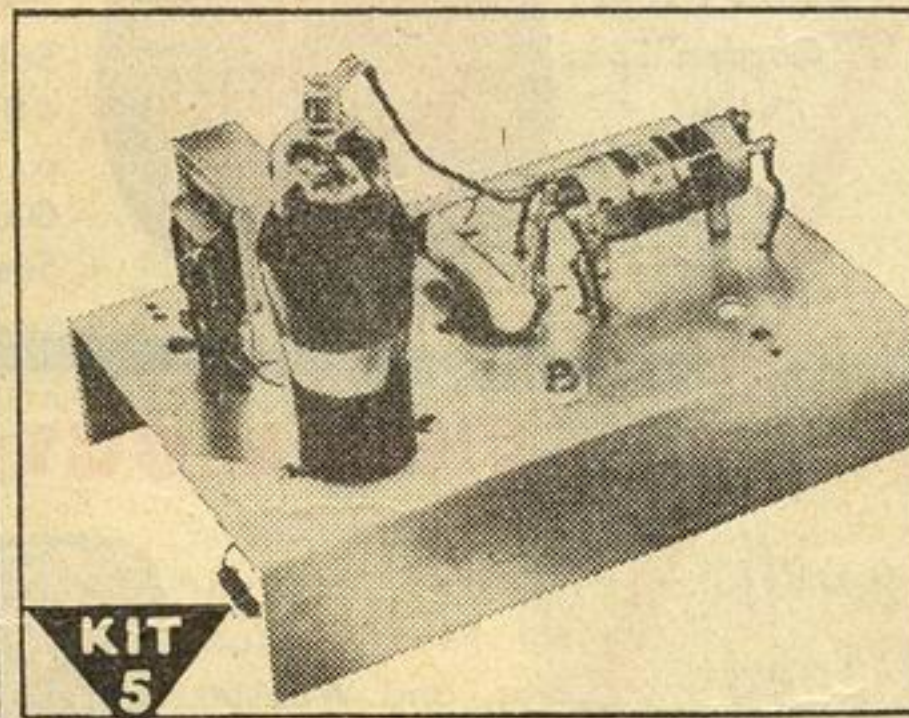
KIT 2
Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



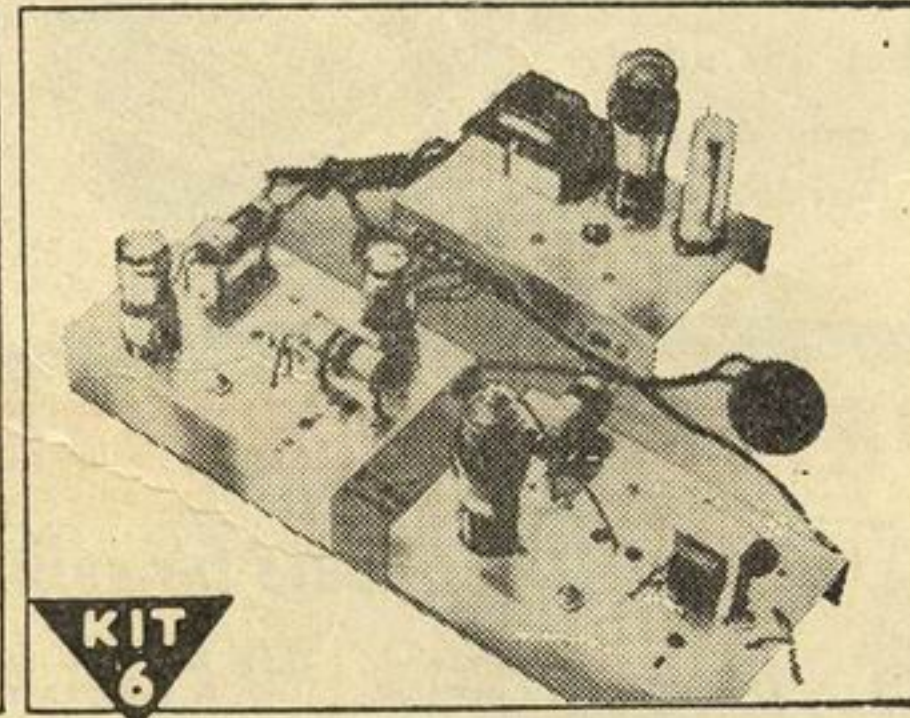
KIT 3
You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



KIT 4
You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT 5
Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



KIT 6
You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO - Win Success I Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in RADIO—Television, Electronics," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

Many Beginners Soon Make Extra Money in Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY manuals that show how to make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while

VETERANS

You can get this training right in your own home under G. I. Bill. Mail coupon for full details.

still learning! It's probably easier to get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even greater opportunities as Television, FM, and Electronic devices become available to the public! Send for FREE books now!

Find Out What NRI Can Do For You
Mail Coupon for Sample Lesson and my FREE 64-page book. Read the details about my Course; letters from men I trained; see how quickly, easily you can get started. No obligation! Just MAIL COUPON NOW in envelope or paste on penny postal.

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 8BA3, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.

APPROVED FOR TRAINING UNDER GI BILL

Good for Both - FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 8BA3, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
Mail me FREE, your sample lesson and 64-page book. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH
RECEIVER SERVICING

How to Be a
Success
in RADIO
TELEVISION
ELECTRONICS

Prizes for Everyone!

Here's your opportunity to secure any of the premiums shown below (plus many others as they appear in our latest catalog). Simply send for fast selling Garden Spot Seeds. Sell at once to friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the money collected and select your prize in accordance with our offers. **SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU.**

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

CANDID TYPE CAMERA



Fixed Focus, eye level view finder. 16 exposures. Beautiful Black case.

Yours for selling two 40-packet orders of Garden Spot Seeds.

Blue Bird COOKING SET

5 piece set. Durable. A welcome addition to any kitchen.

Sell only 40 packets of Garden Spot Seeds.



FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Full Size UKULELE

Easy to play. . . . Instruction Sheet included. Sell only 40 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds.



BASKET BALL

Rubber Valve type bladder. Lacing needle and lace included.

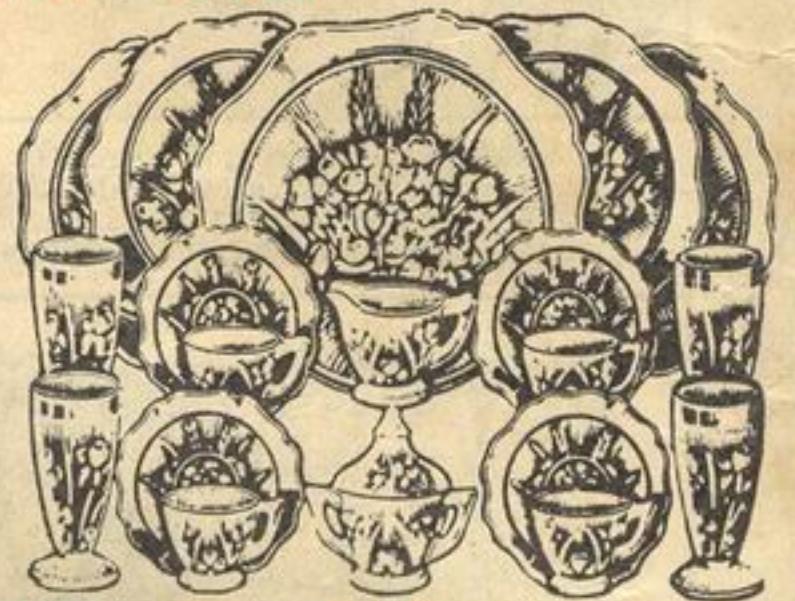
Yours for selling two 40-packet orders of Garden Spot Seeds.



Exquisite DINNER SET

. . . Nineteen pieces of latest fashion dictated pieces.

Sell only two 40 packet orders of Garden Spot Seeds.



Sent Express Collect

PRIZE TYPEWRITER



Yours for selling only 40 Pkts. of Seed

WE WILL PAY TOTAL OF \$10 FOR BEST, NEATEST, NICEST COMPOSED LETTERS WRITTEN ON THIS MACHINE AND SENT TO US BY JULY 1, 1948

SCHOOL OUTFIT

Self filling Fountain Pen, Mechanical Pencil, School Bag, and Webster Dictionary all for selling only 40 pkts. of Seed.

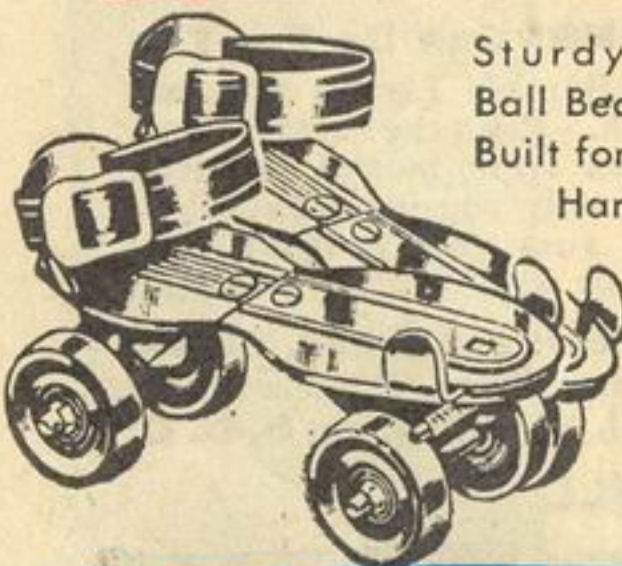


POCKET WATCH for Men

Dependable & faithful companion. Pull-out pend-ent set. * (Supply Limited) Sell 40 packets of Garden Spot Seeds.



ROLLER SKATES



Sturdy Type. Ball Bearing . . . Built for Fun and Hard Usage.

Sell only two 40 pkt. orders of Garden Spot Seeds.

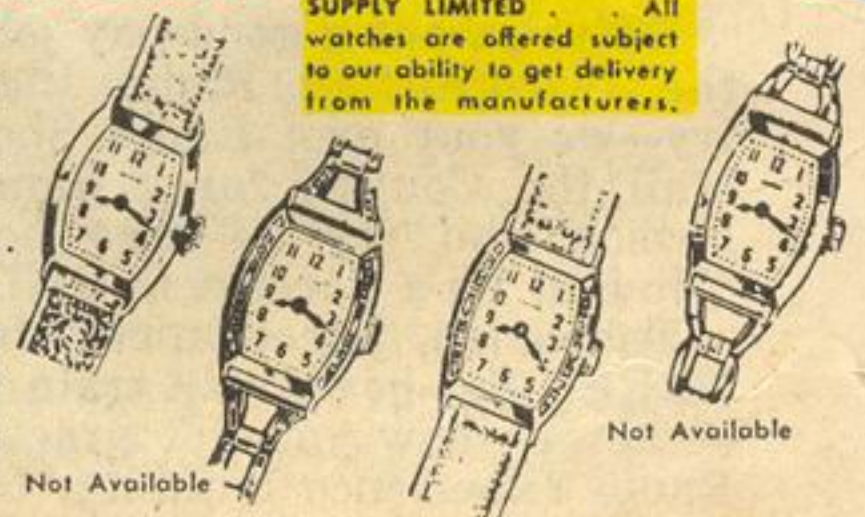


Sell only 40 packets of Garden Spot Seeds.

WRIST WATCHES

Choice Models for Men, Women, Boys and Girls. Guaranteed by Nationally known manufacturers. Reliable.

Yours for selling two 40 packet orders of . . . Garden Spot Seeds.



SUPPLY LIMITED . . . All watches are offered subject to our ability to get delivery from the manufacturers.

Not Available

THIS BOOK REWARD YOURS AS A . . . FOR ANSWERING THIS AD



26 page Book of Parlor Puzzlers . . . fun for Children and Grown-Ups. Will be sent right along with the seeds.

MAIL COUPON NOW

41st YEAR

LANCASTER COUNTY SEED COMPANY
Station 451, Paradise, Penna.

Please send me 40 packets (one order) of Garden Spot Seeds to sell at 10c a pkt. for a fine prize. I will sell and pay for seeds in 30 days. Include the Free Book of Parlor Puzzlers.

Check here ☐ for 80 packets if you want to sell for a "2-order" premium.

NAME _____

POST OFFICE _____ STATE _____

STREET OR R.F.D. _____ BOX _____

PRINT YOUR NAME PLAINLY BELOW

Save 2 cents by filling in, pasting and mailing this coupon on a 1c Post Card TODAY.